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March 25, 1939

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Sky is Our Limit By W. F

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arch, 25, 1939

THEY STAY CRISP!

Totally different from mushy cereals -a real taste treat!

Make this simple test:

2 HOURS IN MILK-

Still Floating!

WON'T MUSH DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF YOUR DISH!

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES
snap
crackle
pop
So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM
Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

● Now you can forget breakfast coaxing! Just serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies and watch the youngsters pitch in. Helps them get more of the nourishing milk they need every day, too!

Naturally, children love Rice Krispies . . . everyone does. They're so crisp and crunchy and full of appetizing flavor. Not mushy, not flat-tasting. And that goes for the last spoonful as well as for the first.

Different in every way! Rice Krispies are not flaked—not shredded. They're "oven-popped" by Kellogg's *patented* process and toasted to a golden brown crispness that *lasts*.

Choose Kellogg's Rice Krispies at your grocer's. Made from American-grown, premium "Blue Rose" rice. Their tempting crispness protected by Kellogg's new KEL-LINER Inner-Wrap, the only cereal carton completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom. For a *really* different breakfast treat, buy a package today.

NOT FLAKED NOT SHREDDED

THEY'RE "OVEN-POPPED" BY KELLOGG'S PATENTED PROCESS

Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form . . . utterly distinct from every other breakfast cereal. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813

SAY, MOM, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY LITTLE NOISE?
SNAP
CRACKLE
POP

Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company

Big, Smart, Thrifty Plymouth

–IT STANDS OUT AS MOST FOR LOW PRICE

BUYERS AGREE! Plymouth is the Best Buy of "All Three"!

OWNERS OF 1939 Plymouths are amazed that such a big, full-powered car can cost so little to drive!

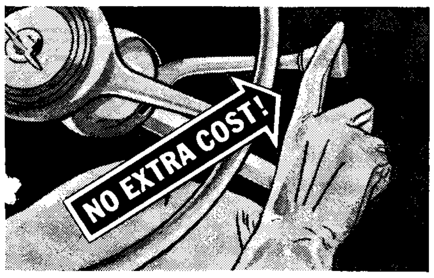
But Plymouth is the biggest and *best engineered* of "All Three"!

There's marvelous new riding comfort in those Amola Steel coil springs ...added safety and a remarkable new driving "feel" with Plymouth's time-proven hydraulic brakes and new True-Steady steering.

Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in low monthly instalments.

See the Special Values in Plymouth Used Cars

All Plymouth cars—new or used—are backed by great engineering... *built to stand up!* See your Plymouth dealer for unusual used-car values.


NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission. Much easier.

☞ Of the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is roomiest, *biggest*—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!

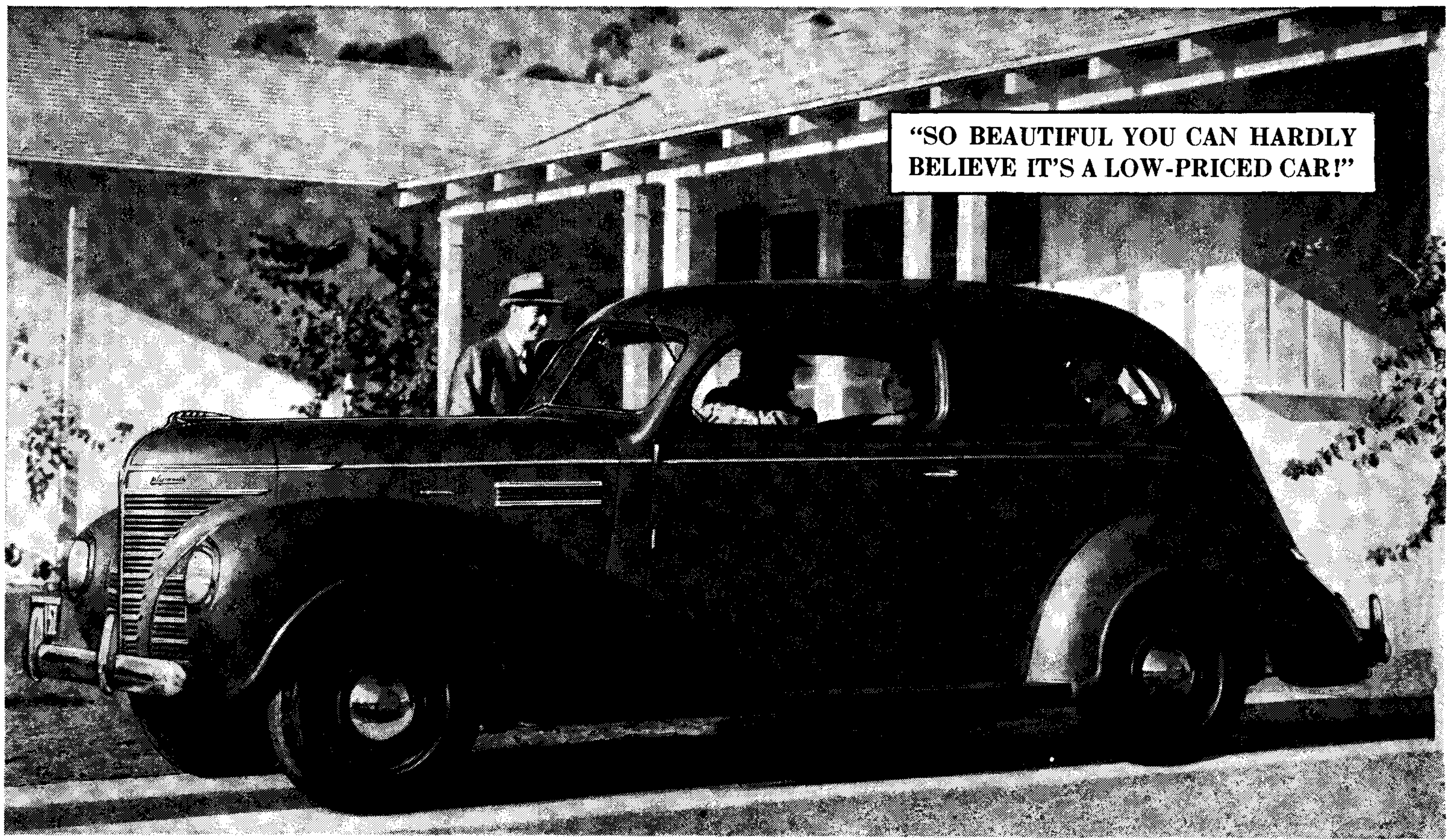
☞ *Every* Plymouth model has the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine—giving the flashing performance of full power, *plus* great economy.

☞ The only low-priced car with coil springs as standard equipment *on all models.*

☞ The only low-priced car with a "safety signal" speedometer—another Plymouth "Safety First." It shows a green, amber or red light, according to speed.

☞ The only leading low-priced car with a Safety-Steel body completely rust-proofed.

☞ And Plymouth is the only low-priced car with steering-post gear shift as standard equipment in De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*


"SO BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

THE BIG, NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH has Floating Power engine mountings and time-proven, double-action Hydraulic Brakes.

COUPES START AT **$645**

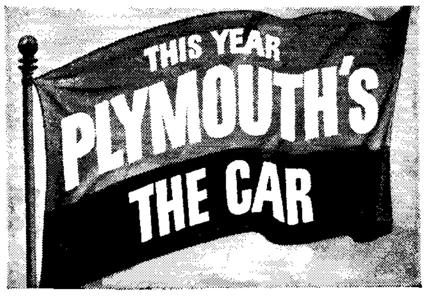
SEDANS START AT **$685**

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



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THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

March 25, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

THE strange thing about that soft, insistent beat of drums was that only the doomed man could hear it. And when he heard it there was no escape. General Quinto was one of the first. After him came the other world figures whose deaths threw European politics into chaos. And always there was a note signed: President of the Seven.

We were immeasurably shocked, if not surprised, to discover that this was Dr. Fu Manchu, aiming as usual at control of the world. By the best of good luck, Sir Denis Nayland Smith still stands in his way—somewhat handicapped by a girl with amethyst eyes. It will be your eerie privilege to follow him through his most spectacular adventures in "The Drums of Fu Manchu," by Sax Rohmer.

THE last link of the Pan-American Highway from Argentina to the Arctic will run from Vancouver to Alaska. Up in that barren land of boiling snows and sweating tundras lives an old, old man, Grandsir Sebastian, whose voice is hoarse from swallowing arctic winds and roaring them back again. In him live the legends of "The Great North Road." They will ride the highway with you when you turn your wheels north under the fret of spring. The story is by Walter Davenport.

BILL ANDERSON'S trouble was that his memory was too good. He could, and did, carry in mind every detail of a large and complicated business—every name, every date, every transaction. His memory was a complete and perfect record—and it couldn't be rubbed out with a gum eraser. The record had to go, and Bacigalupi knew the way to destroy it. "Memory Test," by Samuel Taylor, gives you Bill Anderson's story and the story of the cop whose job it was to keep that record intact.

IF YOU want to get along with wild flowers "Treat 'Em Rough." They flourish on abuse and curl up and die when they're handled like sissies. But they're worth the trouble of being nasty. Frank J. Taylor shows you their possibilities.

CLEM BANTON'S ambition was simple enough. "He Wanted Freedom." And he got it, a little at a time, until it was complete. Even Millie was gone. In a brilliant short story Lyon Mearson tells you what he did with his freedom.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, Ben Ames Williams, George F. Worts, Kyle Crichton, Quentin Reynolds, Jesse Stuart and Freling Foster complete the list.

This Week

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FRELING FOSTER
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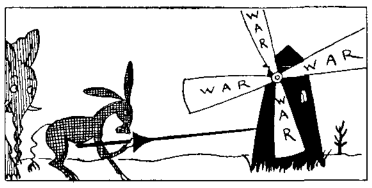
COVER JAY IRVING

Any Week

THE following warning is received from Mrs. Bertha Schoolhouse of Hot Springs, Arkansas: "Let America beware," says Mrs. Schoolhouse. "War is inevitable. Think, America, think. The Democratic party has never won a war. All our wars, all victorious, have been waged under Republican administrations. Democrats talk—and lose. Republicans fight—and win. To insure victory, let us elect a fighting Republican in 1940."



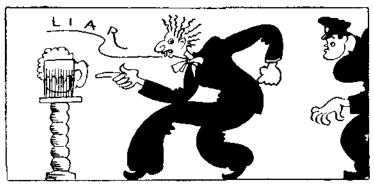
A GREAT many people will hasten to remind Mrs. Schoolhouse that Woodrow Wilson and his administration were Democratic. But that's going to revive the question of who won that war. And, like Mrs. William Walsh Elson of Minneapolis, Minnesota, we shall pay no attention to it. "I ignore what is wrong and abide by what is right," says Mrs. Elson somewhat rigidly. "Three days a week we eat no cooked foods. Health, vigor, success follow. Why don't you try it?"

WE HAVE a complaint from Mrs. T. Borenach of Fort Wayne, Indiana: "I am not what you call a young woman and I ain't old," says Mrs. Borenach. "And I ain't girlish either. I weigh one-seventy and am not ashamed of it. So why not give us a break. All your pictures of girls show girls that look like a square meal would be the death of them. They ain't natural. My husband and I take Collier's and while he don't say anything he looks at the pictures and I know what he is thinking. It ain't that I care, but once in a while if he was to see me or women like me in the magazine there would be less trouble, and God knows we got enough."

ANOTHER complaint comes from Mr. John C. Freeness of Johnson City, Tennessee. Mr. Freeness is a politician—admits it. "And I'm proud of it," he continues. "But the newspapers are getting worse and worse in their libels on my ancient and honorable profession. It is getting so that soon the name politician will be something that no publication will print but will indicate with a dash. For example, in reporting a trial the lawyer will ask the witness: 'What did he call you?' And the newspaper will report the witness' answer: 'He called me a ——.' "

MR. J. J. MACLEASH of Atlantic City, New Jersey, has just returned from the Middle West, where, says he, a "sincere effort to get back to the sane life of our forefathers is being made." He says that he was "particularly interested in the work of a women's club in a town of five thousand where every woman financially able to hire a servant had been canvassed in the name of economy. The drive," says Mr. MacLeash, "was very successful. When I left, ninety-two per cent of the women had agreed not to pay a domestic servant more than two-fifty a week. At this rate we shall soon balance the budget."

THE reason we're a bit late getting started this week is that we've been spending a lot of time searching through our files only to be convinced that we've never said anything about a nasty situation Mr. Jim Holling of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, became involved in. Unfortunately Mr. Holling's letter doesn't enlighten us much. All he says is: "If you want to make something out of it, all I said was if this is a glass of beer you're a liar. I hear that the cop was his brother."



NATURALLY we've got a great many letters about the Honorable Harold Ickes' piece, "Mail-Order Government." And they're all pretty much the same, asking, for example, "upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great." A variation, not unexpected, creeps into what Mr. T. H. Hardenburg of Washington, D. C., has to say. "Naturally," says Mr. Hardenburg, "Mr. Ickes is right. If you don't agree with him you must be wrong. But there is this danger: Someday, rushed by the manifold duties of running the innumerable agencies of our government as they should be run, Mr. Ickes may inadvertently say or write something that isn't one hundred per cent correct. Think of the ensuing chaos! Imagine the plight of disillusioned millions who, until that calamitous moment, had depended upon Mr. Ickes for the truth! Let us pray that Mr. Ickes does not share the fallibility that is the inescapable portion of us mortals. Also, nuts!"

WE'RE betting on Harold. **W. D.**

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15 to 45 are the Years of Greatest Danger from TUBERCULOSIS

NO age is immune from tuberculosis, but it kills more persons between the ages of 15 and 45 than any other disease.

In many instances, tuberculosis germs picked up in childhood lie quiet for years, and then suddenly flare up during some physical strain or illness which has lowered the body's resistance.

Almost every new case of tuberculosis results from contact at some time with somebody who has the disease in an active stage. For this reason each member of a household where active tuberculosis has been discovered should be examined.

Find Hidden Tuberculosis

Persons unaware of their infection are more likely to spread the disease than those who know they have it. A mother or grandfather may have so-called "asthma"; father or uncle "a smoker's cough"; a home employee or teacher "a husky throat." All these ailments may be undiscovered tuberculosis—capable of infecting anyone in frequent contact.

The first symptoms of the disease, often disregarded, may be an unexplained tiredness, weakness, listlessness, or chest pains. Later, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, or the spitting of blood may cause the patient to see a doctor. But by this time some damage has usually been done, making treatment longer and more difficult.

Early Discovery—Early Cure

If you suspect that tuberculosis has entered your home, see your doctor. He may wish to supplement his examination with the Tuberculin Test and X-ray. Changes in lung tissue can usually be seen with the X-ray or fluoroscope before early symptoms are observed or signs in the chest detected by the stethoscope.

Modern medical science knows how to deal with tuberculosis. Today most early-discovered cases can be cured and even serious cases often treated successfully. Credit for many brilliant achievements in overcoming advanced tuberculosis is due to improved hospital treatment—especially modern chest surgery.

When every family takes advantage of modern methods of finding early tuberculosis, this "plague" may be exterminated. The medical profession and public health officials seek your cooperation. The Metropolitan booklet "Tuberculosis" contains information about the prevention of this disease and methods of caring for patients. For a free copy address a post card to Booklet Department 439-C.

Plan to visit The Metropolitan's Exhibits at
THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO *and* THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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ON EVERY STREET THE SMILES ARE SWEET

NEW YORK—Katherine Aldridge, lovely photographers' model, adores the "bubble bath" of the New Listerine Tooth Paste. Note those lambskin earmuffs Miss Aldridge wears. The last word in winter Fashion—even for evening wear.

since **LUSTER-FOAM** *came to town!*
$(C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa)$

IN CHICAGO, druggist after druggist sold out his supply of New Listerine Tooth Paste, so great was the demand.

ST. LOUIS quickly corroborated the women's preference for the New Listerine Tooth Paste over four other leading brands which was shown by consumer jury "blindfold" tests.

**Dainty, energizing ingredient in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste creates "bubble bath" of unbelievable cleansing power*

Even people who do not use the new Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam detergent notice how much sweeter the smiles are lately.

Those who do use it, know the answer. They can see it in their own mirrors. And to that dainty Luster-Foam bubble bath they give the credit.

Don't you think it's about time for you to try this new, thrilling, different tooth paste?

See for yourself how Luster-Foam detergent, at the first touch of brush and saliva, leaps into a foam of tiny bubbles . . . an aromatic "bubble bath" of unbelievable penetrating power.

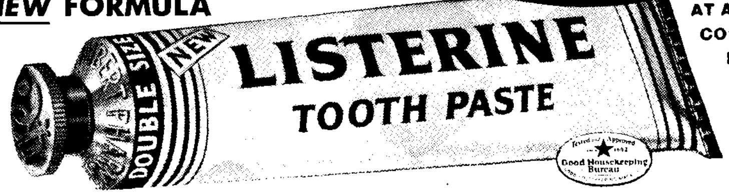
Feel how it gets into those hard-to-reach crevices where many authorities say that more than 75 per cent of decay starts. Watch how it attacks starch films, grease films, and salivary films which cloud the enamel. See how your teeth improve in appearance with the regular use of Luster-Foam. And look for that marvelous feeling of stimulation which the Luster-Foam bubble bath brings to your entire mouth.

Get the new Listerine Tooth Paste today, while the special combination offer (below) is still on! Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

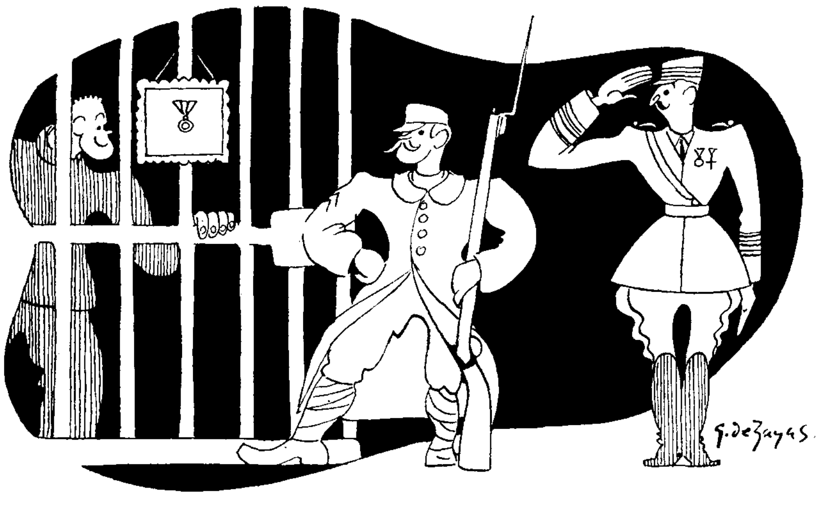
SALE
~~90¢~~ VALUE
BOTH FOR 59¢
40¢ tube of New Listerine Tooth Paste. Contains more than ¼ pound.
50¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Famous Tuft helps clean back teeth better.

NEW
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
DOUBLE SIZE

THE *NEW* FORMULA



AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS NOW!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Médaille Militaire, France's premier decoration for distinguished service in action, commands so much respect for its owner that even in military prison unusual favors are granted to him. As another honor, the medal is fastened to the front of his cell door and a guard is stationed there to watch it.

Technicolor motion-picture cameras weigh 180 pounds, require about six months to build and cost approximately $16,000. They are only rented, never sold, and single productions sometimes use as many as four of the twenty-two in existence.—*By Ben Schneider, Brooklyn, New York.*

At least once in stage history the roles of Romeo and Juliet, the immortal lovers of Verona, were played by mother and son. The nineteen-year-old Lewis Hallam, Jr., played opposite his mother, Mrs. Douglas, in a Philadelphia theater in the autumn of 1759.

The English language has probably the clearest of all alphabets, despite the fact that it has only twenty-six letters to represent the forty or more sounds in the language.

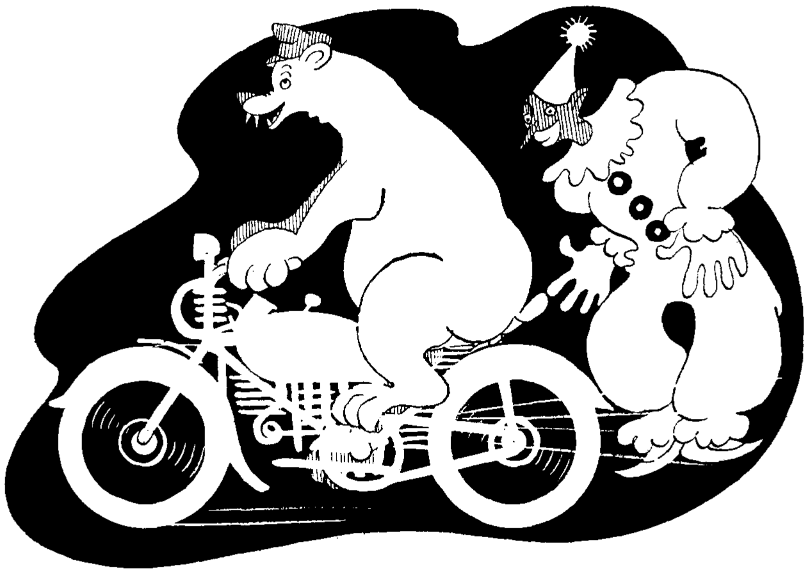
The outstanding feature of a certain European circus today is a large brown bear whose most amazing trick is riding a motorcycle.—*By Ricky de Laet, New York City.*

When Delhi, India, greets the maharajas and other native rulers who are delegates to the annual meeting of the Chamber of Princes, a sort of royal trade union, more than 1,500 cannon shots are fired, as each of these hundred potentates, when he steps from his private car, must be saluted by "his guns" to the number that symbolizes his rank.

At a "quiz" dinner held recently in Paris at which prizes were given to leading French gourmets for correctly guessing the vintages of the wine and the kinds of food, the winner named five of the six wines, but only three of the seven dishes. Nearly all did not know when they were eating reindeer and rabbit, probably misjudging the latter because brandy had been part of the animals' growing diet.

Since 1920, the Vatican, although no larger than a golf course, has maintained a Papal Ethiopian College for the purpose of training young men of that country for the Roman Catholic priesthood. All other educational institutions of this kind in Rome are outside the Vatican walls.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



SILLIMANITE
INSULATORS
One of the Exclusive features
that make
CHAMPION
the better Spark Plug
EXTRA
CHAMPION
RANGE
SPARK PLUG
Outselling throughout the World
SPARK PLUG
CHAMPION
GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
PATENTED

Yours for better engine performance

In addition to Sillimanite insulators, Champions are the only spark plugs with Sillment construction, a compressed dry powder, which permanently seals them against troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. This patented and exclusive Champion feature insures perfectly uniform combustion in every cylinder, eliminates pre-ignition, service troubles, compression loss and early electrode destruction. This results in greater economy and marked improvement in all around engine performance. They are the spark plugs champions use.

IT'S THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS—*DEMAND* CHAMPIONS

COME IN AND
LET US PROVE IT!

BIG OLDS "60" IS THE BUY OF THE LOW-PRICE FIELD!

SMOKE TREE RANCH

OLDS "60" 2-DOOR SEDAN

If it's *proof* that you're after, we have it *aplenty!* You'll find it in the extra size, the extra roominess, the *extra vision for extra safety* you get in the big Olds Sixty. You'll find it in the hair-trigger pep and pace of Olds' 90-horsepower performance — in the worthwhile gas and oil savings of Olds' Econo-Master Engine. You'll find it in the matchless smoothness of Olds' exclusive Rhythmic Ride — in the complete array of Oldsmobile's fine-car features. You'll find it in Olds' nationwide reputation for quality and dependability, backed by the records of *a million cars on the road today.* And, lastly, you'll find it in the Oldsmobile price itself—a price that's right down in the low-price field, with sedan models at $106 less than the lowest-priced Olds trunk sedans of 1938. So, see your dealer and *drive* this car—you'll need no further proof!

THE LOW-PRICED CAR THAT HAS EVERYTHING

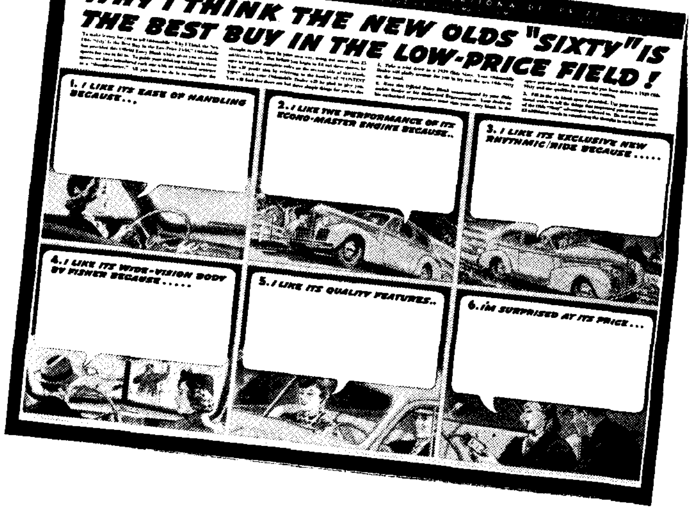
Rhythmic Ride based on Quadri-Coil Springing, 4-Way Stabilization and Knee-Action Wheels · Dual Center-Control Steering · Handi-Shift Gear Control · Self-Energizing Hydraulic Brakes · Massive I-Beam, X-Member Frame 90 H. P. Econo-Master Engine · 100 Per Cent Full-Pressure Lubrication with Rifle-Drilled Connecting Rods · Wide-Vision Body by Fisher · Die-Cast Radiator Grille Big Streamlined Trunks on all Sedan Models

"YOU OUGHT TO OWN AN OLDS"

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

FREE! 31 NEW OLDSMOBILES

If you haven't entered Oldsmobile's Nationwide Prize Contest...in which an Olds Sixty Two-Door Sedan is being given away every day in March...do it *now!* Contest continues to and including March 31, 1939, so there's still time to enter. Visit your Oldsmobile dealer and take a trial drive in an Olds Sixty. Get an Official Entry Blank, like that shown below, and fill in spaces, telling the things about the Olds Sixty that impressed you most. Mail your entry to Oldsmobile, Lansing, Michigan. It will then be considered for the day's prize corresponding to the date of its postmark. See your nearest Oldsmobile dealer today for Official Contest Rules and Entry Blank.



OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK FOR OLDSMOBILE'S NATIONWIDE PRIZE CONTEST

WHY I THINK THE NEW OLDS "SIXTY" IS THE BEST BUY IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD!

1. I LIKE ITS EASE OF HANDLING BECAUSE...

2. I LIKE THE PERFORMANCE OF ITS ECONO-MASTER ENGINE BECAUSE..

3. I LIKE ITS EXCLUSIVE NEW RHYTHMIC RIDE BECAUSE.....

4. I LIKE ITS WIDE-VISION BODY BY FISHER BECAUSE.....

5. I LIKE ITS QUALITY FEATURES..

6. I'M SURPRISED AT ITS PRICE...

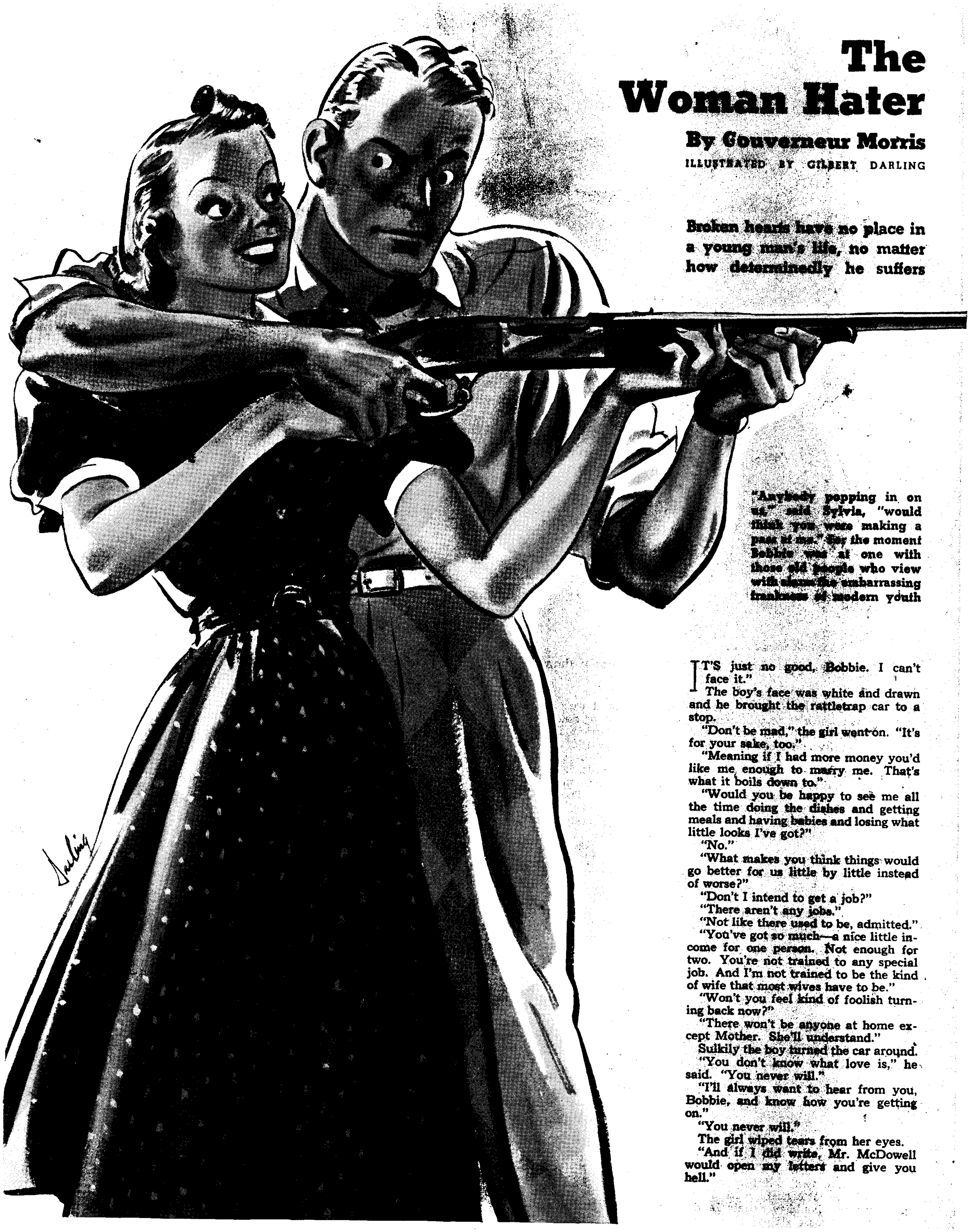
Collier's The National Weekly for March 25, 1939

The Woman Hater

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Broken hearts have no place in a young man's life, no matter how determinedly he suffers



"Anybody popping in on us," said Sylvia, "would think you were making a pass at me." For the moment Bobbie was at one with those old people who view with alarm the embarrassing frankness of modern youth

IT'S just no good, Bobbie. I can't face it."

The boy's face was white and drawn and he brought the rattletrap car to a stop.

"Don't be mad," the girl went on. "It's for your sake, too."

"Meaning if I had more money you'd like me enough to marry me. That's what it boils down to."

"Would you be happy to see me all the time doing the dishes and getting meals and having babies and losing what little looks I've got?"

"No."

"What makes you think things would go better for us little by little instead of worse?"

"Don't I intend to get a job?"

"There aren't any jobs."

"Not like there used to be, admitted."

"You've got so much—a nice little income for one person. Not enough for two. You're not trained to any special job. And I'm not trained to be the kind of wife that most wives have to be."

"Won't you feel kind of foolish turning back now?"

"There won't be anyone at home except Mother. She'll understand."

Sulkily the boy turned the car around.

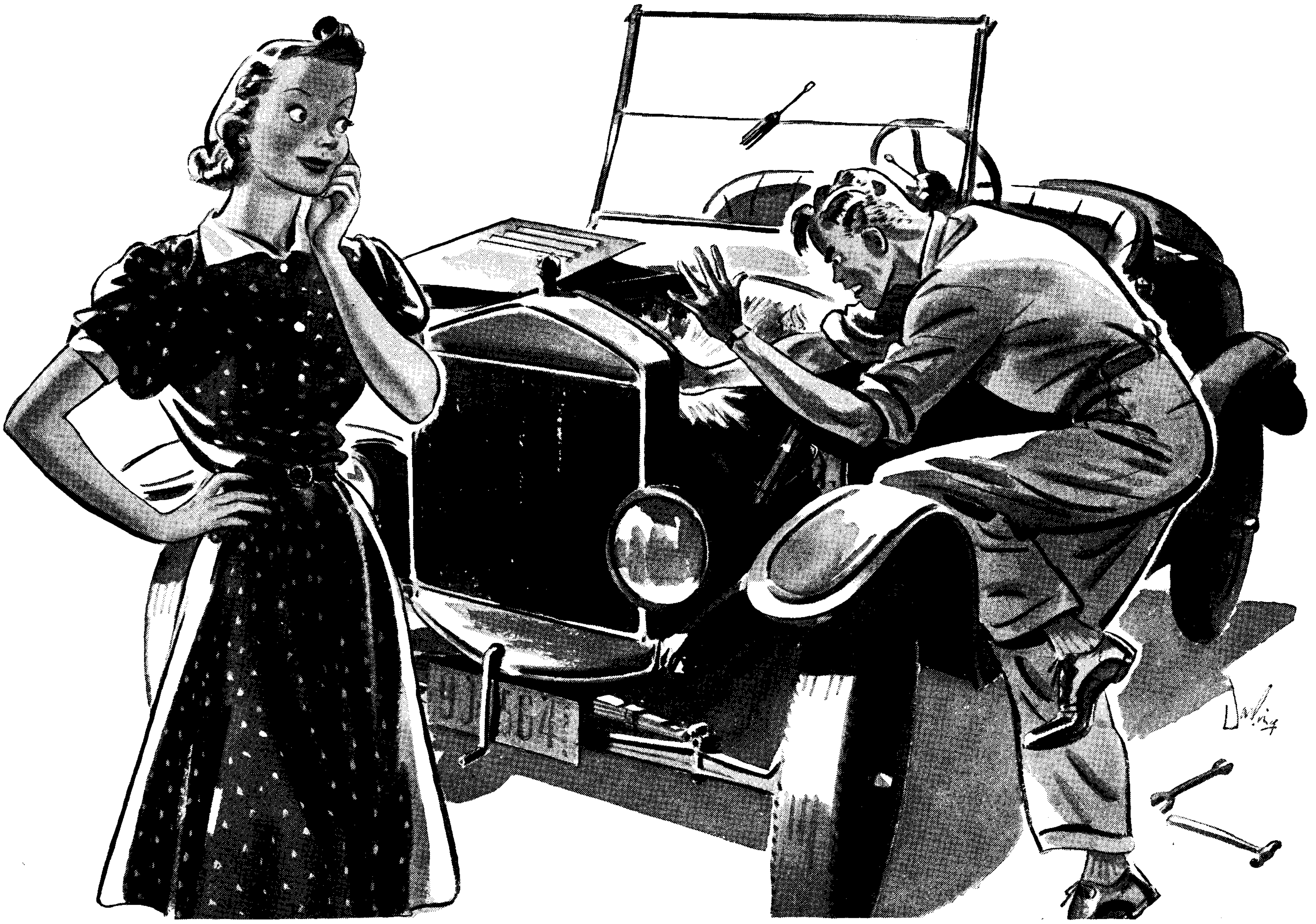
"You don't know what love is," he said. "You never will."

"I'll always want to hear from you, Bobbie, and know how you're getting on."

"You never will."

The girl wiped tears from her eyes.

"And if I did write, Mr. McDowell would open my letters and give you hell."



After short-circuiting himself half a dozen times Bobbie gave up trying to find out just what to do with the wires

"Just what's he got to do with it?"

"Maybe you don't know it yet, but you've made up your mind. All you want is ease and security and that's his middle name."

"But he's an old man."

"You'll get over thinking that."

They had turned back from their Gretna Green and crossed the divide into Westchester County. The road lay between little weedy fields crammed with granite boulders and lush wood lots, a crowding landscape, then a millpond on the left, and a little beyond on the right the house from which they had only that morning eloped.

He got her two suitcases out of the car and set them by the front door.

"Give your mother my best," he said bitterly, and without another word, or a backward look, left her standing there and drove off.

He headed for the Hudson River, then north to Albany and then west. In the inns and hash houses along the way if a girl so much as smiled when she served *him or took his money* and made change from the cash register, he felt as if he were turning into ice.

The components that went to make up the whole Bobbie were masculine. Though most of them were still all boy the rest were all man. Therefore, the course that he had chosen for himself would be hard to steer. He had good looks, health and high spirits. He looked strong and was stronger than he looked. He was attractive to women. And therefore to have resolved that henceforward and forever no woman should ever again be attractive to him was a slap in the face of nature that it was improbable nature would take lying down.

Bobbie had a married sister and a married brother. And from time to time, as he followed the path of the sun, he dropped them post cards. He would keep on moving, he told them, until he found the right kind of job. Then and there he would settle down.

And they, knowing nothing about his broken heart, approved.

"The kid's showing a lot of sense," said the kid's brother. "He's got twenty dollars a week without working for it. He can see as much of the country as he wants to. If he lands him a job so much the better. If he doesn't he won't starve."

"If only he doesn't get himself mixed up with some designing woman," said the kid's sister.

THE kid's sister-in-law and the kid's brother-in-law laughed, and the latter said: "What other kinds of women are there, old dear?"

Perhaps there aren't, and perhaps all the women along Bobbie's westering way were designing women, but it is more likely that most of them just naturally had a smile and a touch of come-hither for young men with good looks and nice manners, and wondered a little why there was no response whatever to their amiable advances.

Bobbie came at last to that uplifting part of the country where there are more spaces than places. And often he had to sleep by the side of the road. But by now he had acquired a bedroll and a cooking kit and this, though messy, was no hardship.

If a good job had offered itself he would have jumped at it, but he had soon realized that he was not actually looking for a job. They were too scarce for one thing, and other boys of his age needed them more than he did. And, indeed, to keep his rattletrap car going was a job that needed doing.

One afternoon he bought gas at an outlying station of the great Mex-Tex Oil Corporation, intending to drive on until dark and make camp. But the young man who ran the station was friendly and beguiling and for one reason and another Bobbie lingered.

Breece was the name of the young man who ran the station. He was twenty-seven years old and, believe it or not, he was lonesome. It was, he confided to Bobbie, forty miles to the next filling station and seventy to the nearest liquor or woman. Take your pick.

"I'd pick the liquor," said Bobbie, "only I don't drink, except maybe sometimes a beer on a hot day."

"Sometimes," said Breece, "I hanker for both and then it's just hell to be stranded in this way-off place."

"I'd like it," said Bobbie.

"You would?" Breece became suddenly excited and there was a kind of *liquid light in his eyes. "Tell you what.* If I don't get a change mighty soon I'll blow up. How'd you like to hold down the job for a couple o' days and give me time to run into town and let off steam?"

"Do you mean it?"

"I'll show you the ropes."

After a time Breece was on his way to the nearest town in a car that was only a little less rattletrap than Bobbie's, and Bobbie had the feeling that he was monarch of all he surveyed. From the center all round to the sea, wherever that was, he was lord of the fowl and the brute.

As a matter of fact he was lord of a second-rate filling station. It dispensed three colors of gasoline, oils in variety, water and air. There were "rest rooms" for ladies and gentlemen, and a little kitchen with a cot in it. The filling station also dispensed a few standard groceries, candies, cigars, cigarettes and tobacco.

BY DARK, Bobbie had served seven customers, taken in money, made change and enjoyed himself. From then until midnight a good many cars, bound east or west, passed but none stopped. Bobbie need not have kept open so late, but he was enjoying his new lordship. Just as he was about to lock up, a little car without lights limped in and came to a sudden stop just short of the hoses.

"You'll have to pull up a little," said Bobbie.

"I'm out of gas," said a female voice, and a girl got out of the car.

"All out of gas," she repeated, "and no money to pay for any. So what?"

For a contingency of this sort Breece had left no instructions. So Bobbie guessed that he could loan her some gas. But she did not jump at the offer.

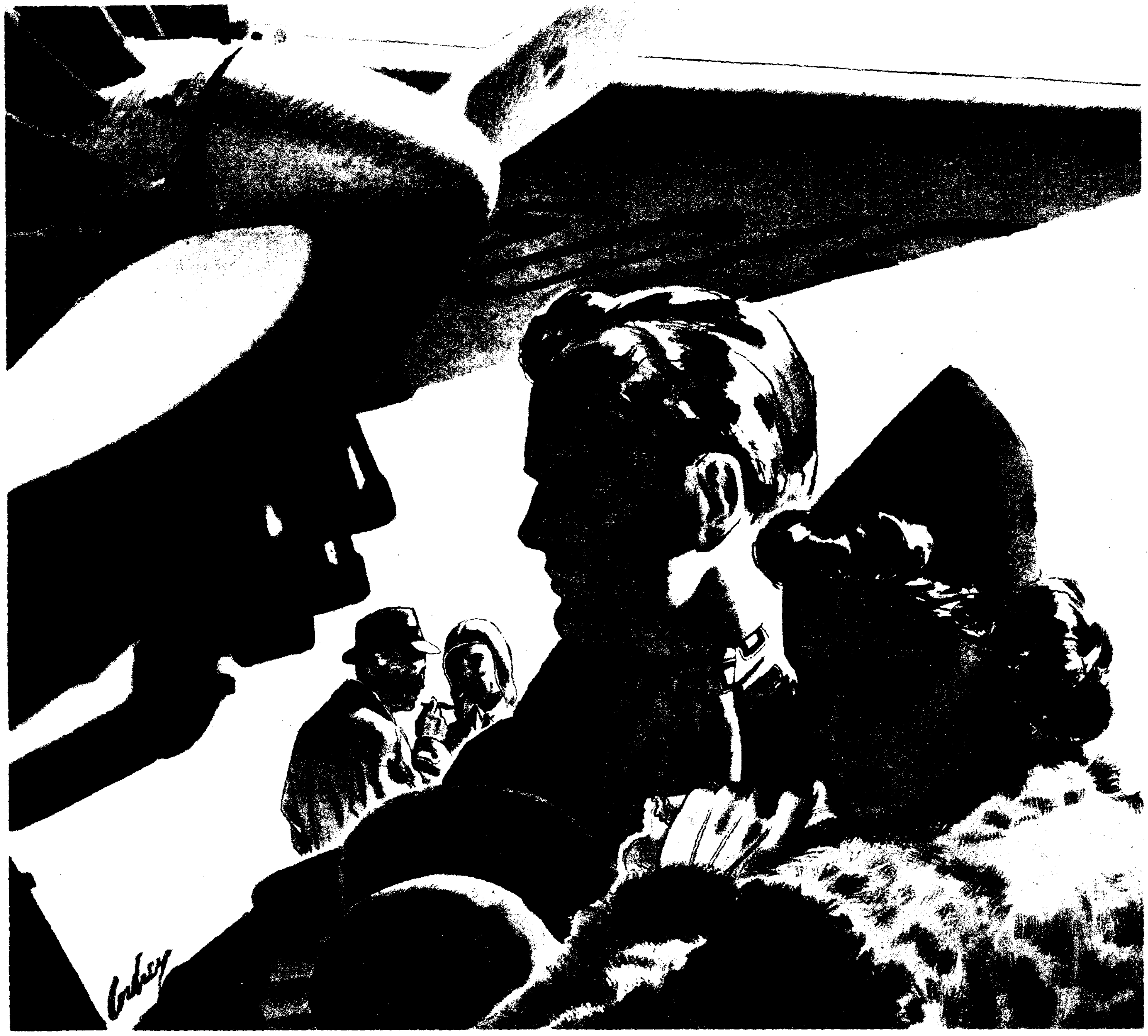
"How far is it to the next Mex-Tex filling station?" she asked.

"About seventy miles."

"That would be the one in Blossom."

"Sure would."

(Continued on page 36)



Out at the field when the girl showed up Mike Anderson left them alone as much as he could

The Second Chance

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

He had the face the law was looking for, but the man behind the face was somebody else

THERE were a few new cabinet radios in the window of the store, and several advertising placards propped up around them. A sign over the entrance read: Eddie's Radio Roundup—Service with a Smile. On the door itself, in small letters just over the knob, there was a name: E. Wilson. Mike Anderson stared at that for a moment, then took a snapshot out of his overcoat pocket and got the face on it fixed firmly in his mind. Wilson, Winton—as he opened the door and went in he wondered why they never changed their names very much. This one had even kept the Eddie.

Somewhere behind the wooden partition in back of the counter a bell tinkled. After a moment or two the swing door pushed out and a young man came through, wiping his hands on a bit of rag.

"Hello," Mike Anderson said, and nodded casually. "I'm looking for the Eddie Wilson who runs this place. You the boss?"

The young man grinned. "The boss," he said, "and all the help. I'm Eddie. Is it something about a radio?"

"Not exactly," Mike Anderson told him. He saw that this Eddie looked alert and friendly and pretty smart—twenty-four or -five, light hair all right, light eyes, a little older-looking, a touch heavier, than the picture in Mike Anderson's pocket showed him to be. But that picture had been taken five years ago.

"I'm looking for a party," Mike Anderson said. His small brown eyes, deceptively dull in a moonlike, middle-aged face, watched Eddie carefully without appearing to. "This party probably showed up here three, four years ago. From New York. I don't know whether that fits you. Maybe you've been here all your life."

The face across from him whitened and got tight, but in an instant the grin came back—a stiff, forced grin that gave an unnatural twist to the lips. For quite a while he just leaned on the counter and stared at Mike Anderson as if he'd forgotten there was an answer to make. Then he said, "No," suddenly, and had to clear his throat to say it. "Not all my life, mister. Four years."

"Coming from?"

"Hartford," Eddie said. But he said it after a moment's pause, in a rush, the first name, Mike Anderson knew, that had popped into his mind.

"Born there," Mike Anderson nodded, "and brought up there, too, maybe? Never been to New York?"

"What?" Eddie asked huskily. He hesitated. "What? No. Never been to New York. Never—"

"I thought," Mike Anderson told him stolidly, "you might be this party I was looking for—this Eddie Winton. The names are pretty much the same. He lit out of New York after driving the getaway car in a jewelry-store stickup. We got two of the others but we never collared this Eddie. He dropped out of sight right after that—I guess just about the time you came here. Here's a picture of him his landlady found in some trash when she cleaned out his room—"

The snapshot stayed a long while in Eddie's hands—so long that Mike Anderson had to wonder why they all played for time. They all seemed to think that if they stalled long enough they could get out of it.

"You might just happen to look like this Eddie Winton—that picture ain't proof. But we got his fingerprints off the car door and we kept them on file. And prints you can't argue with—they're yours or they aren't. I guess you know that."

"Yes," Eddie said. "Sure." He put the

(Continued on page 43)

Over the Reef

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

They offered Captain Mathews two thousand pounds to let his ship founder. But then nature double-crossed them

THE Dunraven limped into port with a buckled funnel, most of her rail gone, and the storm salt caked high on her stumpy masts. Two winches had been shifted clean out of their beds; the heavy sheet anchor torn from its chains and washed almost to the saloon house. The woodwork of the lower bridge had been stripped away, the lifeboats rendered to kindling, and the battered hull had an alarming list from shifted cargo. The Dunraven had had a bad time. Even as she docked an ambulance sirened up to take off three injured men, and the marine superintendent said to the boss stevedore, "All right. You can pay me now. She's in."

"I don't see how the hell she does it," grumbled the boss stevedore, groping for his wallet. "Damn it, she sticks her nose into places decent ships couldn't go and come out of again. She scrapes an iceberg off Newfoundland, lives through the worst gale there's been in years, spends a week clawing through a fog that puts half the shipping ashore or in collision, and then gets home as ugly as ever. It don't make sense!"

"She's lucky," the marine superintendent said, pocketing a sheaf of bills. "Just like I told you."

"Either she's lucky or Cap'n Mathews is. For the last six trips the water front's been betting he'd never bring her back."

"But he always does," said the superintendent reasonably. "And that's what counts."

He climbed the battered tramp's gangway, nodded at the mate, called a greeting to the steward, and finally arrived on the navigation bridge where Captain Mathews was watching the stretchers taking the injured men ashore.

"It's a wonder they weren't killed," he said grimly. "They were trying to secure the foredeck rail when a big sea came over"—he snapped his fingers—"just like that! And they were smashed."

"You wirelessed the details," agreed the marine superintendent. It was none of his particular grief. "Too bad. And Mr. Warren wants to see you at the office."

Captain Mathews frowned a little and thrust his hands into his side pockets. He was a stocky man, well past middle age, with iron-gray hair and a face the color of teak. He looked efficient and eminently calm. And he was. Only his eyes were worried. The Dunraven had killed two captains before him and driven others to drink, after only one voyage. And Captain Mathews had made eight. He had a family and he needed the job, and an aging shipmaster had trouble finding a new berth.

"SO MR. WARREN wants to see me," he said. He was very tired. And he added, with some bitterness, "You don't suppose he wants me out?" He waved a hand at the Dunraven's ruined decks. "Am I to blame for this?"

"No one figures you are," soothed the marine superintendent. "The Dunraven's a Jonah and everyone knows it. The trouble is she always comes home. And I've a hunch that's what Mr. Warren's mad about. Get wise, Skipper!"

Captain Mathews looked at the other man and compressed his lips. "I don't think I quite follow you," he said stiffly. The marine superintendent shrugged. He had enough worries of his own.

"Maybe it's as well," he admitted, and turned away as Captain Mathews went to his cabin to change.

"I might as well get the interview with Mr. Warren over with right away," the captain thought wearily. He hoped it wouldn't be too unpleasant. And he entered the main office of the Green Ball Line tight-lipped and expecting the worst. But Mr. Warren was quite agreeable.

"We are very glad you docked without more serious damage," he said softly. He was a thin man, bald-headed, thin-lipped and with cold blue eyes. "It was a very bad gale, from all accounts. We were fortunate that no one was killed."

"Three men were pretty badly hurt," Captain Mathews reminded him. He was more than a little annoyed. After all, even seamen were human beings. He sat upright in the chair by Mr. Warren's desk, fiddling with his bowler hat and acutely aware of his weather-stained hands. Mr. Warren's were white, slender and manicured.

"Ah, yes," purred Mr. Warren regretfully. "We shall have to bear that expense, too. Hospital charges are quite high. And then, of course, the repairs to the Dunraven. . . ." He shrugged and took up a report from his desk.

"Last voyage, Captain Mathews, you lost your propeller off Newport News and had to be towed in. I won't mention other minor injuries, but the towing charge was excessive. The voyage before that you went on a sand bar with a broken rudder, and had to be hauled off and sent to dry dock. Expense, Captain, expense." He smiled thinly, laid down the report and drummed lightly on the desk.

"So you see," he murmured. "Every voyage it's the same story. We don't blame you particularly. The Dunraven simply appears to be an unfortunate ship."

"I do my best, sir."

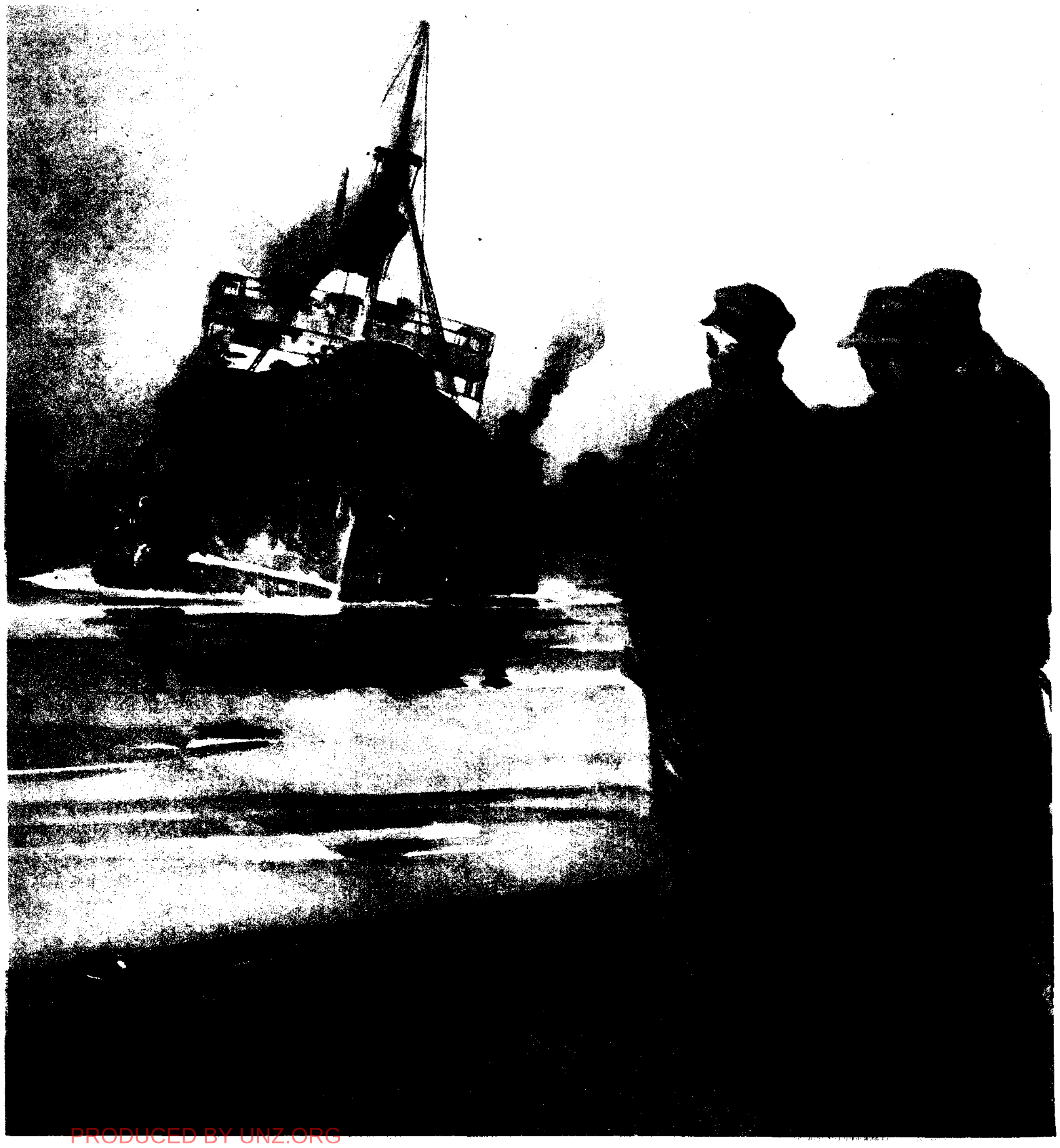
"Of course, of course," agreed Mr. Warren. He pushed closer a box of expensive cigars and brought a bottle of whisky from a drawer. "Help yourself, Captain. This is just a friendly, confidential talk. To put it bluntly, the Dunraven's a liability."

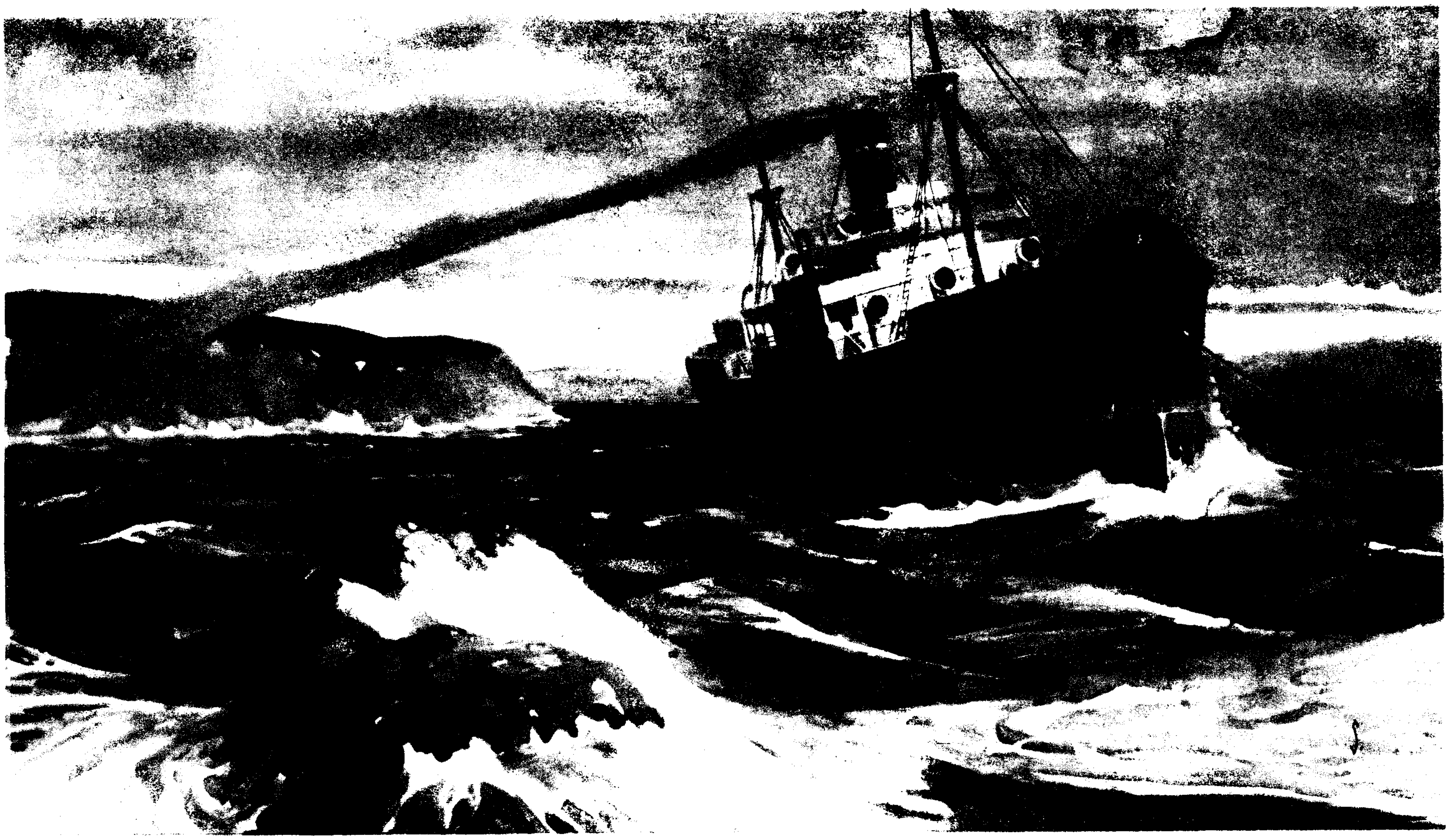
Captain Mathews gnawed on his lower lip and crackled his bowler hat between his hands.

"The Dunraven carries her cargoes, sir," he said defensively. "No ship can do more." Mr. Warren bit the end from a cigar, sniffed it as a connoisseur should, and lighted it carefully. He could see the captain was going to be difficult.

"We have no disagreement there," he protested. "But, good heavens, man! Her running costs are excessive and she barely pays a profit. Her next survey is due in three months and you know as well as I she'll either be condemned or cost us a small fortune to overhaul."

"Either she's lucky, or Cap'n Mathews is. The water front's been betting he'd never bring her back"





The Dunraven staggered again, heeled again, hard over, and, riding light as she was, became the toy of the wind

"It's very unfortunate, sir," the captain agreed. "But the ship needn't have been in such shape if my reports for repairs had received attention."

"They were probably mislaid," soothed the other. "And, after all, why worry so much when the Dunraven gets into trouble?"

Mr. Warren's cold eyes met the captain's with a significance that could not be misunderstood. And a slow, red flush crept to the sailor's cheeks.

"I've got a clean ticket, sir. And I don't think I'd care to spoil it."

Mr. Warren stared at him intently, and his lean jaw tightened. "You're not getting any younger, Captain," he pointed out. "Have to retire soon. And you've a family, I believe. A wife and three daughters. How would two thousand pounds sound?"

Captain Mathews stood up, and his whole body was strained. He said stiffly, "I don't think we understand each other. Would you like my resignation?"

THERE was a tight silence and Mr. Warren inspected the tip of his cigar, weighing the matter back and forth. And then, abruptly, he relaxed and laughed.

"No, no. Sit down," he said. "Why talk of resigning? I was just having my joke. This is a respectable firm. But we like to know how our captains stand."

"Well, you know how I stand," said Captain Mathews bitterly. "Maybe I'm a fool . . . but . . . if that's all, sir . . ." He eased out of the office after some further perfunctory talk, and when he had gone Mr. Warren summoned his partner.

"He didn't like the idea," he said dryly. "Too many morals." The partner shrugged.

"Well, let him out. We can find someone else to get rid of the Dunraven." Mr. Warren shook his head, and his voice grew incisive and cold.

"You're mad," he said. "If she's lost this next voyage with a dubious master aboard . . . and he'd have to be dubious this late in the game . . . it'd look suspicious. The underwriters aren't fools. And Captain Mathews might talk. He couldn't prove anything, of course. But it'd sound bad. And the firm's in no position now to face a scandal."

"We're in no position now to debate the matter," said the other tightly. "We need ready money and we need it in a hurry, or else we go bankrupt. You know that. The White Flag outfit's itching to buy us out if we have to sell. And it'll be at their price, then. But with the Dunraven's insurance . . . Did you make Mathews a decent proposition?"

"Two thousand pounds," snapped Mr. Warren. "And it might still be arranged, even without his co-operation. The Dunraven's notoriously unseaworthy and top-heavy, even if she does have the damnedest luck. This is December, and a bad month for the Western Ocean. And we've a charter for coal out of Newport News. We'll send Mathews across to pick it up, and we'll send him riding light."

"What good does that do us?"

Mr. Warren leaned back in his chair and drew complacently on his cigar. "This," he said softly. "Captain Mathews will request ballast to steady the ship. And there will be no ballast. Leave it to me."

Three weeks later the pilot who was taking the Dunraven to sea tested the ship's pitch with his spread feet and looked at Captain Mathews. "I thought you were going out in ballast," he said, puzzled.

Captain Mathews thrust his hands in the side pockets of his greatcoat and bent his head to the icy sleet whipping down from the smoky sky.

"I thought so, too," he said grimly. "But my owners apparently considered I didn't need it."

The pilot put a brown hand on the rail and looked slightly startled.

"Didn't need it!" He pulled down the brim of his sou'wester and irritably wiped the sleet from his face. "Why, damn it, man. She's a top-heavy ship at the best of times, and riding this light she's liable to turn over in the weather you get across the Western."

Captain Mathews compressed his lips. "I know," he agreed bitterly. "I told them that. But I didn't get ballast."

THE pilot stamped his sea boots to keep his feet warm, called an order to the helmsman and then looked at Captain Mathews again with sympathy.

"Well, I'm certainly glad you're the one that's taking her across. You'll have all the water front giving odds this time."

"We'll make it," said the captain harshly. "We've got to make it. This is my job and I need it."

"Yes, I heard," said the pilot gently. "Your wife's pretty sick, and doctors cost money. I know. These things always happen at bad times. I hope you do make it."

And the Dunraven did. It took her twenty-three days instead of twelve, and she tossed sick the stomachs of half her crew. It was a passage that made men's hair stand on end; for every time she rolled they held their breath, convinced she was going over, and even awoke in the middle of sleep to claw for life belts and boots when she staggered down to an extra heavy sea. Her decks were well-nigh stripped again. The forehatch was smashed in and tons of green water, cascading below, had set her down by the head. But, incredibly, she came through. Sounder, stancher and better-trimmed ships had gone down in lesser gales, but in some uncanny manner the Dunraven broke all the rules. She crept into Newport News at last and lay under the coal chutes, weary, worn, battered, but safe. When Mr. Warren got the cable that she had arrived . . . she had for five days been reported missing at Lloyd's . . . he rubbed his bald head and narrowed his cold eyes at his partner.

"It doesn't make sense," he said thinly. "But the Dunraven can't always be lucky. Cable Mathews to load that coal we've a charter for, fill his holds and take a deck load, too. Delivery at Buenos Aires. He ought to hit the West Indian hurricanes right on time. And the Lassar, the Vintro and the Norman Range were lost on that run last year."

"It seems a bit cold-blooded," ventured the partner uneasily. Mr. Warren showed his teeth in a mirthless smile.

"It's make or break for us. Don't be a fool. The ship's got lifeboats. And Mathews is a good enough seaman to see they're used. If you're going to develop a conscience, go out and stay drunk. This is business."

In Newport News the first mate of the Dunraven cornered Captain Mathews in the charthouse.

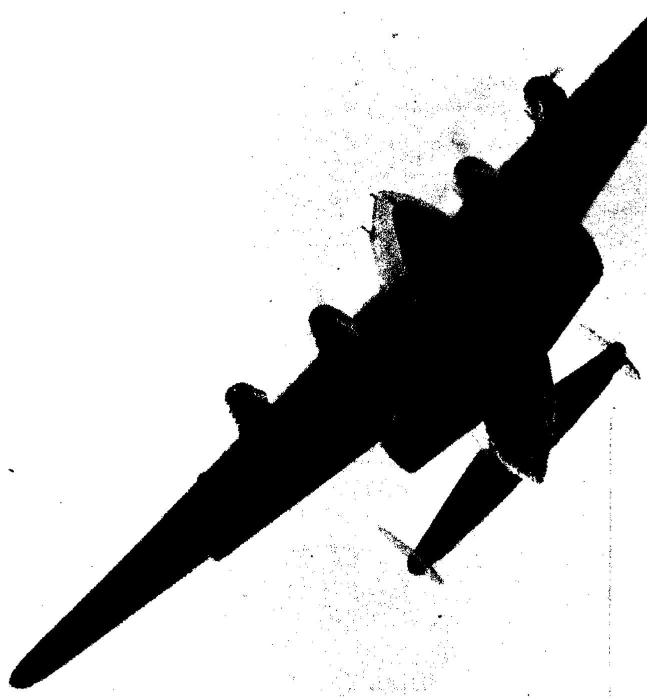
"I've stuck with you three voyages, sir. This is a bit too much. If they're going to load us below our Plimsoll at

(Continued on page 68)

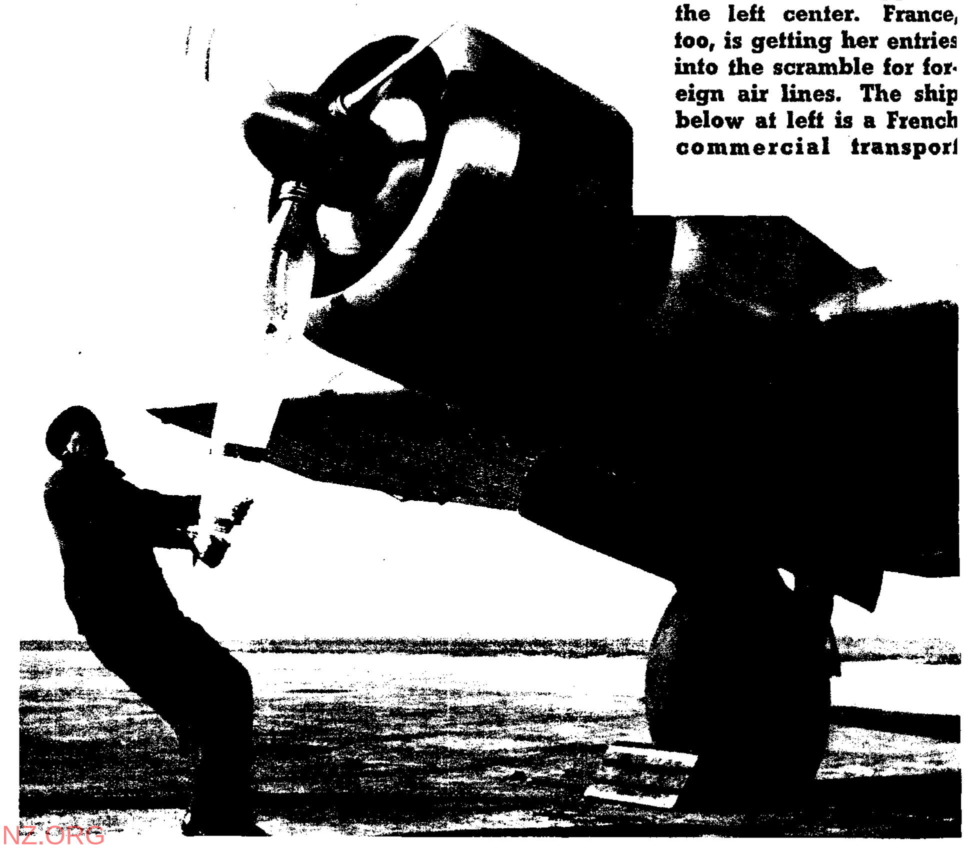
The Sky's Our Limit

By W. B. Courtney

One kind of war in the air isn't fought with bombs and bullets—commercial war. In the long haul it's more important to you than the other kind. Dollars are the weapons—dollars and technical skill. The contest is bitter, and it's time for America to look to her defenses



England bids for mastery of the world's commercial air lanes with government-built and heavily subsidized flying boats that need not be operated for immediate profit. One of them is the transatlantic flyer Caledonia, above. In the growing struggle for air commerce America competes with privately built and operated ships like the Pan American Clipper at the left center. France, too, is getting her entries into the scramble for foreign air lines. The ship below at left is a French commercial transport



GREAT signs nowadays compel your attention to world skies. Some are meant to frighten you. They are written by alarmists or by the inordinately ambitious. But quite as many, less publicized, hold inspiration for peaceful enterprise. All emphasize one fact: that aeronautical science and industry in their various phases—military, commercial and private—have come face to face with a boom year.

The talk among flyers is of the big push in the air! Yesterday, it was for the bold and hardy, a rich man's game. Today our national picture alone is of tens of thousands of planes, scores of thousands of pilots, hundreds of thousands of mechanics to bear out the ratio of a dozen men on the ground for every one in the air. Fewer rivets, more and bigger stamped-out sections, plastic cast wings and fuselages. Flight training as common as trade schools.

Even financial experts, business forecasters, nationally known economists, have a bright word: "Aviation, for thirty years a minor industry, moves under a major spotlight for 1939!"

Meanwhile, the builders of planes and motors and the accessories of flight marshal draftsmen, engineers, plant architects. With eyes upon armament budgets, with ears intent for airplane and war ministry plans, alert to congressional hearings and reports, the industry enters what inevitably must be its greatest year; indeed, what may well turn out to be a spectacular year.

War alarms keep military aviation in the headlines, and commercial aviation developments on the back pages. The undoubted influence of air-power secrets, and of the now plainly revealed commitment of the dictatorships to streamlined war, upon last autumn's parley at Munich is being used as a bogeyman. It has two handy sides: the one to rouse congressional Ferdinand bulls, the other to knock off skeptics. In the hubbub, unfortunately, you may be turned from sight of the most important thing of all to remember—that wars, like men, may come and go, but commerce, like the brook, must go on forever.

Worrying About the Wrong War

No European power has lost sight of that point. England bought planes from us last year, in the fright of Munich; but she exported to other countries more than she imported from the United States. In brief, she used us to keep up home needs while she maintained the good will of her foreign customers.

Here, the most exciting question in the debate over military aviation concerns the vulnerability of our coasts.

The don't-get-excited school tells you to bless the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, still our greatest allies. It views with complacency the program for a "big navy" ranging far at sea to keep possible enemy aircraft carriers from bringing their planes within stinging distance. The it-may-soon-be-too-late school refers you to the flight of an English bombing squadron nonstop from Egypt to Australia, more than 7,000 miles—or in excess of the round-trip air mileage from Europe to the United States. It quotes General Frank M. Andrews, chief of the general headquarters air force, that, while you needn't lose sleep over it tonight, the day of 10,000 miles with full bomb load is uncomfortably close. And there will go your Atlantic and Pacific oceans! It whispers to you the suspected German plan, quietly bruited in aviation circles, to send a "good-will mission" of, say, 25 planes from Berlin to demonstrate over the New York World's Fair this summer and return home without stopping just to prove that it can be done, now, and to take the wind out of some of our diplomatic bellicosity by showing that two can play at the game of throwing scares.

Half Safe at Best

The fault with this debate is the narrowness of its scope.

Our physical shores—from Maine to Florida to Padre Island, from the Olympic Peninsula to San Diego—may still be safe, even in this age of slug-and-rob world relationships, from the immediate danger of wholesale direct attacks by German Heinkels, Italian Savoias or Bredas, Japanese Nakijimas. But that leaves the United States, as a going concern in the community of nations, only half safe.

For we have another coast, which is not only decidedly vulnerable—it is, at this very moment, under direct, vicious, methodical attack by all the forces of the totalitarian countries. Indeed, some of our dear allies in the democratic bloc are out yonder taking pot shots at us, international politics being a mug's game at best.

Old aeronautical hands are inclined to remember our shipbuilding experience with England in 1917. She was full of the spirit of helpfulness, and sent a mission to advise us with one of our most urgent problems—ships to send food and soldiers abroad. "Build 6,000-ton boats," the farsighted mission recommended; "those are the best for the problem." So innocent, eager Washington ordered hundreds of 6,000-ton vessels built, at Hog Island and elsewhere. You can see them rotting today up the Hudson and at Newport News, in scores. For after the war we discovered that 6,000-ton boats were too small for economical operation on the high seas, and too large for coastwise purposes—and so the great volume of our wartime shipbuilding efforts, our famous "Bridge of Ships," offered no postwar competition or challenge to England.

The embattled United States trade

(Continued on page 53)

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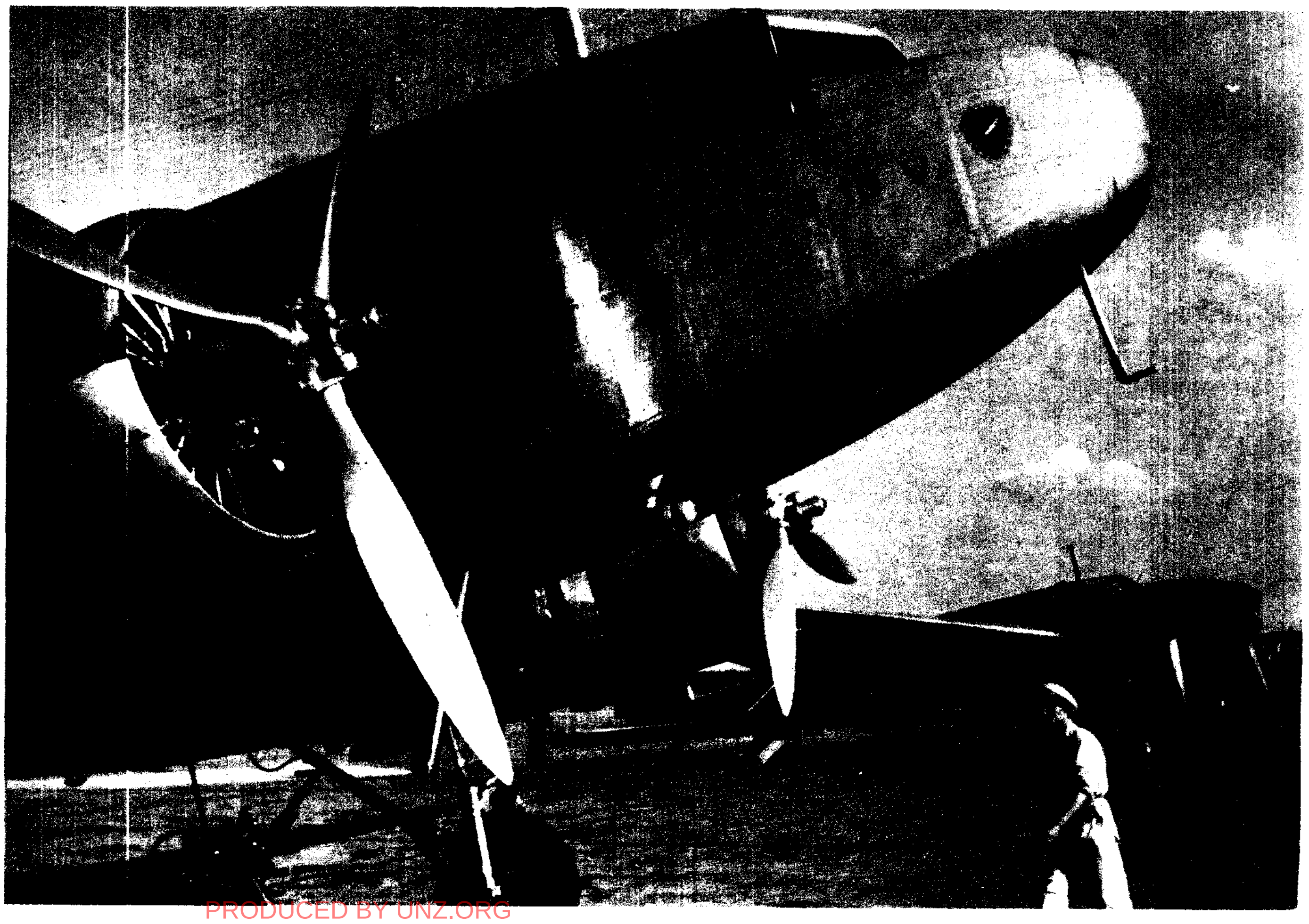


The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

TROPICAL America is being deluged with German propaganda, and interference waves are ruining radio broadcasts from North America. Bill Bossert is sent down from Washington to investigate the matter. He dies—of arsenic poisoning.

Walter Lane, another secret agent, carries on. Working for the Caribbean Fruit Company, he keeps an eye on everyone around him—notably Adolf von Graulitz, a German, who is supposed to be growing coffee not far from the company's headquarters in Puerto Musa. . . . Three murders follow in rapid succession. Gerald Stilton, a company official, is stabbed to death; Bill Roland, the U. S. vice-consul, is shot. And Henry Alcott, a company accountant, is killed—by a bullet from a revolver.

Lane is among the suspects. He is arrested. But Coronel Blanco, the comandante, decides that he is innocent and releases him.

Dave Perry, the company's division manager, has a charming secretary: Muriel Monroe. Thrown together frequently, she and Lane devote much of their time to unraveling the mystery; and, after a time, they are in love. . . . There are several suspects—including "Pinky" Hind, an overseer, and Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent. Everyone (including Hind and Holliday) succeeds in proving that he is not involved.

Lane, reviewing all the evidence, feels sure that von Graulitz, or someone hired by the German, has committed the murders.

It is learned that after Alcott was shot a woman ran away from the scene of the killing. Inasmuch as Nita Fenwick, one of Muriel's friends, had been in love with Alcott, and Alcott (a married man) had refused to secure a divorce and marry her, it looks as though she may have shot Alcott. . . .

Binsworth, one of the company's vice-presidents, is on his way, by airplane, to Puerto Musa. While Lane, the comandante and Muriel are having a conference, they hear an airplane above them. "That's Binsworth's plane," Muriel cries.

Conclusion

LANE watched the plane as it maneuvered over the port.

"You know, Joe," he said, "I can't help thinking that Binsworth has a lot to do with this. His arrival, I mean. Look at the timing, Joe. Alcott is killed just before Binsworth gets here, as if someone didn't want the accountant to talk to the vice-president."

"That doesn't make sense," the comandante said. "If Alcott had something on his mind, why couldn't he have come to me, instead of waiting for Binsworth?"

"You know how fruit-company people are, Joe. They like to settle their own troubles in their own way, without recourse to the law of the land."

"Then why didn't he speak his piece to Perry. The division manager is judge, jury, prosecutor and counsel for the defense, as far as fruit-company people are concerned."

"There's one very good reason why he may not have wanted to tell Perry what he knew," Lane said.

"It still could have been Nita," the comandante insisted. "I don't see how it could have been anyone else."

"Maybe you're right, Joe," Lane said. "Wait just a minute." He went up the veranda steps three at a time, entered the house. In two minutes he was back. "Mrs. Alcott is asleep," he said. "Doc Janvier says she'll be out for five or six hours. He gave her a man-size pill. I'm coming back and sleep across her threshold, but in the meantime— Is eavesdropping a misdemeanor in this country, Joe?"

"Not if you can get away with it," the comandante replied.

"Then come on, Muriel. You and I are going to do a very reprehensible thing. We're going to listen in surreptitiously on the private conversation between Vice-President Binsworth and Dave Perry."

He took the girl's arm. A single drop of hot rain fell from the still black sky and splashed against his cheek.

"Here it comes!" Muriel exclaimed.

Lane put his arm around her shoulder, and without a word they hurried into the rising wind.

THE lights at the plaza made blurred halos on the thick curtains of splashing rain that swept up from the sea in frantic, never-ending succession. By their indistinct glow, Lane could make out the tall figure of Dave Perry coming up from the small-boat landing. Beside Perry was a shorter, stockier figure carrying two brief cases—Vice-President Binsworth, undoubtedly.

"Have you got your keys?" Lane asked Muriel.

"Yes."

"Then we'll hurry ahead to the office."

"Maybe they'll go to Dave's house."

"They'll have to pass the office in any case. If they go on by, we'll follow."

"Darling, I feel like a worm, doing this."

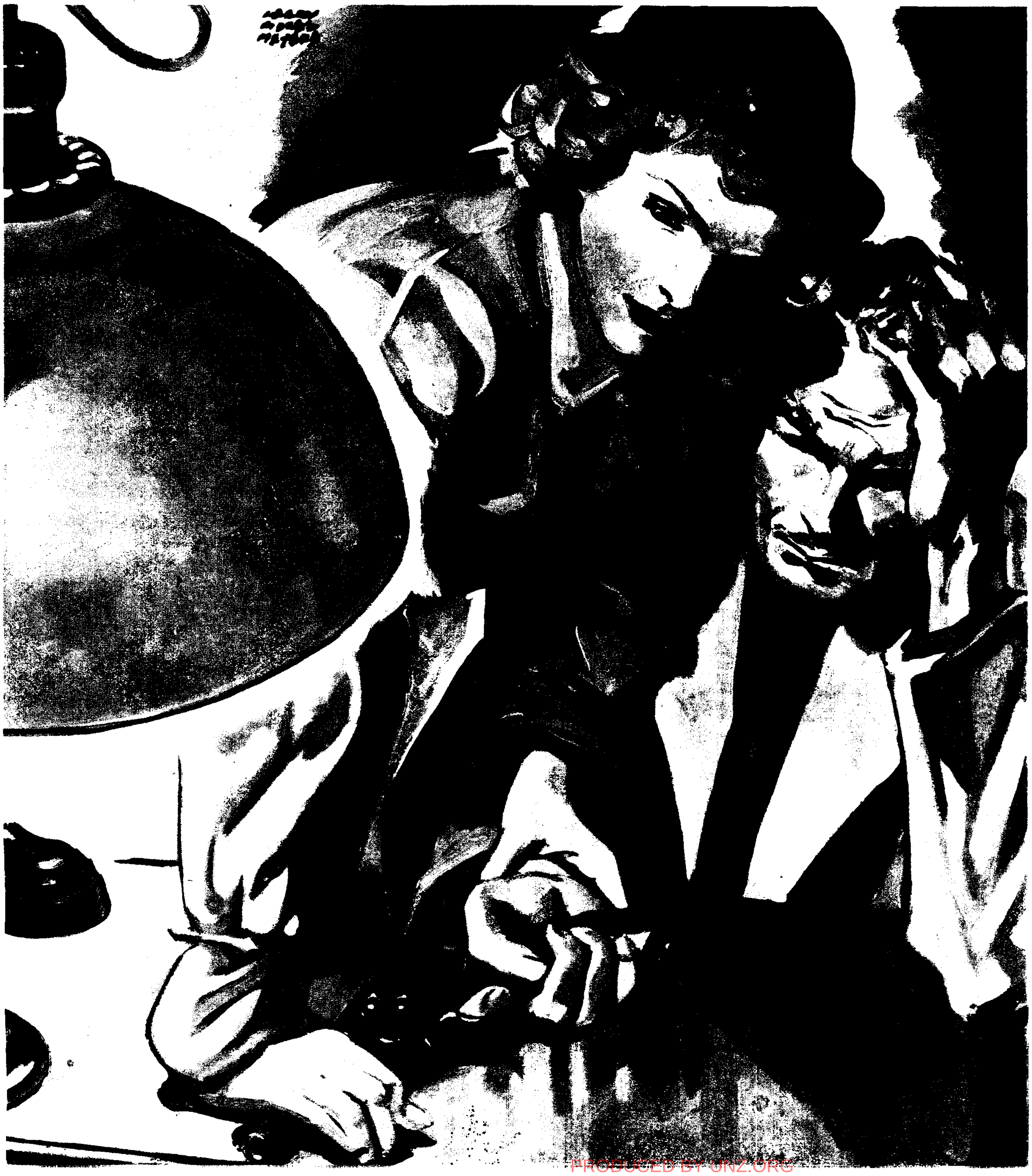
"It's got to be done. We'll go in by the side door to the port office—the one we used for an exit the night Stilton was killed. We ought to be able to hear from that little anteroom between Bannister's office and Perry's."

They had been sitting in the dark only a few minutes before they heard steps and voices. The light went on in the adjoining office, and chairs scraped along the floor.

"Ye gods and little alligators, Mr. Binsworth!" Perry was saying. "Who's responsible for this new policy of penny-pinching? A hundred thousand dollars is nothing to a company like ours. If Mr. Stilton asked for twice that amount, no strings attached and no questions asked, you'd send it down by the next boat."

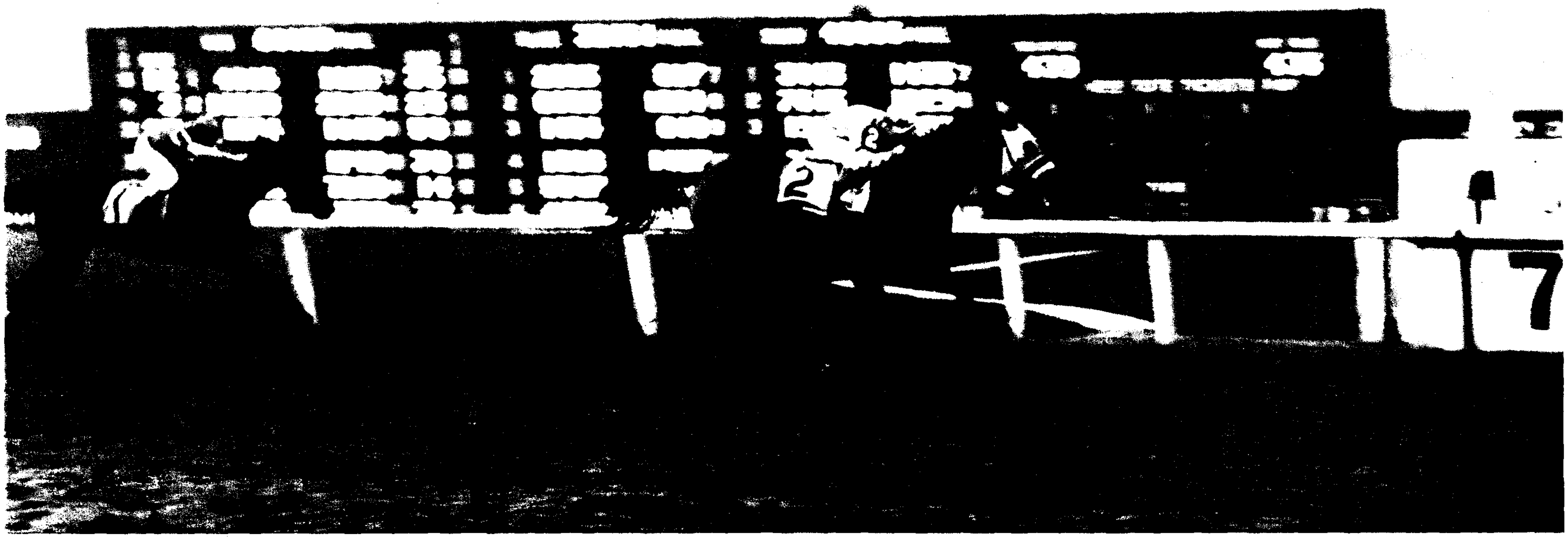
"Mr. Stilton," retorted Binsworth, "is dead."

(Continued on page 63)



Muriel flung herself against him, seized the gun. "Dave! Don't, Dave! Please!" she cried. "You mustn't! You can't do this!"

By Frank Condon



CARROLL

California's freak two-miler, the beloved Malicious, winning at Santa Anita

He's California's latest hero and they wouldn't swap him for all the grapefruit and sunshine in Florida. He's a 12-year-old rheumatic nag you would expect to see in the shafts of a laundry wagon. Meet Malicious, racing's goofiest gee-gee

OUT here in California we have a regular battle cry or war whoop of triumph. We seven million regular inmates of this proud freehold may have varying views on politics, moving pictures and the proper stance at golf, but in one respect we are a united people. We have a horse. We have a horse that we are plumb wild about and we love and adore this horse beyond sense and reason. We would not trade our horse or give him in exchange for President F. D. Roosevelt, War Admiral, Man o' War, two caskets filled with ten-dollar bills, Hedy Lamarr and a new sedan. I mean to say, we are exceedingly fond of this horse.

In our personal moments of success, or expected success, when we are about to do something big and spectacular, we do not howl "hot dog!" or "hurray!" or "yippee!" No, sir. We say in a tone of serene exultation: "And here comes Malicious!"

Back there in the East, quiet and home-loving folks may not know it, but Malicious is a race horse and is the apple of the eye of everybody west of Phoenix, Arizona. It was a scurvy trick to call him Malicious, which means invidious or spiteful, for he should have been called Benevolent, or Winsome or Seraphic, as he is a horse with a kindly manner and a friendly snout.

But there he is, Malicious, twelve years old this very month, owned now by a lady in Pasadena named Mrs. Sylvia Urban, and she may think she owns him according to the legal papers, but he belongs to us. He is more than a horse. He is an institution, a tradition and an inspiration to persons who fear they are growing old and feeble. He is the oldest race horse in the land and can run the living daylights out of youngsters who take pride in their speed.

People who know very little about horse racing, casual droppers-in at the track, watch this remarkable animal walk out and feel a sudden impulse to rise and yell. So they rise and yell. When you listen to 60,000 people cheering an ancient horse, it gives you a definite feeling of elation, so you join in. Meantime, old Malicious stands there on the brown mud at Santa Anita, pawing tentatively with a foreleg and cocking an appreciative ear at the pandemonium. If horses could grin, like fighters or ballplayers, this one would certainly tip his cap.

Two Miles—Regardless

When you come to think of it, hardly any human being has 60,000 friends who would stand up and cheer at his mere appearance. After a while the race begins and it is invariably a long, grueling contest to try the mettle of man and beast. Malicious doesn't go into anything under two miles. He would like three miles even better and four miles would suit him down to the hoof, only four miles would be too hard on the other and younger horses. So they limit the races to two miles.

He won't win a mile race or a mile-and-a-half race. He just doesn't like them. In fact he showed that very distinctly at a Chicago track two years ago. It was a mile-and-a-half event. Malicious, true to form, didn't bother to run until he reached a point just about one furlong from home. As the horses crossed the line Malicious was last but starting to come up. His disgusted jockey tried to pull him in but Malicious ignored the monkey on his back. He just kept on running until he had run his two miles. Then he stopped. He couldn't help it if his stable had been silly enough to enter him in a mile-and-a-half race. Two miles was his dish and by golly he'd eat it up.

Now, remember that a horse twelve years old is like a man of sixty. Think of your daddy or your granddaddy seizing a tennis racket and rushing out for a brisk contest with Donald Budge. It's incredible and that's what makes the stands rise and yowl.

These two-mile jaunts are always about the same as spectacles. Ten or twelve spirited young equines line up at the starting gate and Malicious drags his weary frame into whatever stall they give him and stands there sadly, his head down between his legs, his ears back and about him the general manner of an old gentleman who would like to stretch out before the fire and snooze.

The odds on Malicious are usually about five to one. Nobody there actually believes he will win again. He's too old. True enough, he won last time, but age infallibly exacts its toll, as everyone knows. He can't go on winning, so you put five dollars on a younger and better horse and perhaps a sentimental two bucks on this genial bag of bones. Melody Lane or Zor or Who's There is the favorite and what right has this twelve-year-old gent to be cavorting in athletics with robustious youth?

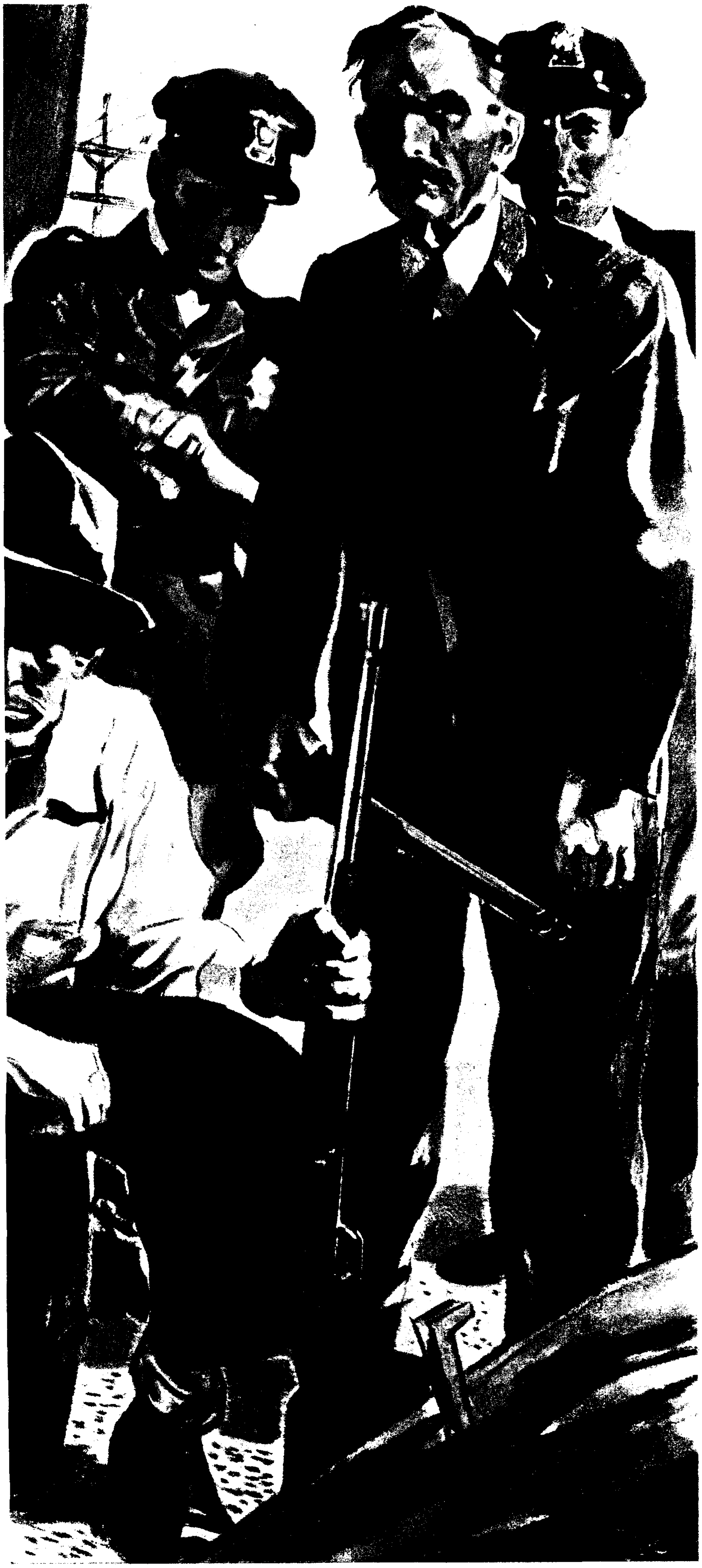
Tinkle goes the bell and the twelve young squirts leap into action and rush down the strip lickety-split, their ears standing up straight, tails streaming, muscles tense with the gay determination of youth. Malicious pries himself deliberately out of his semicoma, lifts his head and begins plugging along behind, dodging clods of mud.

Mr. Hernandez's Big Moment

As they flash by the howling populace the first time round, any horse can be leading and any horse can be in the middle, but only one horse can bring up the rear and that's Malicious, who has seen the back ends of more horses than any other hay-bag on earth.

The two-mile marathon lengthens out and after a little Malicious drops so far behind it would cost him eighty cents to phone up to the head horse at night rates. His jockey hasn't even a whip. He doesn't need a whip any more than Glenn Cunningham does. Presently the thudding hoofs thud away a mile or so of the race and the stands quiet down, wondering if the old miracle boy has folded

(Continued on page 32)



There was a traffic block. Some cops and busy punks in plain clothes

The Sticker

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ON HIS way out of the Sierra National, Solo Flynn sprung the latch on the front door. Nobody would open it from the inside for a while. The cashier was dead in his cage, and the ledger clerk, a woman, lay dead where she had fallen across the sill of the vault door. Tough, but what the hell! Next time they'd take it easy in the pinches—but there wouldn't be any next time for that pair. Both dead, for a lousy twelve hundred dollars. Maybe fifteen hundred. These mountain banks were the bunk.

The big crap game in Reno would have been swell pickings. "Nobody could turn that trick singlehanded." Solo Flynn realized that he was talking out loud to himself.

What of it? Headed for Frisco alone in the car. "I'll sing if I feel like it. Sing out loud!" He did not feel like singing. He could not forget the agonized look in the woman's eyes when he let her have it through the heart—for a lousy twelve hundred bucks, maybe fifteen hundred.

"What I need is a shot of rye. . . . I'll get good and drunk in Frisco before I head for Chi. . . . Stay drunk a week. Why the hell do they let women work in banks?"

Step on it—Colfax, Auburn, Sacramento. Frisco by eight o'clock. A shot of rye to steady his nerves, and, after that, hooch enough to drown the memory of that look on the woman's face. The cashier—what of it? A man has to die sometime. He had it coming to him. "Up with his rod, and then I let him have it." The punk had to die sometime; but the woman was different.

THE hardware man thought it was mighty funny that Elmer would have the door of the bank locked at that hour. "You see anything of him?" he asked the druggist.

"He hasn't been in here today. Minnie was in at noon for her usual chocolate malted milk. That's all the lunch she's been eating since she started to reduce. Did you look in the window?"

"I peeked in, but it's too shady inside to see anything."

"Wait a minute. I'll go with you."

There were three customers waiting at the entrance of the bank. "Rattle the door. Maybe Elmer is in the private office."

"You didn't hear any trouble, did you?"

The druggist had not heard any trouble.

"I don't like the looks of things," the hardware man said. "I don't like to break into a bank either, but if you boys okay the proceedings and witness the job, I'll get a pinch bar on that lock and pry it open."

"Knock hard again on the glass. Here, hammer it with this silver dollar. It sounds sharp."

Four minutes after the hardware man had opened the door of the Sierra National, the first alarm had been broadcast by radio: "One or more robbers. No description. Cashier and ledger clerk shot dead. Time about 1:15."

ROLLING into Colfax, Solo Flynn looked at his gas gauge.

"Four gallons. . . . I'll fill her up and then I can go through Sacramento and Stockton like a bat out of hell."

The two youngsters at the gas station on the west edge of Colfax were on the job the minute the car stopped. "Fill 'er up!" Solo Flynn ordered.

"Yes, sir. Check your oil? Water all right?"

"I don't need anything but gas!"

"Yes, sir. I'll just wipe these butterflies off the windshield, so you can see."

FOR an instant the windshield was opaque. All that Solo Flynn could see was the look of agony in the woman's eyes when he let her have it through the heart.

"You going to be here in Colfax for the big '49 celebration next month?"

"How much is the gas?"

"One sixty-eight, sir. . . . That's why everybody here is letting his whiskers grow—Whiskerino Gold Camp Days of '49. You ought to see the show if you get time."

Leaving Colfax, Solo Flynn rolled along at sixty until he slowed up going into Auburn. "Sacramento, Stockton, Oakland, Frisco." A lot of hooch, enough of it to make him forget the woman's face.

Out of Sacramento, headed south for Stockton, the traffic thickened. A mile north of Stockton there was a block of some kind that had halted a hundred cars.

"Heave the dough away, get rid of the gat—what if they are frisking everybody? They've got nothing on me. They ain't mind readers. I'll go through 'em like . . . *like the .45 slug went through the woman.*"

Solo Flynn swung to the left out of the slowing line of cars and headed back toward Sacramento. The road was open, and he stepped on the gas. "What the hell! They won't stop nobody going in this direction. . . . Leave the car in Sacramento and roll into Frisco on a train."

On the south edge of Sacramento there was another traffic block. Solo Flynn was into it before he could change his route. Eight or ten motorcycle cops and some busy punks in plain clothes.

"What's your name?"

Solo Flynn remembered the name on the white slip under the transparent cover on the steering post. "Sam Carson."

"Where from?"

"San Francisco."

"Where did you come from just now?"

"San Francisco."

One of the plain-clothes punks looked intently at Solo Flynn. "You say you just come up from San Francisco?"

"Yes. I left there about one o'clock."

"Driving this car?"

"Yes."

The plain-clothes punk swung a gun in line with Solo Flynn's heart. "Frisk him, Ed," he said to his uniformed companion. "Those dead butterflies in his radiator—mountain swallowtails. None of them in the Delta country. This car's just out of the mountains."

Then, to Solo Flynn, "How come that Whiskerino sticker for the Colfax Celebration, pasted on your fender? The Colfax people just started putting 'em out at noon today! . . . Come along, tourist. You're headed the wrong direction. I can see your finish. You're headed for the gas house."

Solo Flynn could not see his finish very clearly. All he could see was the look in the woman's eyes when the .45 slug went through her heart.

Mrs. Ralph C. Young of Philadelphia is second best, the highest ranking ever attained by a woman player

Charles H. Goren of Philadelphia, No. 1 player. He became a champion because a lady once laughed at him

IFOR THOMAS

HE WAS the joke of the party. Everybody laughed at him. He had tried to refuse his first bridge invitation because he didn't know the game. But the girl wouldn't take no. She explained that bridge was practically the same as pinochle, which he had played in high school. Only, when you can't follow suit you don't have to trump. With that schooling, he went forth among a bunch of experienced players—and made a show of himself. He was burned up most of all when his hostess derided him.

"Ridicule is the one thing I can't stand," he exclaimed sixteen years later, "especially ridicule from a girl. I decided then and there I would master that game, the cause of my torment, if it was the last thing I ever did."

Nobody laughs at him now. For Charles Henry Goren has attained the highest honors that the game affords. He is the number-one top-ranking player for the season of national championship play. In earning that position, he has brought to an end the incomparable streak of four consecutive national tops achieved by the brilliant Oswald Jacoby. He is the first player in the game's history to crash through the hitherto unbroken monopoly of the pinnacle held by New Yorkers, as he registers from Philadelphia. And, as if that were not enough, he finds right next to him in second position, also beating out all of the New Yorkers, his prize pupil and favorite partner, Mrs. Ralph C. (Sally) Young, another Philadelphian, boasting a higher ranking than ever before was earned by a woman through a season of national play.

There were eleven national contests under the auspices of the American Contract Bridge League during the season of 1938-1939, three of them restricted to Masters who had proved their strength in the past, three of them open to all, two for women only, one for men only and two for mixed combinations of men and women. Only Mr. Goren and Mrs. Young managed to gain three victories in them. As partners they shared two of the triumphs—the open match-point fours teamed with John R. Crawford and Charles J. Solomon of their own city, and the mixed fours in which their associates were Mrs. Robert B. Fuller and Dr. Henry J. Vogel of New York. When Mrs. Young played in the women's pairs with Mrs. Albert M. Sobel of New York, and Mr. Goren teamed in the men's pairs with B. Jay Becker, a former Philadelphian but now a New Yorker, there was a chance that the winner would be undisputed leader of the season. But both won, giving them three championships apiece, and the only way to break the tie was through their relative finish in the Individual Masters' championship, in which Mr. Goren landed several notches higher than his pupil.

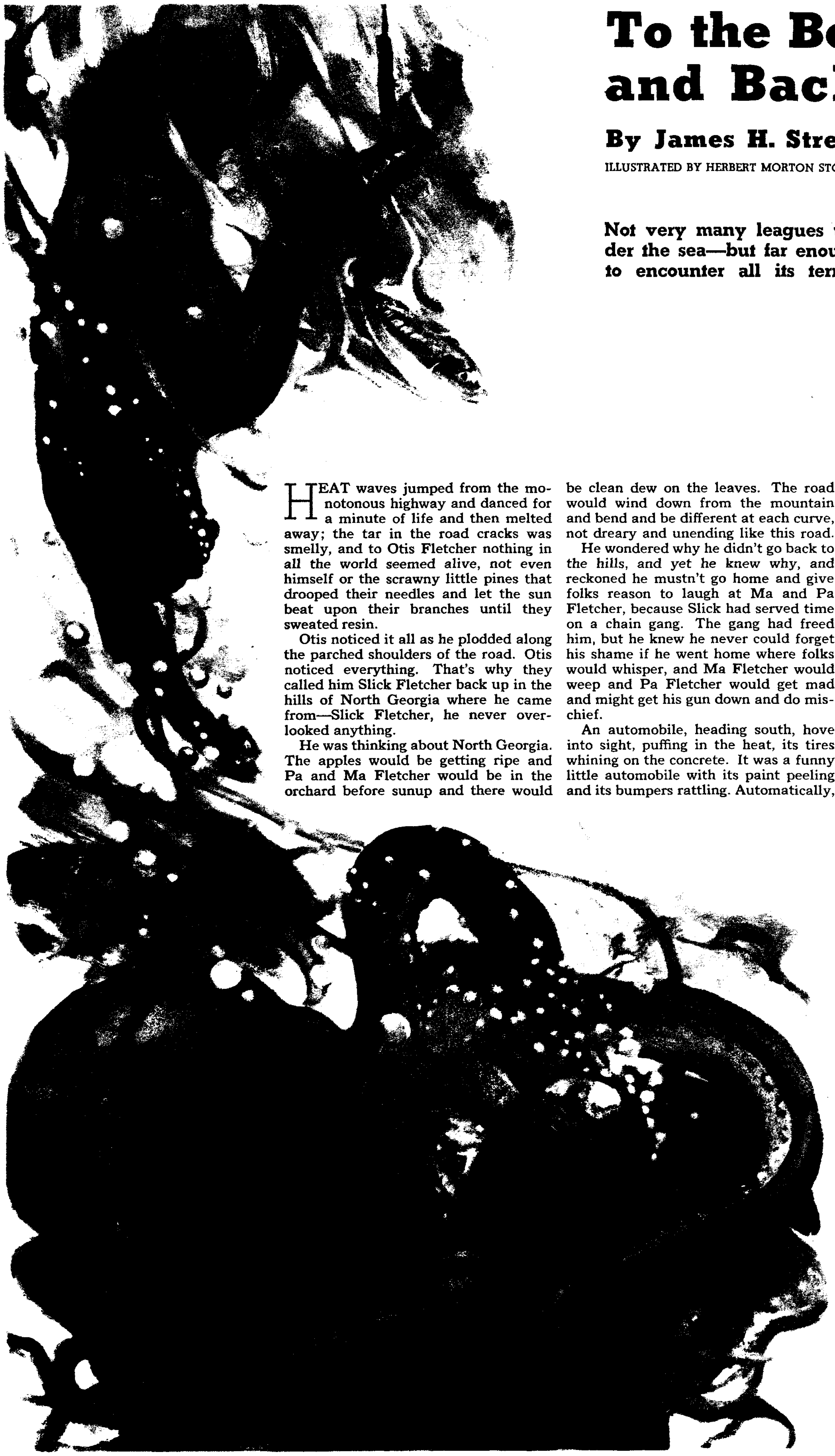
Just back of them, in third place, is Mr. Becker, who also learned most of his *(Continued on page 70)*

To the Bottom and Back

By James H. Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Not very many leagues under the sea—but far enough to encounter all its terrors



His bronzed body disappeared over the side. Straight for the devilfish's head he dived

HEAT waves jumped from the monotonous highway and danced for a minute of life and then melted away; the tar in the road cracks was smelly, and to Otis Fletcher nothing in all the world seemed alive, not even himself or the scrawny little pines that drooped their needles and let the sun beat upon their branches until they sweated resin.

Otis noticed it all as he plodded along the parched shoulders of the road. Otis noticed everything. That's why they called him Slick Fletcher back up in the hills of North Georgia where he came from—Slick Fletcher, he never overlooked anything.

He was thinking about North Georgia. The apples would be getting ripe and Pa and Ma Fletcher would be in the orchard before sunup and there would be clean dew on the leaves. The road would wind down from the mountain and bend and be different at each curve, not dreary and unending like this road.

He wondered why he didn't go back to the hills, and yet he knew why, and reckoned he mustn't go home and give folks reason to laugh at Ma and Pa Fletcher, because Slick had served time on a chain gang. The gang had freed him, but he knew he never could forget his shame if he went home where folks would whisper, and Ma Fletcher would weep and Pa Fletcher would get mad and might get his gun down and do mischief.

An automobile, heading south, hove into sight, puffing in the heat, its tires whining on the concrete. It was a funny little automobile with its paint peeling and its bumpers rattling. Automatically, Slick jerked his thumb and motioned down the road, and the car stopped.

"This way you going?" The driver leaned out of his window and grinned at Slick. Slick noticed the man's strange accent, white teeth and bronze skin.

The hitchhiker had a notion to say, "You know durn tootin' it is," but, instead, he answered flatly:

"Uh-huh, if you don't mind."

"Get in."

The driver opened the door. Slick eyed him casually, but overlooked nothing. The man was sweating at the neck and his shirt was open. His chest was copper-colored and his hair was very black, almost greasy. His hands were very strong and clean, and muscles bunched about his shoulders. "Furriner," Slick thought. "Greek or dago."

"You going how far?" The driver did not take his eyes off the road.

Slick thought quickly. He mustn't overlook a bet. "Oh, I don't know, mister. How far you heading?"

"Tarpon Springs," the man said proudly. "I'm going home."

"RECKONED I'd go over that way som'rs myself." Slick had intended going down the Florida east coast, but the west coast would do just as well—anywhere would do just as well.

"Good!" The stranger was enthusiastic. "I will have company. I am Panagiotis Papadelis, the sponge diver—"

"Huh?" Slick eyed him quickly, and Panagiotis Papadelis laughed, a heavy, deep laugh, the kind of laugh a man can laugh only if he means it.

"Panagiotis Papadelis—but call me Pete. Only the Greeks can say my name. Why my papa named me so I do not know. My papa was a sponge diver too, but an octopus—" He shrugged his shoulders. "You know how it is with an octopus, old Mister Eight Feet. And my uncle, Sotirios, was a sponge diver also—"

Slick started to interrupt, but it was useless. Never had he heard anybody talk as fast or as much. Pete just opened his mouth and the words rolled out in layers:

"Yes, my uncle Sotirios was a great man. He and my papa came all the way from the island of Hydra—all good divers come from Hydra. They came in a sailboat with one dinghy. Yes, a great man my uncle was until he got the bends. You know how it is with the bends."

Slick nodded. He had suffered from

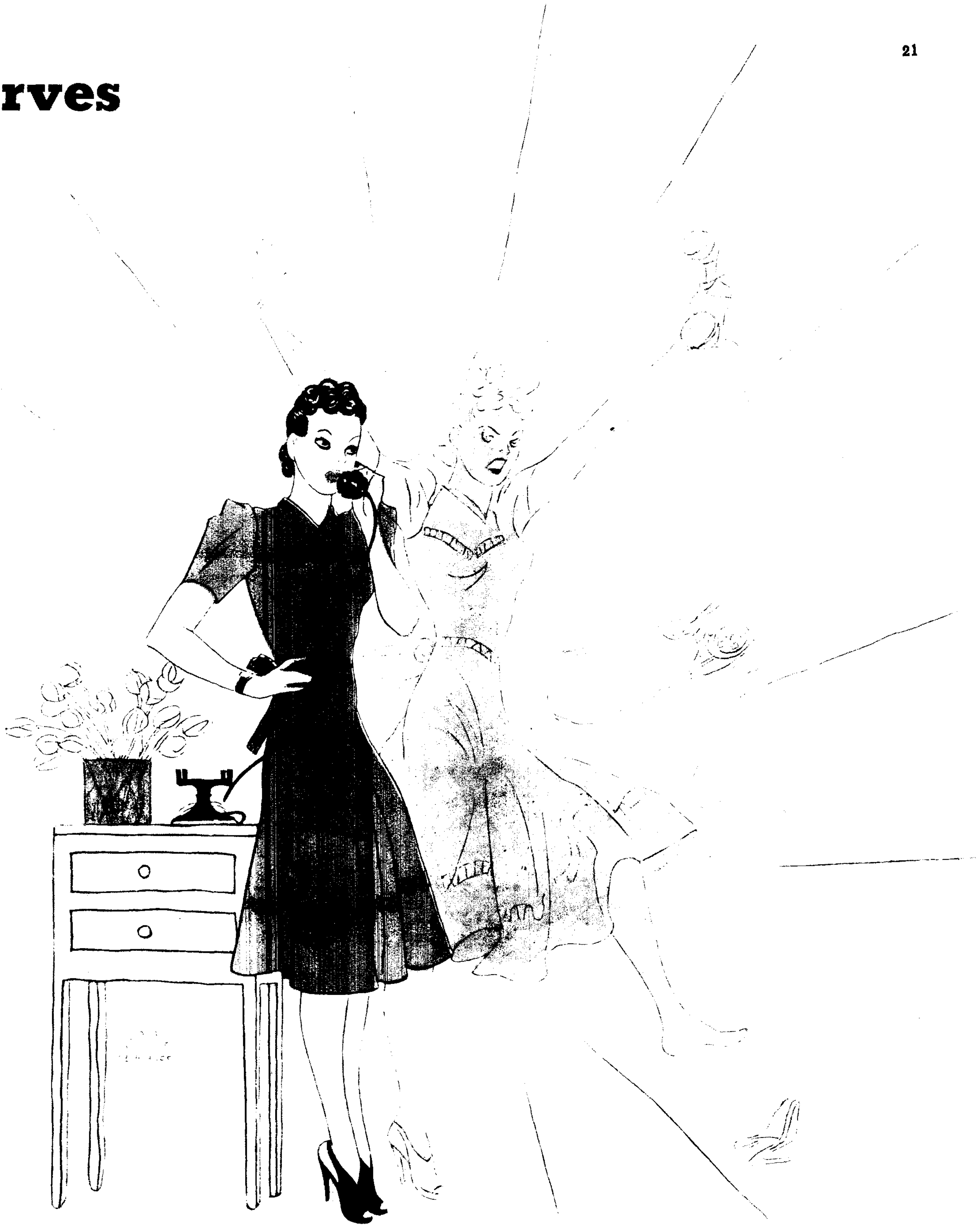
(Continued on page 25)

It's Just Nerves

By Janet Lane

And fighting them only makes things worse. You've got to outsmart them to get rid of your jitters. And here's how

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Maintaining your icy calm when you want to blow up builds up a fine nervous tension

ONCE in a while you meet a person who "hasn't a nerve in his body." But most people have their own special kind of jitters—and their own special way of dealing with them. You see them in action, blushing to the roots of their hair or going white as a sheet. But a lot of them you'd never recognize. They're the ones who look as calm as cucumbers no matter what happens. But they're still blushing and blenching internally.

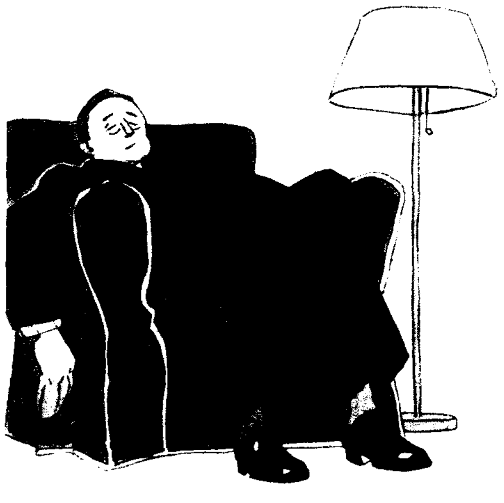
Whether your brand is an inside or an outside job, sensitive nerves will tend to undermine your digestion unless you treat them right. Fight them and you'll get gas on the stomach and spots before your eyes. Ignore them, and your pep will gradually fizzle out. But give them the decent consideration you would water on the knee or a tennis elbow, and your looks, your pep and your outlook on life will all take a turn for the better.

You see, nerves are one of the regulators of your internal workings and if they are particularly susceptible to stimuli, they are constantly interfering with all the digestive processes. Food that should be absorbed through the intestines sits in the stomach and ferments. That leaves you short on nourishment and long on burps.

If you want to get the best of your nerves, the first step is a medical checkup. And for two reasons: First, because dizziness and distress may be symptoms of some organic complication and, if so, it had better be repaired. And, second, because if you are subconsciously worrying over the conviction that there is something radically wrong with you, the relief of knowing there isn't will take a large part of the nervous strain off your digestive tract.

In fact, worry is one of the first things to start your nerves on a rampage, and if you are struggling with a major complication in your life, you'll probably have to make your peace with it one way or another before your insides will really calm down.

Then, to get rid of more worrying over things you don't understand, learn what your nerves are like and how they work. Most people think it's sissy to own nerves and sissier still to notice them. A bright idea of our Puritan ancestors, no doubt—and what a dyspeptic bunch they were! Whether you like it or not, you own several billion nerves and they are as real as the wiring in your home. Some are tiny and threadlike. Others are the size of good strong cord. And they carry the messages that regulate everything that goes on in your body. Some of the messages go through your brain and those you can control. But most of them—and especially the ones that run your internal organs—work automatically.



Collapsing after dinner is a bad habit

Take what happens when you get the wrong telephone number three times in succession, for instance. Your brain may decide that you should maintain an icy calm. But instantaneously your automatic nervous system flashes an angry signal through your body and your whole organic apparatus gears for action. The digestive tract stops working. The heartbeat accelerates. The blood pressure rises. The glands act to fill the blood stream with the energy elements you need to yank the telephone from its moorings and hurl it across the room. And everything stays in that state of nervous tension until it is released by action—that's the reason a good cry makes you feel better—or until the energy elements are gradually reabsorbed by your body.

Naturally, if you send down even the most delicate meal in the world at this point it will just lie like a stone until the peristaltic waves of your digestive tract get going again. Eat an innocent helping of corned-beef hash and ever after you'll claim that corned beef is poison to you. According to the medicos, it's much more often a run-in with your boss or a domestic upheaval than it is food that heads you for a bout of heartburn or belching.

One answer, of course, is to avoid eating while you're all on edge. You'll get more real good out of one simple dish eaten in pleasant surroundings after you have cooled off than you could from a five-course meal swallowed at the scene of a heated argument. But if you are up against a day that is just one round of emotional scenes, at least give your innards as much of a break as you can. Hot soup will help to calm your stomach muscles and start the appetite juices. So will a cocktail or sherry. Chewing gum after meals is a good thing provided you are not the kind of person who swallows a lot of air when you chew. And then use your head about what you eat. Trick diets are the bunk, of course. Feed your delicate

(Continued on page 52)

The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

AT HIS elaborate country estate near New York City, Rodney Barnett receives a terrible shock when William Boone, a young artist (whom he hates and fears), arrives for a brief stay on the invitation of Barnett's stepdaughter, Nancy, whose portrait Boone has promised to paint.

It soon becomes obvious that Boone has resorted to a stratagem to secure admission to the house, and that there is something in the attic—once used as a theater—which he is extremely anxious to find. Working cautiously, he presently comes across a secret compartment in the floor of the theater. He opens it, finds a box—filled with toys! He does not remove the box. Unfortunately, he has a crooked valet, Wallace Harmon. Harmon, too, finds the box. Suspecting that, for some reason or other, it is of great value, he tries to sell it to Barnett. But Barnett only laughs at him.

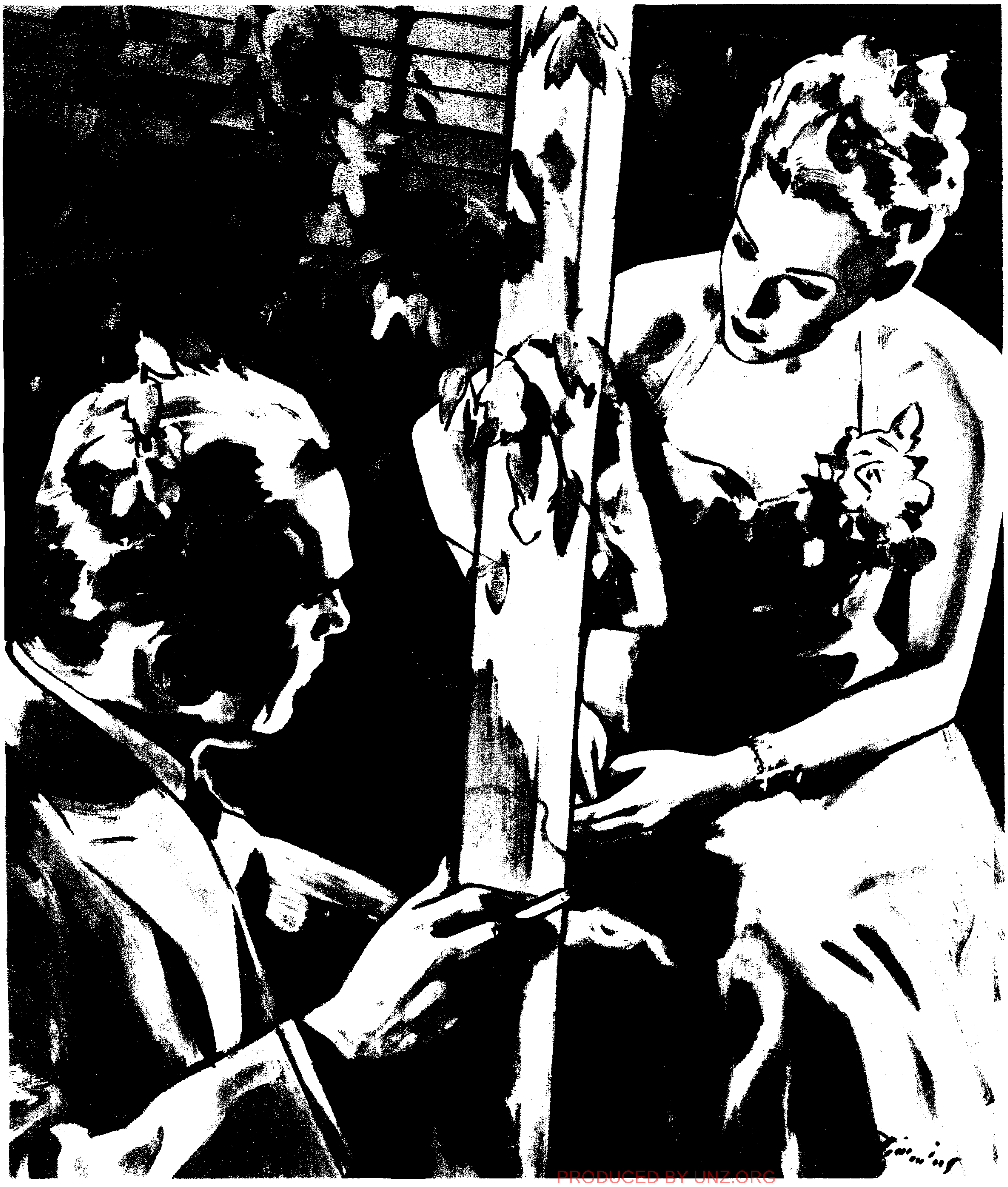
A short time later Harmon is murdered—shot to death in the theater. . . . Meanwhile, Inspector Teeple, who has been summoned by Barnett, has been shadowing Boone. He now steps forward, to interrogate everyone.

Boone tells him an amazing story: he says that he is Rodney Barnett's nephew, Peter Barnett, Jr., and that, when he was ten, his father had died in China, leaving a fortune of three million dollars. To gain control of that fortune, Rodney Barnett had reported that both father and son had died. After which he had inveigled the boy into changing his name to Daniel Martin and had shipped him off to school in Switzerland.

Barnett characterizes the story as a tissue of lies. He insists that "William Boone" is in reality an orphan.

Boone says that he has definite proof that he is Peter Barnett, Jr. Before going to China with his father he had lived in Rodney Barnett's house. He says that he has found the box of toys, which must still bear his fingerprints! But when he leads the way to the attic, the box is missing—a maid, one Yvonne, in whom Harmon had confided, *has seen Barnett hiding it,* and has stolen it and secreted it in her room.

Both Suzette and Nancy believe that "Boone" is telling the truth. To shield him, Nancy insists that, at the time of the murder, *she was with him!*



Jim said, "Perhaps Boone did kill him." Nancy stared, then said contemptuously, "I knew you'd say something like that"

VI

WHEN Rodney reached the door of the music room, he paused and looked up and down the hall. A small roar of voices was coming up from downstairs. A girl was laughing hysterically somewhere, but there was no one in sight.

He went into the music room and to the piano and lifted the lid. His thin, dark face wore an expression of frowning sternness as if he were concentrating with intensity on one thought or idea. He looked in. He lifted the lid higher and looked carefully. His expression changed from one of sharp concentration to one of grave concern and the saturnine lines about his mouth, usually not prominent, became dark and deep. His eyes became bright and hard. Sweat appeared on his forehead.

He lowered the lid and looked swiftly about the room. He walked quickly to the door and looked up and down the hall. It was still empty.

LAURA ABERDEEN sat at the little white table in the attitude of a woman who had just received her death sentence. Her eyes were large and stricken. She had one elbow on the table and she supported her chin on her hand. Now and then she interrupted Nancy with the chant, "I can't believe it. I simply can't believe it."

Suzette had never seen her mother in this condition. She had, she realized, never seen her mother in a situation like this. She wondered if one of the reasons for Laura's remaining so young was her successful avoidance of situations like this one.

Nancy's eyes sometimes betrayed her when the rest of her face did not, and the state of her emotions was always revealed by her eyes. The trouble was, the state of Nancy's emotions was now crowding everything else out of her eyes. She was talking in a thin, rapid voice. She said, "I didn't mention that I'd gone up there with Bill until it was absolutely necessary. You see, Mrs. Aberdeen, Rodney insisted that Bill be arrested and taken away immediately. There's no more question in my mind that Rodney killed that man than that Bill Boone is actually Peter Barnett, Jr."

"I can't believe it," Mrs. Aberdeen said again. "I simply can't believe it."

Nancy said, "Ask Suzette. She heard every word of it."

Suzette said, with a struggle, "I can't make up my mind. There was so much of it, and it was all so contradictory."

"Suzette, you're lying."

Laura said, in a wail, "Suzette, if you're lying, stop it. Let's try to get to the bottom of this."

"I'm trying to be rational," Suzette said, "at a time when everybody else seems—"

"You're still lying," Nancy rudely stopped her. "You can't fool me, darling. You were so furious about that hole in the floor that you almost cut loose. Why didn't you? What stopped you?"

"I wasn't sure."

"You weren't sure!" Nancy jeered. "You mean, you didn't dare because of Rodney. I was right this afternoon, wasn't I?"

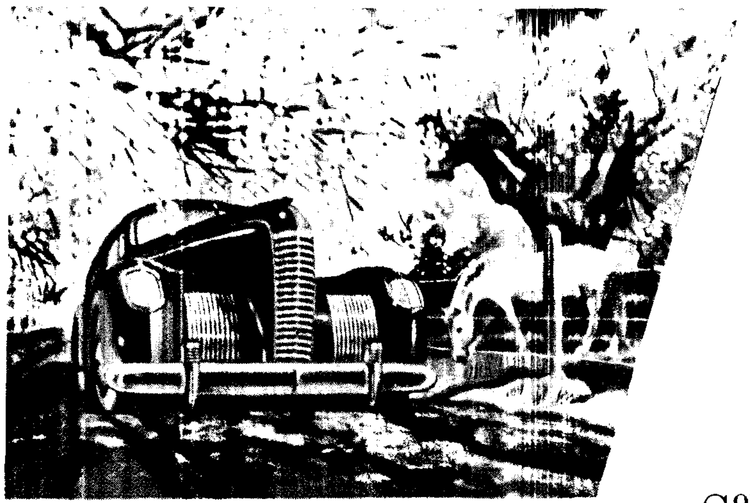
"I don't know what you're talking about."

Nancy took a long breath. She said in a voice mockingly controlled: "Mrs. Aberdeen, perhaps you can shed some light. Why is she marrying Rodney?"

"Because she—"

"Because I want to," Suzette said.

(Continued on page 59)



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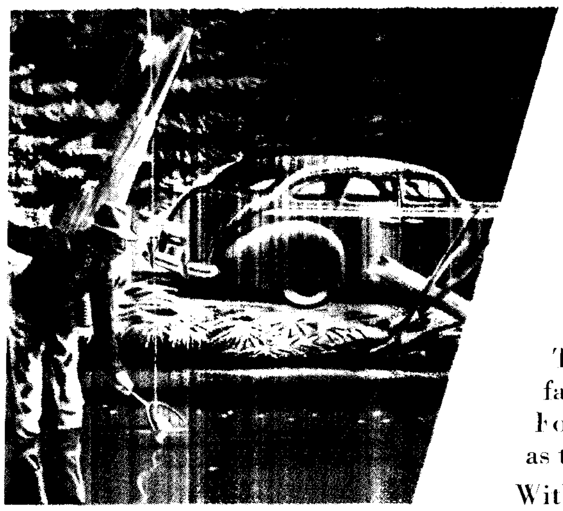

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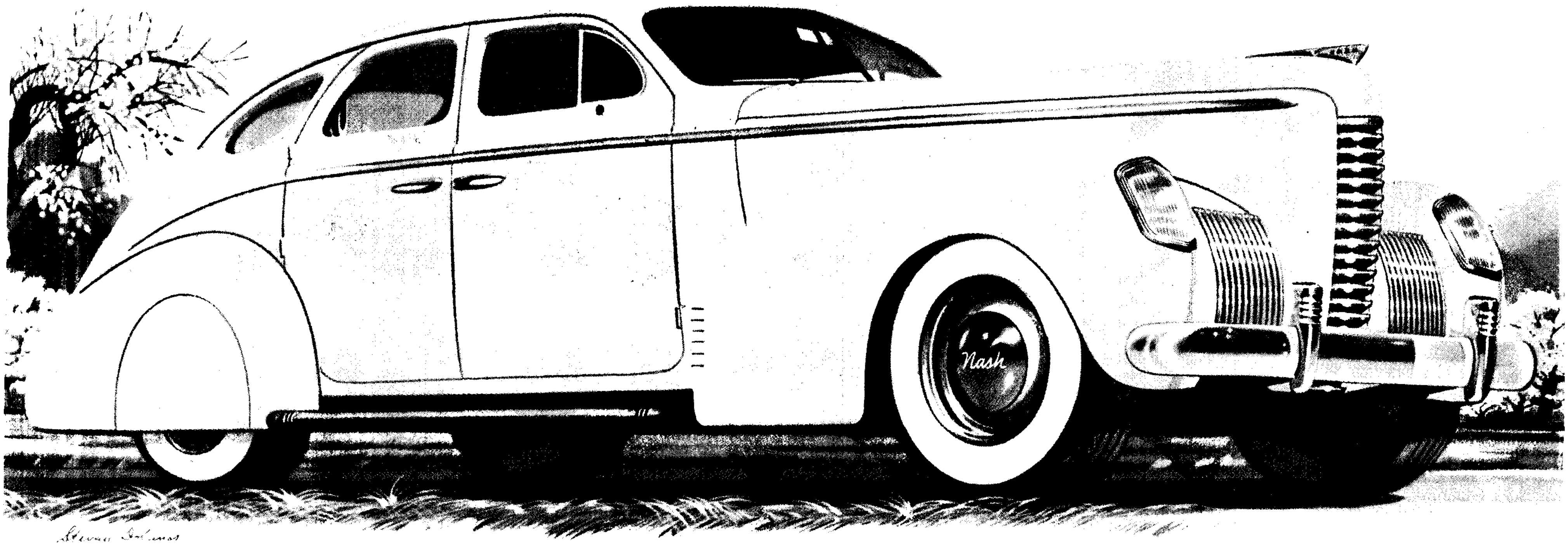

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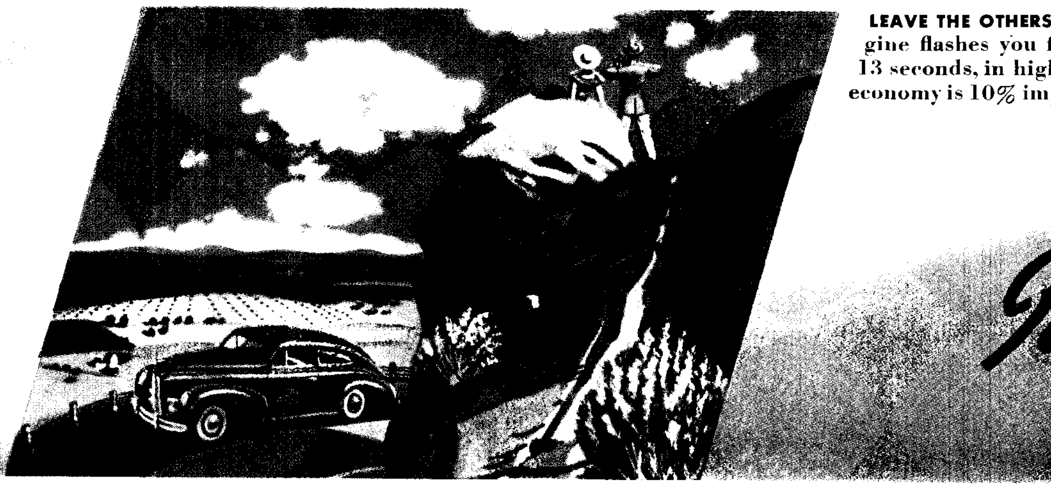

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To the Bottom and Back

Continued from page 20

the bends, pains in his back from bending over a forge in the chain gang's foundry where he forged shackles for his comrades, and even worked with brass and bronze and made doorstops and trinkets for the warden's wife, for Slick could make his hands obey his mind.

"But my uncle," Pete continued after taking a short breath, "went away when he got the bends—to Athens, Georgia, because he liked the name. He opened a café, but he is not happy. I have been to visit him. He gave me two jugs of good resin wine. I will take it to Tarpon Springs and my friends will drink with me. If you are there you will drink too. What is your name? What do you do?"

The steady flow of words had made Slick drowsy and the question caught him unaware. "Who, me?" He blinked his eyes and shaded them from the sun. "My name is Otis Fletcher. I'm a diver, too."

PETE glanced at Slick's big hands into which dirt was ground, at his dirty fingernails and at the corns on his palms. Then he asked quietly:

"Why should you try to fool me? You are no diver. A diver's hands never get so dirty."

"Well, you see, Pete, I've been doing a little public work on the side. Diving ain't so pert any more back up where I'm from."

"You dived for what?"

"Money."

It seemed a long time ago when Slick would delight tourists by diving for pennies in the clear mountain lake. A mountain trout, the visitors called him, and threw coins for him to catch. He had wondered where all the pennies came from, and went one night into a tourist's lodge to learn, and when he found many coins there he took them. The visitors wouldn't mind, he thought, it would save them from throwing the pennies into the lake and, too, they had so many. When he got home and counted the coins by the firelight they totaled four dollars and thirty-seven cents, but when the magistrate saw the money and the frightened boy, he gave the money back to its owner and sent Slick to the reformatory for four years.

Slick learned at the school that he could get the other boys' meager possessions by betting that they couldn't guess the number of beans on a supper plate, and after four years of outslicking his comrades he was graduated into the numbers racket in Atlanta, thence to the chain gang, thence to the high road, thumbing his way to Florida, where he had heard the pickings were easy—as easy as picking pennies from the rock bottom of the clear mountain lake. So hard was he thinking that he didn't hear Pete's chatter until the Greek nudged him.

"I asked how much money you make? Sometimes I make three thousand dollars diving for sponge fish. And next year, after the Day of the Golden Cross, I will marry Marina Lontos."

The road seemed to get flatter and hotter. Slick answered "yes" and "no" to Pete and took stock of the situation. He was worried how he was going to pass the Florida line. Florida would not admit jobless men unless they had money.

"Maybe," Pete smacked his lips, "we should have a drink of that fine resin wine." He began fumbling around the floor of the rear seat.

"Whoa!" Slick stopped him. "You got *two* jugs of wine? Don't you know you can't take two jugs from Georgia into Florida? The law'll nab you."

Pete blinked his little black eyes and was perplexed. "Why? My uncle gave me the wine. It is mine."

"That don't make no no-how." Slick shook his head knowingly. "The law says 'one man one jug' when you're traveling between states. But you been good to me, Pete, so tell you what I'll do."

"You will help me?"

"Sure. Now if the law stops us, you tell him I work for you. Then if he asks me about the two jugs, I'll tell him one's mine. Catch on?"

"You betcha," said Pete, proud of his English. "A great idea you have; you are a slick one."

They crossed the Florida line at dusk, and a highway patrolman flagged them. He questioned Pete briefly, not about the wine, but about Slick, who visibly was a tramp.

"He will work for me catching the sponge fishes," Pete told the officer. "I met him in Athens, where my uncle lives—"

"Athens!" The patrolman snickered. "Whatcha mean Athens? This cracker's never been out of Georgia in his life before."

"You guys ought to go to night school," Slick said innocently. "I was working for this taxpayer's uncle up in Athens, Georgia, and Pete offered me a job in Florida."

Pete vouched for the story, but the officer was skeptical. "Okay, Cracker, where's your baggage?" He opened the back door.

"Of course, Mr. Law," Slick drawled sarcastically, "we could demand a search warrant. Instead, I'll give you a drink of the best homemade wine you ever tasted." He offered the jug to the patrolman, and they left him licking his lips and waving them good luck.

"A slick trick," Pete beamed.

"A jug o' wine can do a heap of good sometimes, Pete. Now you get over here and rest. I'll drive this buggy a while."

They exchanged places and Pete relaxed. "Now we will go to Tarpon Springs, and you will work with me because you are a slick fellow."

SLICK thought he was in a foreign land when they rolled into the Greek settlement. The houses were tiny and were painted in gaudy colors. The village seemed alive with children and dogs. The sponge fleet rocked at anchor.

Pete instructed Slick to stop in front of a dainty cottage, and with much gusto the fisherman opened the car door and invited his friend into the house.

"This is my friend," he told the black-eyed girl who opened the door. "Otis Fletcher, from the hills of Georgia."

Marina Lontos' black eyes looked at Slick, and then she lowered them. "Panagiotis," she murmured, "I am happy that you have brought your friend to my papa's house."

Slick was made welcome and while Pete went to his own shack down the village street, the Georgian stayed with Marina and her father.

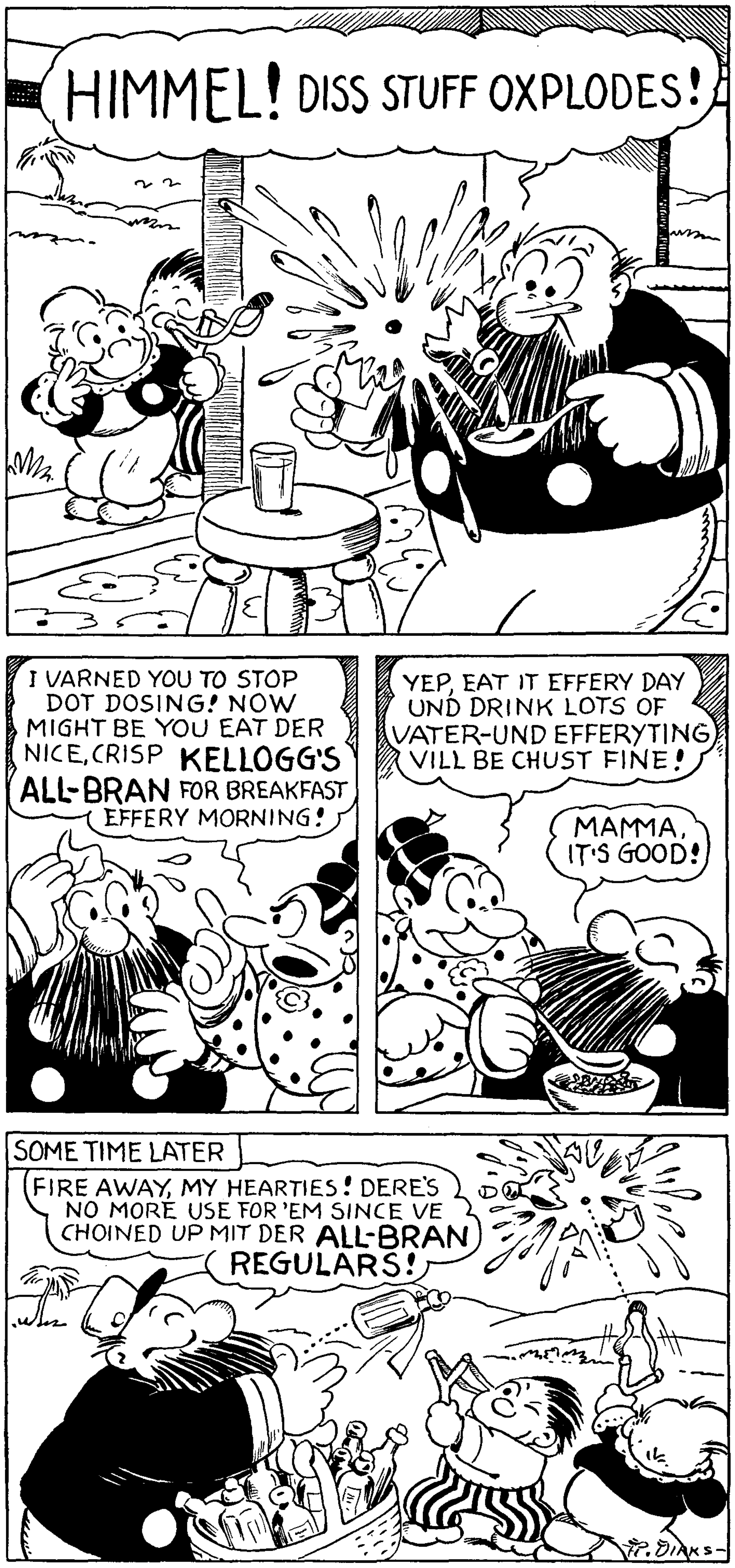
"Is it true," she asked, "that you have hills in Georgia like the hills of Greece?"

"Yes'm, I reckon so." Slick felt superior around such simple folks. "But I've never been to Greece. The hills back up my way are mighty pretty, though."

"I have never been to Georgia," Marina laughed gaily. "Maybe Panagiotis will take me to Georgia after the Day of the Golden Cross when we get married."

They talked and laughed while Marina's old father dozed in his chair and spilled ashes on himself from his long pipe.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS —By Rudolph Dirks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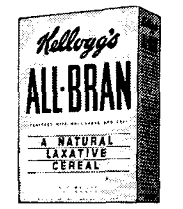
I VARNED YOU TO STOP DOT DOSING! NOW MIGHT BE YOU EAT DER NICE, CRISP KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST EFFERY MORNING!
YEP, EAT IT EFFERY DAY UND DRINK LOTS OF VATER-UND EFFERYTING VILL BE CHUST FINE!
MAMMA, IT'S GOOD!
SOME TIME LATER
FIRE AWAY, MY HEARTIES! DERE'S NO MORE USE FOR 'EM SINCE VE CHOINED UP MIT DER ALL-BRAN REGULARS!
R. DIRKS



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The fleet went out before the next dawn, and after the sails were full the captain called his little company around him and spoke slowly.

"There is a new hand among us. He is the friend of Panagiotis. He knows the rules. The divers will get two shares, and the sailors one. Our profits will be divided after the auction. If one of us is lost, the lost one's share goes to his family."

The sailors and divers—there were six on board including Slick — gathered around the new comrade and welcomed him. Slick shook their hands, then walked with Pete to the bow. "Hope I ain't bit off more than I can chew," he said slowly. "You know, the only diving I ever did was in a lake. I ain't never been on the sea before."

Pete laughed gaily. "You will catch on."

Slick for the first time in his life was worried. Pete was watching him closely.

"Big, isn't it?" The Greek gazed into the Gulf, then at the sky, then at the horizon. "There is nothing like the sea. It gives everything, and it never takes orders."

Slick felt a tightness in his chest. "Uh-huh, Pete. She's a whopper, all right. She's powerful big. What's—what's down there?" He pointed toward the water.

THERE was a smile on Pete's face, but there was a look of mystery in his eyes as he shook his head. "Who can say *what* is in the darkness?" His face brightened. "But there are sponges down there, forty-five feet down, maybe a hundred feet, and we will get them. And there are beautiful fish down there, and ugly fish—"

He put his hand on Slick's shoulder. "I have told you before—"

"I know, Pete," Slick grinned. "The octopus—don't be afraid of Mister Eight Feet."

"But if an octopus comes near you, do not move, even if he touches you." Pete repeated the first lesson of a diver. "He will make your flesh crawl. You will be sick at your belly, for he is such an ugly thing. If he does not go away, if his arms wrap around you, cut off his arms, and cut them fast. For if you do not he will crawl all over you, and he will foul your lines."

Slick listened attentively, and from his hip pocket he pulled his tobacco sack and began making a cigarette.

"Oh!" Pete was dismayed. "Your pipe?"

"I brought the makings. Want to roll one?"

"Cigarettes no good," Pete snorted. "But I will give you a pipe. You will have to have a pipe because sponge fishes smell—" Pete made a long face. "Even I cannot stand it unless I smoke a pipe."

It was beautiful weather, and the men cooked their meals on a brazier on deck. After supper they lolled around, talking, as all fishermen do, of women and homes and fish. It was Pete who suggested rummy, but Slick shook his head and walked to the bow of the ship where he stood alone and watched the sun tumble into the sea. Never before had he felt so free, and he wondered if the clouds near the horizon really looked like green hills and if the glow of the west really looked like red lips or if he just imagined it. He laughed softly to himself. "Who'd've thought it?"

He was well acquainted with his duties when they reached the sponge beds where a leadsman took soundings. Plenty of "zo-ofiton" there, the captain said, calling sponges by their ancient Greek name. The men formed in line to take turns going down sixty feet to the bottom of the Gulf. Pete was selected to go first.

"Now you watch me," he told Slick. The helmet was clamped on after Pete slipped into his soft diving suit. A long, three-pronged fork was shoved into his right hand. A razor-sharp knife was poked into his belt, and a string basket was hung over his shoulder. With a gesture of his hand he informed the pumper that the air flow was right, and without aid he climbed over the side onto a ladder and eased himself into the water. A few bubbles arose as he descended, and Slick leaned far over to watch.

After ten minutes, Pete was hauled up and was helped over the rail. His bag was filled with sponges.

"It is beautiful down there," Pete grinned when the helmet was removed. "Coral bottom and the sponge fish are clinging in gobs. Ah! my friend," he turned to Slick, "you go next. They will not haul you up too fast, for you must not get the bends or you will have to go back to Georgia and run a restaurant like my Uncle Sotirios."

Slick took a deep breath as they put the helmet over his shoulders. The next time he tried to breathe his ears were humming. He looked through the glass at Pete, and Pete was making faces at him. He felt the fork in his right hand, and the knife in his belt, and climbed clumsily over the side, gripped the ladder and descended into the water. At the end of the ladder he hung by his hands, then shoved himself clear of the boat and was lowered away. He gazed around as he went down—Slick who never overlooked anything. The water was green and clear, but the bottom was jagged with coral. The pressure made his ears sing, schools of gaudy-colored fish darted away in fright as he stumbled toward the coral, remembering Pete's instructions to keep his air line clear. He saw the sponges clinging to the reefs. He touched one. It was covered with a black skin, and was slick.

With his fork, he felt along the coral until the sponge was gripped securely, then he twisted and pulled until the sponge came free, and he jammed it into his sack.

He did not notice the shark until the man-eater turned his white belly toward him and opened his mouth. He reached for his knife and waved his arms. "Be not afraid of sharks," Pete had told him. "They are cowards and bluffers. They are afraid of you, and when they come close, jump and wiggle and they will go away."

THE man-eater looked at Slick for an instant with his ghastly little eyes, then wheeled and spurted away. Slick felt his line tighten and he relaxed and was hauled to the surface. He floundered to the ladder and climbed aboard. Pete watched over him carefully as the helmet was removed.

"Breathe slowly! Or you'll get the bends and have to run a restaurant!"

"I saw a shark, a big un." Slick spoke calmly, but his heart was pounding.

"Just one?" asked the captain; and then to the crew, "Yes, Panagiotis' friend will be a diver. He is not afraid."

There came the day when the lines were filled, and the captain ordered the vessel home.

Pete and Slick stood by the railing that night, smoking and talking of many things. The sea was black and moody.

"Say, Pete," Slick said, "they'll be playing cards on the voyage back, won't they?"

"Yes."

Slick slipped his arm around Pete's shoulder. "There was nothing to play for coming out here, but now the fellows have got a heap of sponges. So I reckon I'll play. But when I'm playing, you don't play. Catch on?"

"Why?"

"Ain't we sharing, and sharing alike? What's the fun of us winning from each other?"

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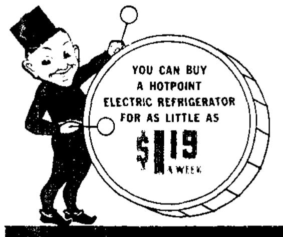
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WINGFOOT HEELS

KEEP SHOES AND FEET STRAIGHT

"Yes, I catch on." Pete packed his pipe again. "If I should win from you I would have to give it back. You are a slick one, and you will be rich some day. Then you will go back to your hills and everybody will say, 'Here is Otis Fletcher back among us, and he is a great man.' "

For a minute Slick looked at Pete, and wanted to tell him why he wouldn't go back to the hills, but quickly his mood changed and quietly he asked his friend, "How come you've been so good to me? You don't know nothing about me."

Pete stared into the sea. "Why do men always pick up sheep that are lost in the woods? Or stray cats, or men wandering down the road?"

Later, when the boat was skimming through the Gulf, her spars creaking and her rigging whining, Slick joined the rummy game. He won only enough that first evening to keep them from thinking he was greedy, but the next night he won more, and then he turned his hand over to Pete. "But you are lucky," Pete protested. "You shouldn't quit."

"I ain't no hog. Why should I take it all?" He had learned never to muddy the well by drawing too much water at one time.

"You are a good man." Pete forked a piece of charcoal from the brazier and fired his pipe. "You do not want everything. Only a big man is not a pig. I am not a good man like you."

"What the devil is eating you now?" Slick was scowling. "You preach too much."

"It will soon be the Feast of the Epiphany and the Day of the Golden Cross, and the archbishop will come down—"

"What's all this golden-cross business you folks keep talking about?"

"Oh!" Pete was amazed at his friend's ignorance. "The archbishop will throw the cross of gold into the water at the Feast of the Epiphany. The sponge divers will dive for it, and the one who gets it will be blessed. He will catch lots of sponge fish and have fine sons." He lowered his voice. "I thought that if I was good to you and helped you maybe I would be rewarded and find the cross of gold. But now I know I was trying to be good to myself by being good to you."

Slick had let his pipe go out and he was watching Pete carefully. "That don't make no sense to me, Pete. Does somebody really chunk a gold cross in the water? Does it belong to the fellow who gets it?"

"Oh, no, no!" Pete was aghast. "It belongs to the archbishop, but the archbishop gives a special blessing to the diver who returns it. Good luck follows the diver, and he worries no more, not even about Mister Eight Feet."

The more Slick thought about the cross of gold, the stronger a plan grew in his mind. Back in Tarpon Springs, he was greeted as a hero, for few men ever had conquered the sponge beds so quickly as he. Pete drank his fill of "*auger dent*" and boasted loudly about his friend. Marina told the other girls of his prowess, and black eyes followed Slick as he went about, hearing tales of the cross of gold and perfecting his plan. He knew Pete had gone to Tampa on business, but he called at Marina's cottage and asked for him. When she told him Pete was away, he sat on her couch and relaxed his long legs.

"You have been lucky at the sponge beds," she said demurely. "Panagiotis says you will be a great fisherman."

"Uh-huh, I expect to catch a heap of sponges, and I'm going to make a lot of money. I'm going to buy a house down near Homestead and get away from here where everything smells like fish and grease."

"Are you going alone?" She looked at him calmly. He didn't answer immediately, but a smile was on his lips, and his heart was dancing and he felt proud—Slick Fletcher who never overlooked a bet.

"That depends, Marina." He took her hand and it was warm and comforting.

"Oh," she said joyously, "maybe you will take one of our girls. Panagiotis and I could come to see you."

There was a catch in his heart but he patted her hand, and his look was intent and full of meaning.

She smiled at him. "Panagiotis loves you like a brother and when we are married you will stand at his side, will you not? As a brother always stands up with a brother at a wedding."

Slick felt ashamed as he went away, to Coldwater, a town not far distant. There he bought from a junk dealer a big hunk of brass, for even his shame could not defeat his plan. He went to a smithy and rented his forge, and when he was alone he forged a cross of brass and polished it and approved it. It was eight inches high, and a duplicate of the cross of gold. For Slick had remembered all he had heard and he knew how the cross looked, although he had never seen it.

On the Day of the Golden Cross, the January sun sparkled on the Gulf and on the beach, and on Spring Bayou where all the fishermen and their families met to celebrate Epiphany. All the old men were there with their wives and children, and all the maidens were in their finery. The strongest divers lined the bank. They were dressed only in trunks, except Slick, who had a bathrobe over his shoulders. His friends chided him about his tender white skin, but Slick wore the robe, not to keep the sun from his body, but because inside his trunks he had sewn a pocket. In the pocket was the cross of brass.

"The archbishop will come soon," Pete whispered to Slick, "and then I will get the cross and will be blessed and will share my luck with you."

The venerable archbishop walked from the church exactly at high noon, and headed a long procession that wended its way to the bayou bank. He wore the gorgeous robes of his high office, and he walked slowly, picking his way, for his eyes were old. In one hand he carried a golden scepter. In the other was the cross of gold.

Slick gasped when he saw it. The divers stood on one foot, then the other, and were nervous.

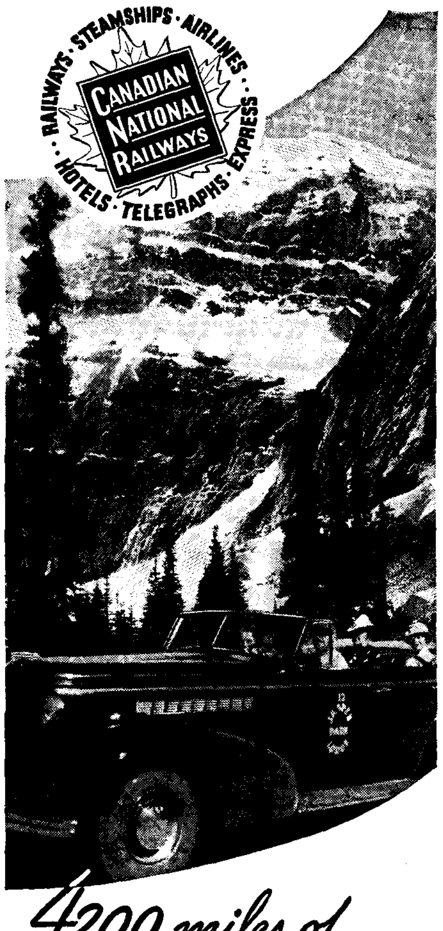
Behind the archbishop walked the priests, in colorful dress of the old East. Acolytes and incense bearers chanted. A Byzantine choir sang praises, and at the edge of the bayou the archbishop raised his hand and the crowd hushed. A white dove was released and flashed over the water.

Slick was watching the archbishop. He didn't hear the songs of the priests. He saw only the cross of gold, and when the archbishop made ready to fling it into the bayou, Slick poised.

The cross was hurled over the water. It flashed for a moment in the sunlight, then dropped beneath the ripples. The divers plunged after it, and the spectators caught their breath. Some were praying—as Marina was praying for Pete.

Slick, trained to dive for coppers, shot through the water like the "mountain trout" he once was called. He saw the cross falling toward the bottom. Then he saw Pete, his hand outstretched, plunge toward the prize. But Slick, accustomed to snatching pennies, turned quickly, spurted and grabbed the cross, just as Pete's hand was closing over it. Pete looked at him through the clear water, smiled, and shot to the surface.

Quickly, Slick jerked the cross of brass from his trunks, and slipped the cross of gold into the secret pocket.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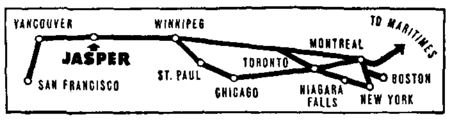

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Then casually, he swam to the surface, and in long, even strokes made his way to the shore. He climbed out, threw his bathrobe about his shoulders, and walked to the archbishop. The crowd cheered. They were glad Pete's friend had found the cross. Marina was weeping, and Pete was happy.

The patriarch spread his hands over Slick's head when the diver knelt on one knee and offered the cross to the old man, whose white beard rustled in the bayou breeze. The crowd bowed its head. The archbishop did not look at the proffered cross, but reached to accept it. His fingers touched it, felt it, and Slick's heart leaped and his hands trembled.

"There are lines about your face, my son," the archbishop's feeble eyes focused on Slick. "Your heart is heavy. *You* keep the cross. It is my will that you do so. After all, it is only a symbol of truth and sacrifice, and I have another."

Then he walked away, and left Slick kneeling with the cross of brass in his hand. Slick's brain was numb, and he stared at the cross of brass. He felt the cross of gold in his trunks, and it seemed to burn his flesh. He was standing as one paralyzed when Pete ran to him.

"Ah, my friend," Pete embraced him. "We are lucky. Never before has one been given the cross of gold. We will tie it to our boat and our bags will be filled with sponges."

"Sure," said Slick, and stumbled away without looking at his friend or acknowledging the cheers of the multitude.

That night he wrapped the golden cross in an old sweater, borrowed Pete's car and drove to a neighboring town, and went to old Herman who bought gold.

"Here's one for you, Shylock." Slick shoved the cross through the cage. "That'll knock your eyes out. Simon-pure gold. How much'll you gimme?"

The old pawnbroker grabbed for it, then stopped his hand, and his hand shook.

"No! This is the cross of gold!"

"Sure," Slick grinned. "I got it from the bottom of the bayou!"

"You lie!" Old Herman's brows wrinkled and his eyes narrowed. "You try to trick me! You did not win this! If you had, you would not sell it. You stole it!"

"You're nuts!" Slick snarled. "That's mine. I won it, and I want to sell it."

"I will not buy!" Old Herman pushed the cross back to Slick. "You fool! You cannot sell the golden cross. Nobody will buy it."

Slick's jaw dropped and he gasped. "Can't sell it! Suppose I melt it, will you buy the gold then?"

"Melt it!" Old Herman laughed at him. "You don't dare melt it. No, I wouldn't buy then." He spoke nervously. "Bad luck would get me. You have the golden cross, you must *keep* it!"

SLICK was morose when the fleet went back to the sponge beds, but Pete and the captain and all the divers were happy. They thought the golden cross was on the bow of their ship. But Slick had nailed there the brass cross and rubbed it often so it wouldn't corrode.

The Gulf was growling and mean when they hove to at the beds, and the captain wouldn't let his divers go down. The delay made Slick nervous, and he was impatient when the weather cleared and his time to dive came.

He jabbed the knife into his belt, swung over the side and dropped rapidly to the water's edge and sank from sight.

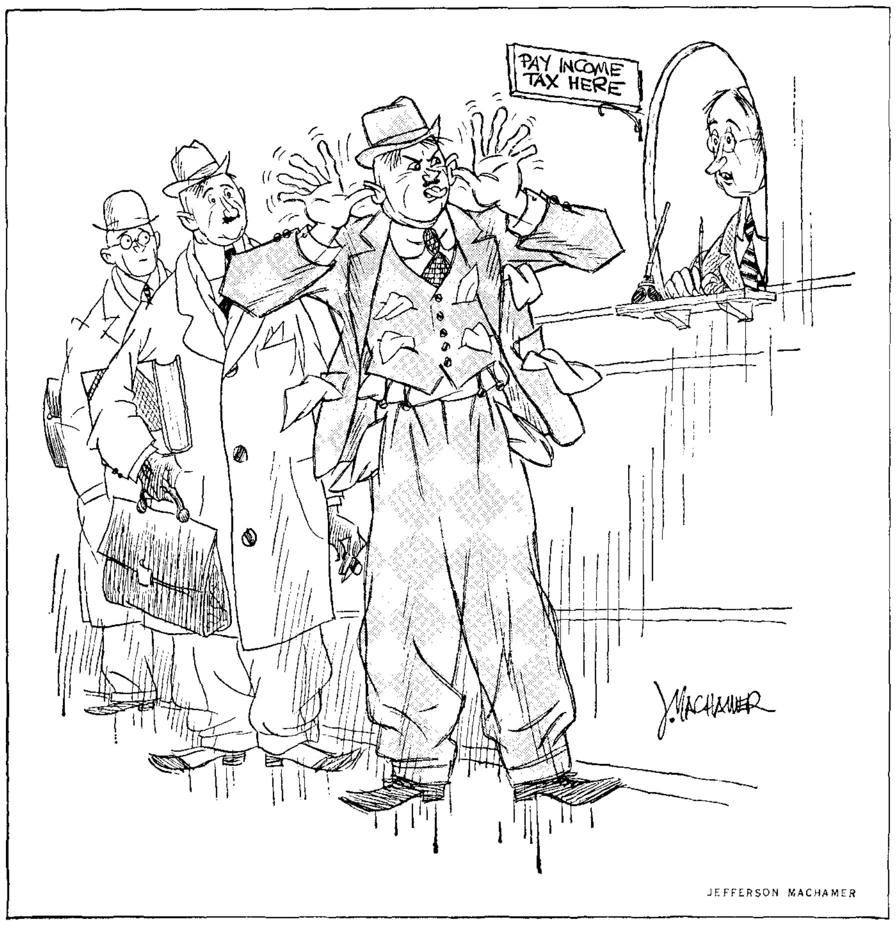
On the bottom, he jabbed his fork under a sponge, and yanked and hauled.

The octopus crawled out of a crevice in the reef.

Slick saw one of the slimy tentacles first, as it felt its way along the coral, slipping over the sponges and waving in the water. The body of the octopus appeared next, its hooked beak working frantically. One of the tentacles touched Slick's leg. It gripped.

"Stand still—stand still," he remembered Pete's warning.

He stood motionless, watching. The octopus moved slowly, using its arms like crutches. It was twelve feet broad. Slick thought of an owl with a spider's body as he waited. The tentacle lapped over his leg, to his chest, then down his arm to his bare hand. Feeling flesh, the octopus wrapped its arm around his hand. The tiny suction cups gripped. Slick shivered and jumped back. The tentacle was jerked away, but like light-



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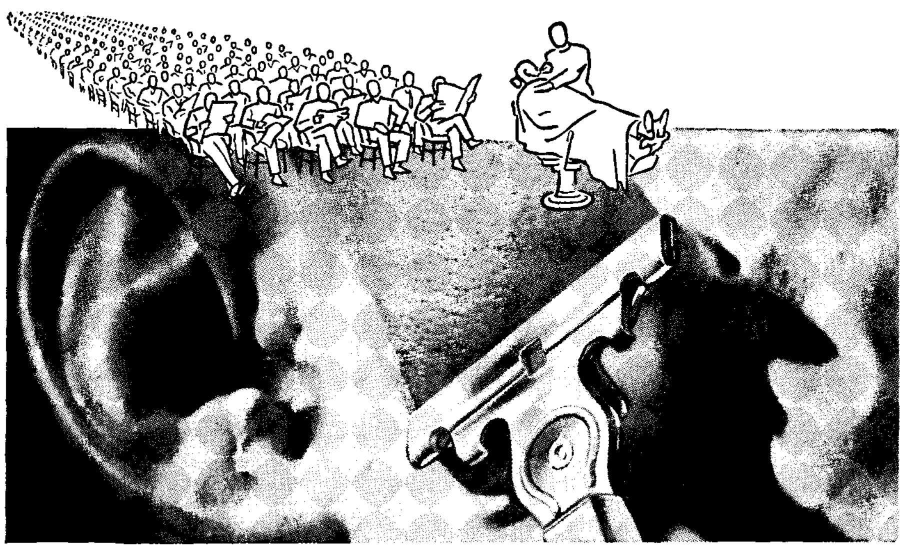

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ning it shot out and encircled his arm.

He snatched his knife free, and slashed. The tentacle parted and the free end wiggled away. But a phantom of black loomed before him. Another tentacle grabbed at his leg, and through his glass Slick saw the cold eyes of the fish, frantic with fear. The beak was open, and the octopus crawled upon him. He felt the slick, flabby skin of the thing as it pulled itself over him. His ears began to sing and his drums felt tight and his mouth was dry. The water turned bluish, then black, as the octopus opened its ink sac. Slick knew the thing was frightened. He fell on his knees, and then on his side.

His air line was tangled. He tried to control his muscles and relax, but his flesh quivered and his arms jerked, and the tentacles fastened tightly until his blood was sucked to the surface of his skin.

Back on deck, the captain held his watch and shouted, "Haul him up!"

"The lines are fouled!" a helper screamed. "He's on the bottom!"

Pete peered quickly into the Gulf. The water was streaked with black. "Octopus!" He snatched his knife from the deck and his bronzed body disappeared over the side.

The Greek came of a race that often dived thirty fathoms, naked, for sponges. Straight for the devilfish's head he dived. He made no attempt to slash the tentacles from Slick, but felt for the thing's head, and ran his knife under the octopus' beak. The fish recoiled and a tentacle snatched at Pete. He ignored it, but again and again plunged his knife into its neck, ripping and tugging. The creature floundered and sank back against the reef. Its arms slowly relaxed, and turned up, like the petals of a huge black flower.

Slick was free. Pete straightened the air lines, and tugged at them. His lungs began to tingle and sharp pains darted through his chest. The lines tightened, and Slick slowly was lifted. Pete balanced himself on the bottom, then sprang, and shot to the surface. He was not worried about the bends, although his pores were oozing blood when he climbed aboard.

"Up," he panted, "pull him up—slowly."

They worked over Slick for many minutes, pumping air into his lungs by artificial respiration, and his head was splitting and his lungs hurt when he opened his eyes.

"You are all right," said Pete, "but the cross of gold, it is not bringing you luck. You were frightened."

"Naw," Slick said defiantly, "I wasn't scared. That thing just got all over me before I knew it."

The incident soon was forgotten by the crew, and they went back to the chores. Each time Pete went to the bottom, he came up with a bag full of fine sheepwool. But Slick did not go down again. He stayed in the bow of the boat and watched the horizon, and the sun tumbling into the sea. Again the clouds looked like green hills.

And while his comrades lounged on the afterdeck during the return voyage, Slick went alone to the prow and unloosed the cross of brass and threw it into the Gulf. Then he tied there the cross of gold.

THEY reached port with the finest cargo of sponges the settlement had ever seen.

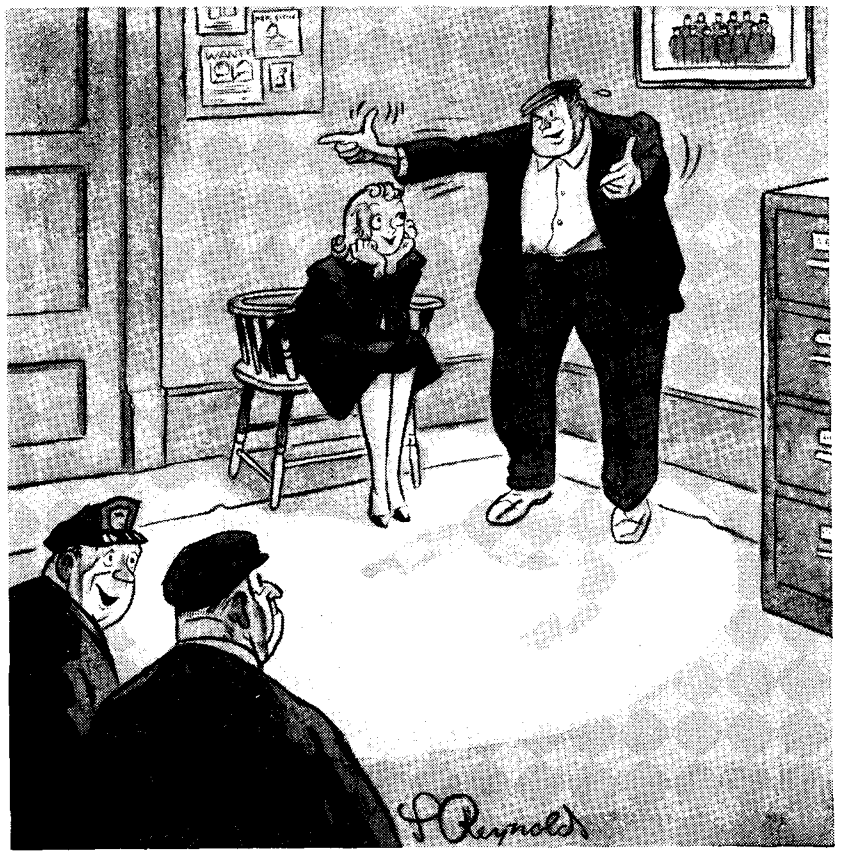
"See?" said Marina as she and Pete and Slick stood by the bayou after the day's auction. "The cross of gold brought you luck."

Slick had removed it from the ship, and held it in his hand. He weighed it for a minute, then handed it to Pete.

"Here, Pete, it's yours," he said humbly. "I'm going home." Then he hurried away, up the road to the north, the road to the green hills.

"He is gone, Panagiotis." Marina rested her head against Pete's shoulder. "I wonder why. He was rich here, but he looked happy when he walked away."

Pete watched Slick out of sight. "The first time I saw him walking he was stumbling, like maybe his legs were shackled. Now he walks straight. Maybe he found much on the bottom of the sea—the sea gives everything, Marina." He balanced the gift in his palm. "He *gave* it to us. Feel it. It is ours now, my love, and it feels heavier because it is ours."



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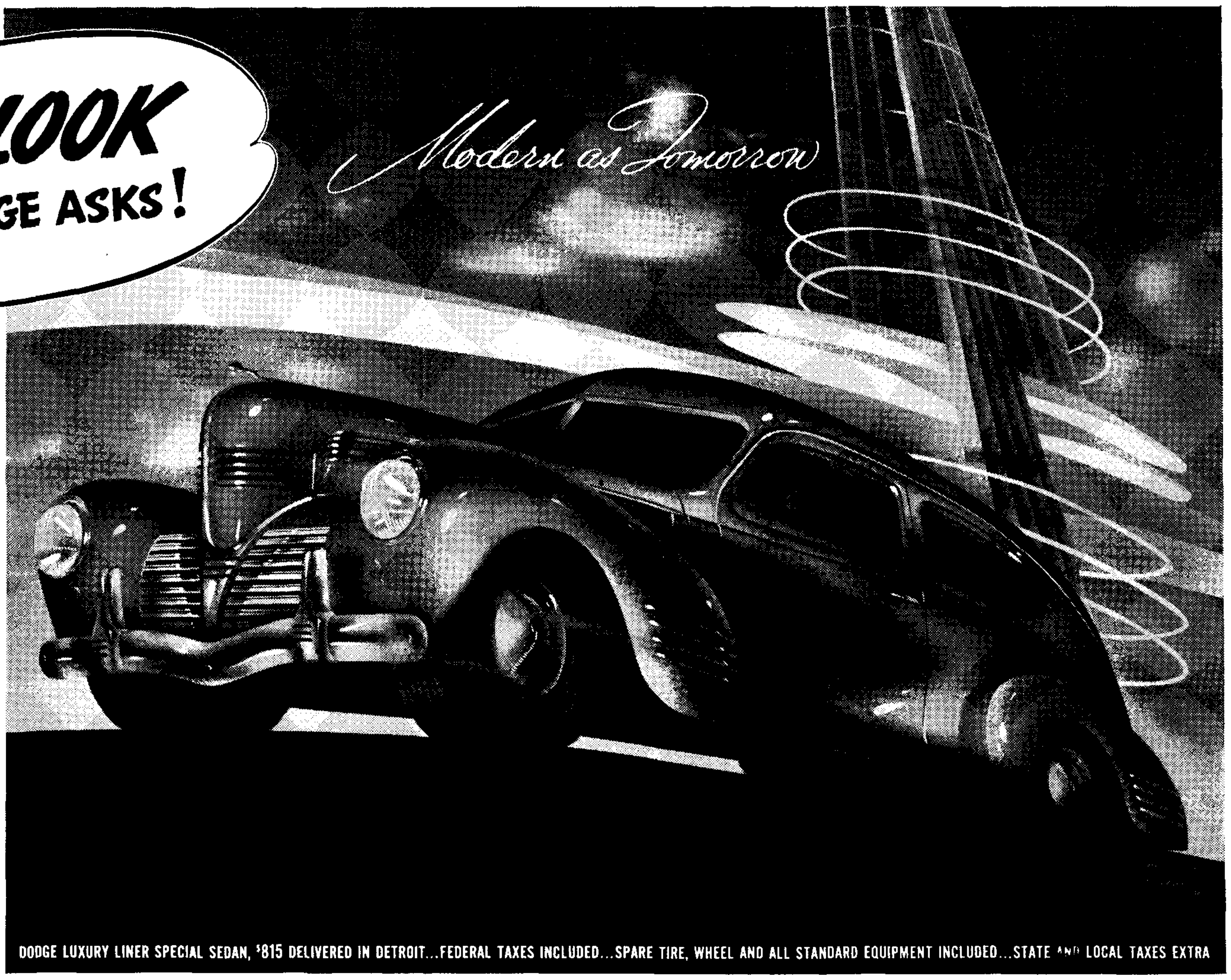

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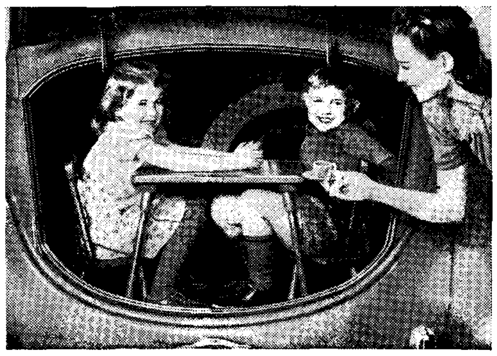

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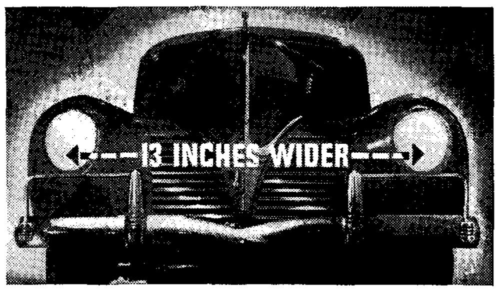

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And Here Comes Malicious!

Continued from page 17

for good. Somewhere in the second mile, Malicious takes a look at the situation and seems to say to himself: "Well, I'll be goat-rammed if we ain't in another race and look at me way back here."

His jockeys swear they can actually feel the old mustang talking to himself and the next thing is like a laboring car shifting into high gear and the wind begins whistling past the jock's ear. Over in the stands, the volume of sound expands and the voice of Joe Hernandez booms in the microphones: "And here comes Malicious!" Mr. Hernandez is the regular announcer and his own recurring moment of ecstasy is when he can yell those four jubilant words.

That, my friends, is about all there is to it. Ignoring his twinges of arthritis, housemaid's knee, gouty foot, phlebitis, stenographer's spread and the general debilities of age, Mr. Malicious puts on his familiar act, which has made him the sweetheart and honeybun of the entire West Coast and the champion of all two-mile runners.

He overhauls his field. He passes horse after horse. He closes gaps. He overtakes the speeding thoroughbreds, gains ground, comes up on the inside, the outside, the front side and the back side and seems to time his onrush so that as he turns into the final stretch he comes on even terms with the leaders.

That gives him an opportunity to make a grandstand finish, coming away in the last few strides and winning once again to the intense joy of even those who have bet on other entries. Mind you, he doesn't do this once in a coon's age. He does it often, frequently, many times per season.

War Admiral is your equine hero back there in the sissy East, but War Admiral is a champion, an aristocrat and a blooded noble of the turf, whereas Malicious is not even a good race horse, comes from humble stock and couldn't get into a stake race with a jimmy.

The affairs of this astonishing horse are all tangled up with a man named Lonnie Copenhaver, horse trainer and farmer, now working for Louis B. Mayer and in charge of his new string. Just recently, Lonnie has turned Malicious over to his brother, J. E. Copenhaver.

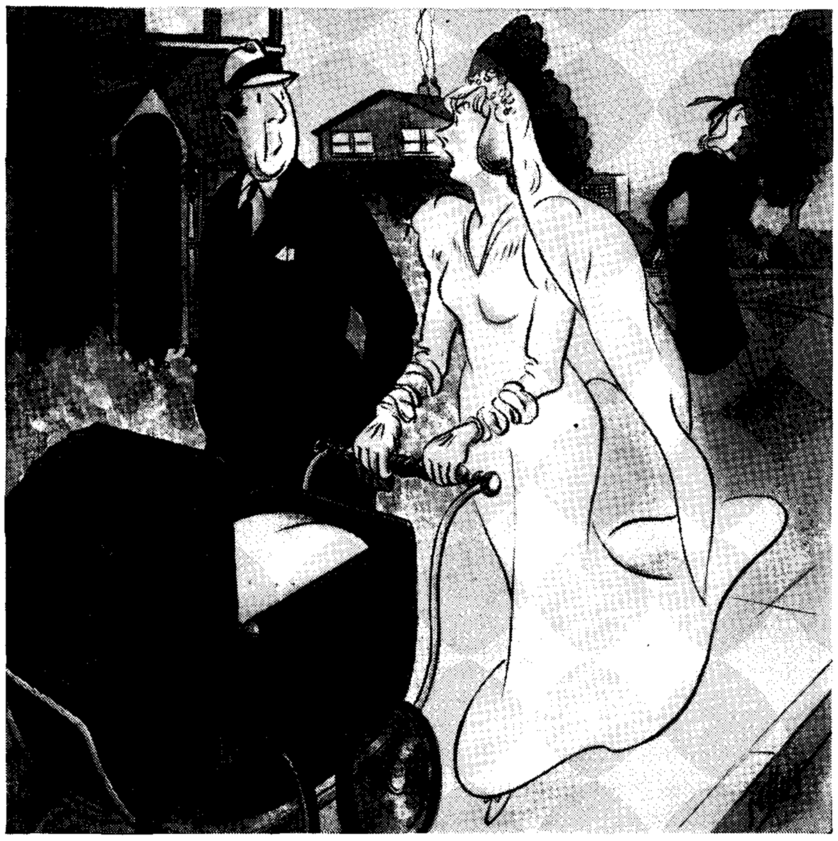
He has trained Malicious on the end of a rope, cantering him peacefully in a widening circle and never asking him to do any hard jobs, such as rising at five in the morning and running a fast mile. Lonnie's method is to gallop the horse for five or ten minutes. He never uses a watch, but can tell by staring at the horse. Once he galloped him for twenty-seven minutes; his associates thought he was trying to kill Malicious, but the next day the old boy stepped out and won a two-mile jog in 3:28.

A Horse That's Been Around

In his checkered career, the horse has labored conscientiously for all sorts of owners, including a plumber, a restaurant keeper, a farmer and a manufacturer of boxboard. Mr. Robert Urban, co-owner now, along with Sylvia Urban, is extremely fond of the horse, but is afraid of all horses and doesn't dare lead his pet around behind the stables or frolic on the lawn.

Malicious was born in 1927, started six times as a two-year-old, never won a race until he was four. Since then he has started 181 times, won twenty-two thousand two hundred dollars, finished first thirty-two times and this year equaled his best time for the distance of two miles. Running him around in a circle for training conserves his legs, which are inclined to be rheumatic. He has to wear an electric blanket and if they leave it off he gets stiff and can't run a lick.

When the horse first appeared on the Western scene, he came out humbly in a boxcar and was owned then by George Mayberry. He was early recognized as one of the slowest starters ever seen



"Don't you think it's about time I got a new dress?" ADOLPH SCHUS

"BOSTON GIRL TELLS IT TO THE ENGINEERS

"YOU engineers are wonderful when it comes to designing motor cars . . . but women just don't understand automobile language.

"We find the term 'Floating Power' completely baffling . . . but there's no mystery about the velvety smoothness it gives the Chrysler engine. We love it!

"You talk to us in terms of horsepower, which we don't understand. But we are thrilled and delighted with the way Chrysler skips through traffic and leaves all lesser cars behind at the traffic lights!

"You talk about Airflow streamlining, as if it were something that might belong to a racing car . . . whereas Chippendale himself never designed anything more lovely than Chrysler's rounded, tapered beauty!

"Such terms as 'steering wheel gear-shift' . . . 'time-tested hydraulic brakes' . . . 'steering gear geometry' are engineer's patter for the easiest-handling car Chrysler ever built . . . easiest to drive . . . easiest to park . . . easiest and safest to stop. Why not say so?

"You can ride all day in a Chrysler and never get tired, because of its wonderful cushioning and balance. Is that what you mean when you tell about 'scientific weight distribution?'

"We'll all admit that Chrysler leads in engineering and design . . . and that you get the good things first from Chrysler. But please remember, when you're talking to the ladies . . . we love the way your Chrysler looks and acts . . . but we didn't all study engineering!"

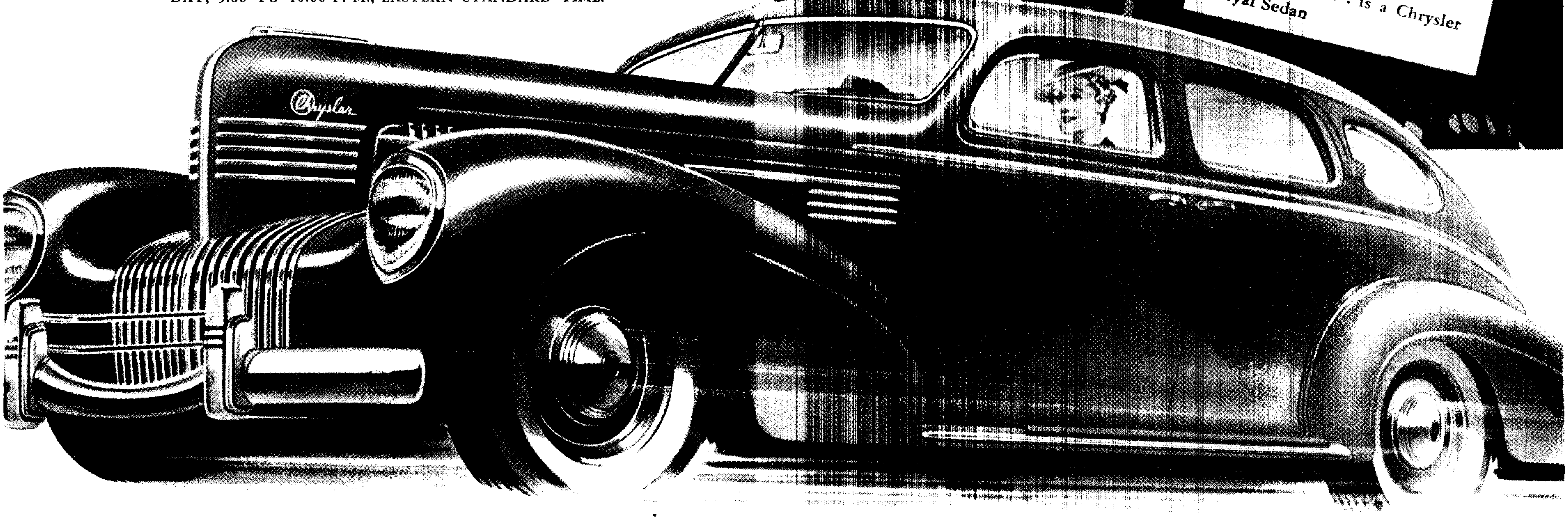
1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase.
1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase.

Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

★ TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 10:00 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

The Girl . . . wears a navy blue suit, printed blouse, and straw hat from C. Crawford Hollidge, Ltd., Boston

The Car . . . is a Chrysler Royal Sedan



BE MODERN *Buy Chrysler!*

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DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

GILBEY'S *the* GIN *that made the Martini famous*

When you realize that wherever a flag flies on the face of this earth, there's a better than even chance that you can find a place that will make you a Martini with Gilbey's Gin, you begin to see what folks mean when they call Gilbey's *"the international gin"*.

Of course, you'd expect to find a difference in a Martini made with a gin like that . . . for any gin that can win the whole, wide world's respect and *hold* it for nearly a century has to be more than merely good . . . *it has to be great!*

Not 'til you taste a Martini made with Gilbey's will you realize how much of the Martini's fame is due to Gilbey's quality! Ask for "Gilbey's" wherever you go.

THE INTERNATIONAL GIN PRODUCED BY GILBEY IN THE U.S.A.—AS WELL AS IN . . . ENGLAND . . . AUSTRALIA . . . CANADA

Copyright 1939 — National Distillers Products Corp., New York City YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS *Gilbey's Gin — 90 Proof — made from 100% grain neutral spirits* and he didn't do anything notable for Mayberry, except come down with lassitude. For a long while he had no desire except to loaf in a lush, green field and nibble idly like Ferdinand the Bull.

Mayberry heard of a rising young horse trainer named Copenhaver, who had a way with horses, offered to sell him Malicious for the inelegant sum of four hundred dollars. That was when the horse was seven years old and already as rheumatic as an old lady in a well. Now it is a fact known to racing men that horses rarely set the world afire after the age of eight. There were a few. Medford Boy won races for George Small when he was eighteen. A horse named Tippetywitchet was winning steadily at fifteen. Bobby Doyle bounced around up in Vancouver and won after he was fifteen. The Hugenot ran in 1906 and won thirteen races in thirteen starts at The Meadows race track in Seattle. He was fourteen.

He Knows What He Likes

But generally speaking, races are won by young horses. Lonnie Copenhaver bought Malicious, looked at his legs and escorted him to a soft, green field in Oregon, where Malicious sunned himself for nine months. They took him to Seattle, put a hundred pounds on him and ran him in his first two-mile hop, which he won at fat odds. He was immediately claimed for a thousand dollars, so Lonnie lost his steed.

His new owner had plenty of luck with Malicious, all bad. About this time, the old boy thought it over and decided he liked people named Copenhaver and nobody else. He was tested in a race and finished thirty-eight lengths behind the nearest horse. A man named Turk claimed him for a thousand dollars and Malicious simply got sick again and had to be bled.

Once more Lonnie Copenhaver happened into town, strolled by the stables and offered to purchase the ailing beastie for two hundred measly bucks, throwing in a filly named Caywood. Sold! Lonnie had him back again, very pale around the gills, the old joints creaking. Back to the green fields and more of this Ferdinand-the-Bull stuff. Lonnie entered him in three races at Bay Meadows and he won all three like lightning. They shipped him to Kansas City, where the heat of the town and his electric bathrobe knocked him silly again, and there saw him claimed by Mike Syofy. Mike had him a while and he was claimed by A. M. Stout. Then he was claimed by Mrs. Sylvia Urban and he hopes to heaven they're all done claiming him out of races. Mrs. Urban says he needn't worry. When he can't run any more, she'll keep him as a pet.

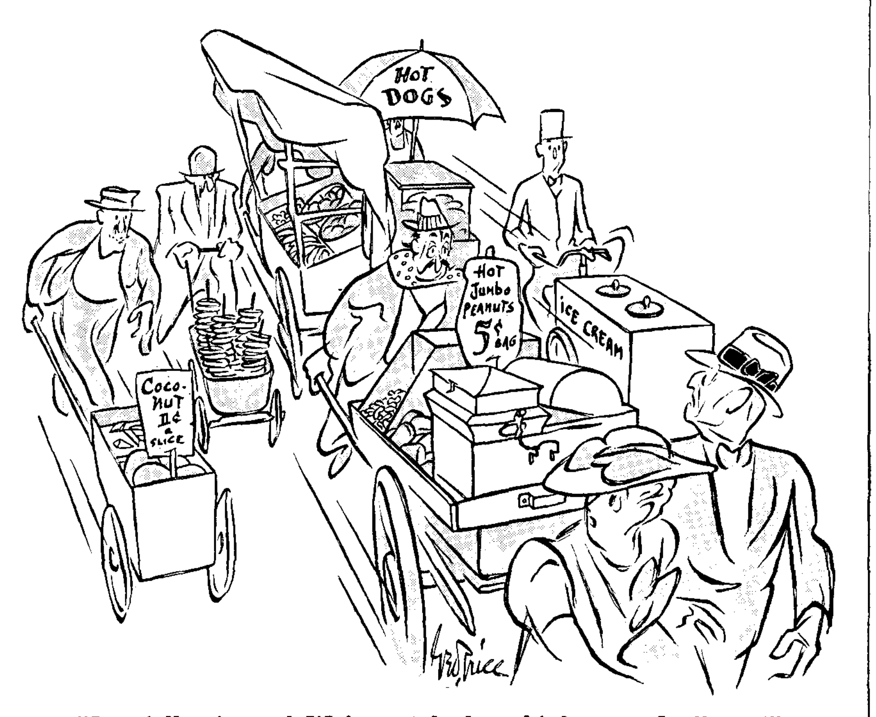
Last season at Santa Anita, there came along an interesting interlude, a little scene not on the program.

Between the second and third races, the management arranged to have four prominent and popular horses brought out and galloped around for fun, have their pictures taken, be applauded and treated like four movie stars at a clambake. The four were Seabiscuit, Stagehand, Galley Slave and Malicious.

Galley Slave had just cracked the track record for six furlongs and was hailed as a speed marvel. Stagehand had won the Santa Anita Derby, topping it with the $100,000 Handicap. Seabiscuit was California's nomination for world's champion, idol of rich and poor. And here comes Malicious, fuzzy-backed old skate, no papa and mamma to speak of, color of a worn geography, twice as old as anybody in sight.

And as a slight mental problem, I ask you which one of these four got the loudest roarings and the wildest cheerings? Which one caused the most bursting of expensive gloves on lovely ladies' hands and the shrillest yellings from the dollar seats to the five-dollar seats? Yes, that's right. Old Man Malicious, the two-mile veteran. When they retired gracefully to the shadows, Seabiscuit was overheard to remark: "Well, you old ruin, I hope you're satisfied."

Mrs. Urban's pet, trained now by J. E. Copenhaver, appears to like the Santa Anita track and to dislike all others. When they load him onto a train and take him down to Tia Juana, he may win and he may not. The last time down in Mexico, he sulked and came in ninth, loafing around behind the others and exhibiting not the slightest interest. He may not like Mexico, but he certainly admires Santa Anita, where he knows he is a hero. J. E. Copenhaver says you can't tell a thing about the future. He may last three, four years. Then again he may collapse the next time out and retire to that farm where the grass is green, the oats are lovely and the stalls warm. There, unless Mrs. Urban is fooling us, he can loaf under a far tree and gaze out sleepily at a world that will no longer have any occasion to roar: "And here comes Malicious!"



"Stop following us! We're not the least bit hungry, I tell you!"

GEORGE PRICE

No sailor, approaching a harbor, ever saw so many lights supposedly to guide him.

Let this guide you . .

There are dozens of dry shavers on the market at prices from 75 cents to $50.

The man who shaves, the merchant who sells, must be bewildered by the countless claims. No sailor, approaching a harbor, ever saw so many lights supposedly to guide him.

What is the truth about dry shaving? *Can a man shave satisfactorily for more than a few days with a dollar shaver? Must a man pay at least $12.50 for a good and economical shaver?*

The Schick position is dominant and clear in the dry shaving industry. Time proves its correctness—every day confirms it.

Schick invented the dry shaver and thereby created the industry. Schick obtained patents, since validated by every judge and every Court that has considered them. Some infringers have been stopped. Others have their cases in Court.

Schick conceived the idea of quick, close shaves *with no injury to the skin.* (It is easy to make a shaver that takes off a tiny layer of skin with the hairs.) Schick dreamed of, **thought out and perfected the present Schick cutter** and the Schick gives the fastest and closest shave obtainable without injuring or "burning" the skin.

The Schick price dropped from $25 to $15 and then to $12.50. With our present knowledge, that is a fair economical price to pay for a standard Schick shaver. The precision that $12.50 buys is translated into thousands of shaves which is proved by many letters in our files.

Let this word "Schick" be your guide in buying a dry shaver and you *know* you are right.

New Improved
STANDARD
SCHICK
SHAVER . . $12.50
(With new power unit. A.C.-D.C.)

New "Colonel"
SCHICK
SHAVER . . $15.00
(High-speed, double power motor. A.C.-D.C.)

De Luxe and gift sets in Standard and "Colonel" models up to $22.50

SCHICK SHAVER

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Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

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You can't go wrong if you look for THESE THREE THINGS

You'll find them all in

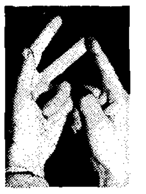
HUDSON

AND HUDSON TERRAPLANE USED CARS

THE BEST "1939" FEATURES

Look over the advertising for 1939 cars, and you'll find such things as these: Full-width 3-passenger front seats; extra wide windshield vision; roomy luggage compartment with spare tire carried inside; clear front floor with gear shifting at wheel. NEW? You'll find them all in *used* **Hudsons** and **Hudson Terraplanes!** (Steering wheel shift on many models.)

GREATEST SAFETY



PATENTED DOUBLE-SAFE BRAKES! 1—Finest Bendix Hydraulics. 2—Reserve mechanical foot brake *working automatically from the same foot pedal!* 3—Easiest acting hand brake for parking. *Three ways to apply brakes!* Every car built by Hudson in 1936, '37 and '38 has them . . . *and only Hudson has them!*

NEW AUTO-POISE CONTROL! Most sensational safety feature of 1939—helps keep wheels on their course *even when a tire blows.* Available on all the above models. No other car has anything like this!

Hudson's 1939 Handy Shift, at the steering wheel, available on all 1937 and '38 models

MORE *UNUSED* MILES

Hudson uses finer materials and quality engineering to build long life into its cars. Super-hard chrome alloy cylinder blocks, for instance, and alloy steel gears that show little or no wear after tens of thousands of miles. You'll find the biggest bargains—the most for your money—in used cars built by Hudson.

MORE MILES—SAFER MILES

PERSONALLY Indorsed USED CARS

SEE YOUR NEAREST HUDSON DEALER

The Woman Hater

Continued from page 10

"But that's not the one I'm looking for. Are you sure there isn't one between here and there?"

"If you don't believe me I can show you the map."

"But I do believe you. Only you ought not to be you. You ought to be somebody else."

A light dawned on Bobbie.

"Were you expecting to find a man by the name of Breece?"

"Yes, I was," she said. "He's my brother. But he wasn't expecting me or he'd have been here."

"He had business in Blossom for a couple of days," said Bobbie tactfully, and standing up for his species, "and I'm substituting."

"Business!" exclaimed the sister scornfully, and added: "My name is Sylvia."

BOBBIE merely nodded as the announcement did not seem to call for a remark.

"I suppose," said Sylvia, "that I could borrow some gas and drive on into Blossom and look for him. But I might have trouble finding him this time of night."

Bobbie was forced to agree.

"And so," said Sylvia, "I'd better stay here. How are you fixed for beds?"

"There's a cot in the kitchen," said Bobbie coldly. "You can have that," and not wishing to dwell on delicate issues, he said, "How come Breece wasn't expecting you?"

"Oh," she said, "I just got sick and tired and pulled up stakes. There wasn't time to write."

"Well," said Bobbie, "I guess Breece will be glad to see you."

"He'd better be. But you're not. You act scared."

Bobbie was not scared. He was annoyed, put out and bored. It had been wonderful to have the whole world to himself and the immense night spangled with stars. Now he was part of a community. Sulkily, he ransacked Sylvia's car for her belongings. She owned two suitcases as ramshackle as her car.

He recalled the last occasion upon which he had carried two suitcases belonging to a girl. And to make matters worse, upon seeing this girl in the light she reminded him of that girl. Same coloring, same boyish shape. Nice teeth, at least all that you could see when she smiled were nice, a kind of milky way of freckles across the bridge of her nose, a nose that looked as if someone had put a thumb under the tip and given it a little push up. But that girl had had fine little hands with manicured nails. This girl's hands were small, but not delicate. They were the hands of a girl who uses her hands. And instead of slipperlike shoes with high heels, this girl wore boy's boots that had seen better days and were too big for her.

"Soon as it's light," he suggested, "I could drive to Blossom and tell your brother about you showing up, and tell him to hurry back."

"When are you expecting him?"

"He said about two days."

"When a Breece goes on a bust," said Sylvia, "he goes on a bust. Two days! What do you think he is, a quitter? Expect him when you see him. And that's why the female Breeces don't get to go on busts. They have to stay home and do chores."

"Just the same—"

"Nothing doing, kid. Who would fill cars and service them with both of you gone? It would cost Breece his job. Stick around. I won't eat you." And she added, to put him entirely at ease, "I won't even bite you."

The kitchen-cot-room showed signs of male occupancy and housekeeping. Dishes had been put to soak in the sink. The cot had not been made. But a rifle leaned in a corner; it was bright and well-oiled.

"Sorry," said Bobbie, "that everything's in such a mess, but you weren't expected, and it's the best we have to offer."

"It's okay by me," said Sylvia. "It won't take me two shakes to put things to rights. I'm used to it. I sometimes think that I was born putting things to rights, and then some."

"Then if you've got everything you need I'll say good night."

"Where are *you* sleeping?"

"There's a shack out back and I've plenty of bedding. The front door's locked, and the key's on the inside. You better lock this back door after I go out."

"I'll do that," said Sylvia, "but it's not because I'm afraid of you."

"You needn't be," said Bobbie with emphasis.

"Flatterer!" exclaimed Sylvia, and pushed him playfully out into the night and locked the door behind him.

The walls of the buildings were thin, the shack out back had no door, and as Bobbie snuggled into his blankets he could hear the click and clatter that dishes make when they are being washed. Soon after that the kitchen light, which he could see from where he was lying, went out.

His mind worked while he slept and when he waked he had his plans for the day.

Sylvia, whether she liked it or not, should look after the filling station while he hurried off to Blossom to hunt up her brother. Before starting he would, of course, teach her the necessary routine, and after that he would probably never see her again. He crawled out of his blankets, fully dressed except for his coat and shoes, and heard her calling in a clear, businesslike voice:

"First call for breakfast in the dining car!"

She had righted the kitchen. The cot looked like a couch. Over the table was spread a white cloth. In the center of the table was a blue-and-white bowl of cheap coarse ware but good color. The bowl was nearly filled with water and upon this floated three bright yellow cactus blossoms. In addition to righting the kitchen, smelling now to heaven of ham and eggs and coffee and toast, Sylvia had righted herself.

THE soiled leather jacket, the boy's boots and the somewhat touseled hair of the night before were nowhere to be seen. She was clean and neat as a new pin. She even wore slipperlike shoes with high heels. She made him sit down and waited on him, just as if he had been a cash customer and she a waitress in a hash house.

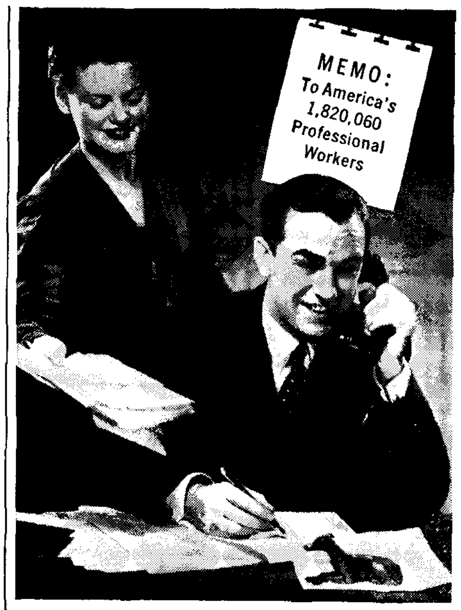
"You must have got up bright and early," he said, "to get so much done."

"Some do things quicker than others," she said. "And don't make so much fuss about it."

"Breece sure will be glad to have you looking after him. He told me there's nothing he hates so much as getting his meals and doing up the dishes afterward. Mostly he eats tinned things."

"How about that shack out back," she said. "It looks sound. Couldn't it be fixed over into a couple of little rooms to sleep in? Then the kitchen could be just a nice place to eat and sit like it was meant to be."

"It wouldn't cost much. Just a couple of doors and windows and some planks.


MEMO: To America's 1,820,060 Professional Workers

HARD DAYS "roll off your back" ... if you have enough ENERGY!

The man who *gets* more is the man who *gives* more. Energy counts in business. You can't get ahead when energy lags behind. That's why COCOMALT proves such a boon. Its energy value can actually be measured —in terms of various activities.

COCOMALT—for energy!

High in energy, low in fat, every glass of COCOMALT mixed with milk gives you 1½ hours of energy for desk work.

Take the tip—start drinking COCOMALT. You can get it at grocery and drug stores everywhere. Drink it with meals, or with a bedtime snack. Set the example for your children... because COCOMALT is *especially* good for them! Have your wife order some COCOMALT today!

Men! Every glass of COCOMALT with milk gives you *1½ hours* of ENERGY* for desk work.

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MALTED FOOD DRINK FORTIFIED WITH VITAMINS A & D IRON, CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS

DRINK IT HOT or COLD!

Energy by the glassful

A PROTECTIVE FOOD DRINK

COCOMALT supplies *energy*. It's a *protective food drink*. It supplies essentials that may be lacking in the daily diet, including calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D and iron. 3 glasses a day take care of the average person's minimum requirements of all these.

**The measurements of energy used in this advertisement have been estimated by applying the energy value of Cocomalt to the energy expenditures of various occupations as covered in "The Foundations of Nutrition" by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, authoritative textbook in this field.*

I'll make up a list and Breece can bring them back with him."

"How'll he get the list?"

"Well, I thought I'd show you the routine of the station as well as I know it, and then shove off to town and find Breece."

"Then you don't like fried chicken?" she asked.

To this amazing objection he could only lift his eyebrows.

"I brought a couple of fryers with me," she said. "They were mine anyway. They're in the cooler and they'll be prime for dinner."

AMONG the few things that Bobbie still loved in those days of disillusion were fried chicken, not to mention ham, eggs, toast and coffee, with which at the moment he was well filled, and he couldn't help smiling at the thought of it, but he was stern with himself.

"Don't tempt me beyond my strength," he said, "and besides what would your brother think I ought to do? Hang around here and be fed up to the gills, or hunt him up and tell him that he's got a sister visiting him?"

"Maybe you'll be killing two birds with one stone," she said. "Maybe you've got *business* in Blossom. Leastways, you don't act as if you had any around here."

"It's only that it's what it seems to me I ought to do."

"Well, maybe you're right," she closed the argument and submitted to being taught the routine of the filling station. She learned with an ease that caused Bobbie to suspect that she knew more about the workings of a filling station than he knew himself. But he did not let this appear, and even attempted to retain a note of patronage.

"You'll be all right," he said. "And remember, if anything happens you don't like the look of, there's always the rifle in the kitchen. It's loaded. Do you know how to work a rifle?"

"You could show me."

The business of showing her took some time. Firearms, evidently, were not her forte. In the upshot Bobbie had to stand behind her, put his arms loosely about her, and help her hands to hold the rifle and to work it until she really seemed to catch the trick of it.

"Anybody popping in on us," said Sylvia, "would think you were making a pass at me." And she giggled.

For the moment Bobbie was at one with those old people who view with alarm the embarrassing frankness of modern youth. And he was the more anxious to be on his way. But he had the courtesy to thank her for the good breakfast.

"I don't know as I ever ate better ham and eggs," he said.

"Here's hoping you never eat worse," said Sylvia.

"Well, so long," he said lamely. "I'll drive my car around front and you can fill me up. That will be good practice for you. And you might check the oil and water."

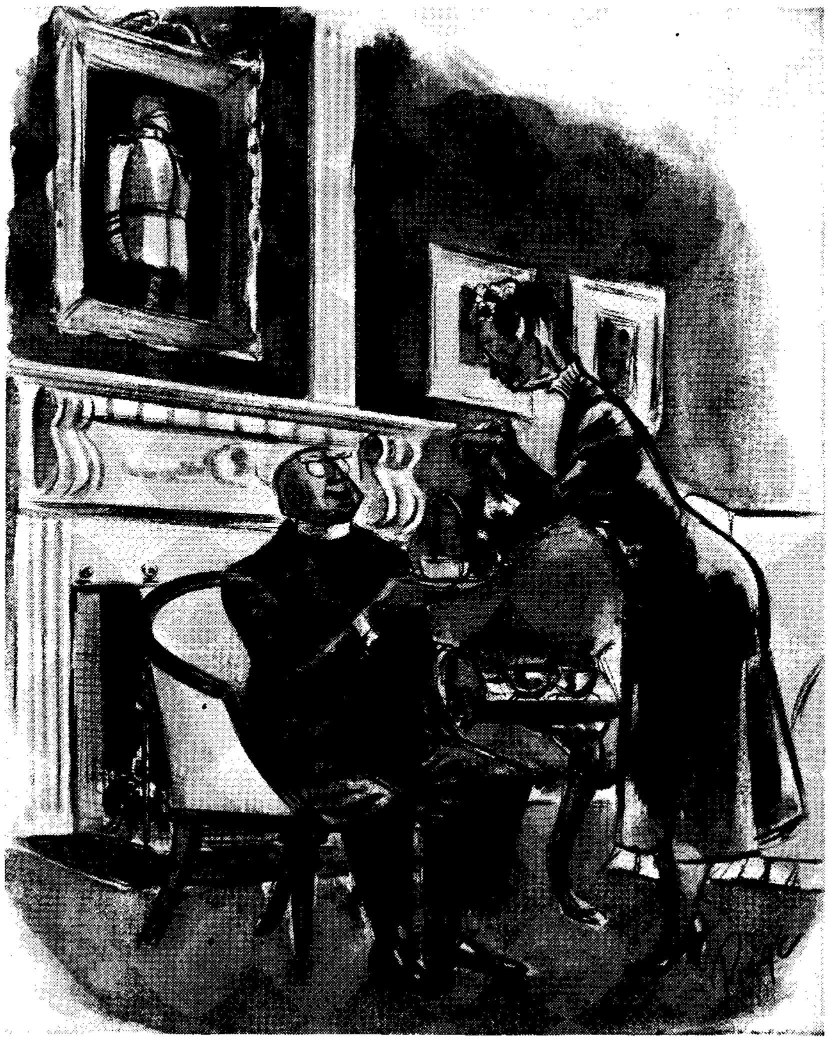
But Bobbie did not drive his car around front. The ignition key was not in the lock. He could not remember locking the car and taking out the key but he must have done so automatically. He hunted through his pockets, and then on the ground. Then he undid his roll of bedding and shook it out to see if perhaps the key had fallen from his pocket while he slept.

After this, with a sheepish expression, he did go around front, but on foot, and explained his dilemma.

"Well," said Sylvia, "don't look so down in the mouth. The last road to escape isn't blocked. You can borrow my car."

"Thanks a lot," said Bobbie.

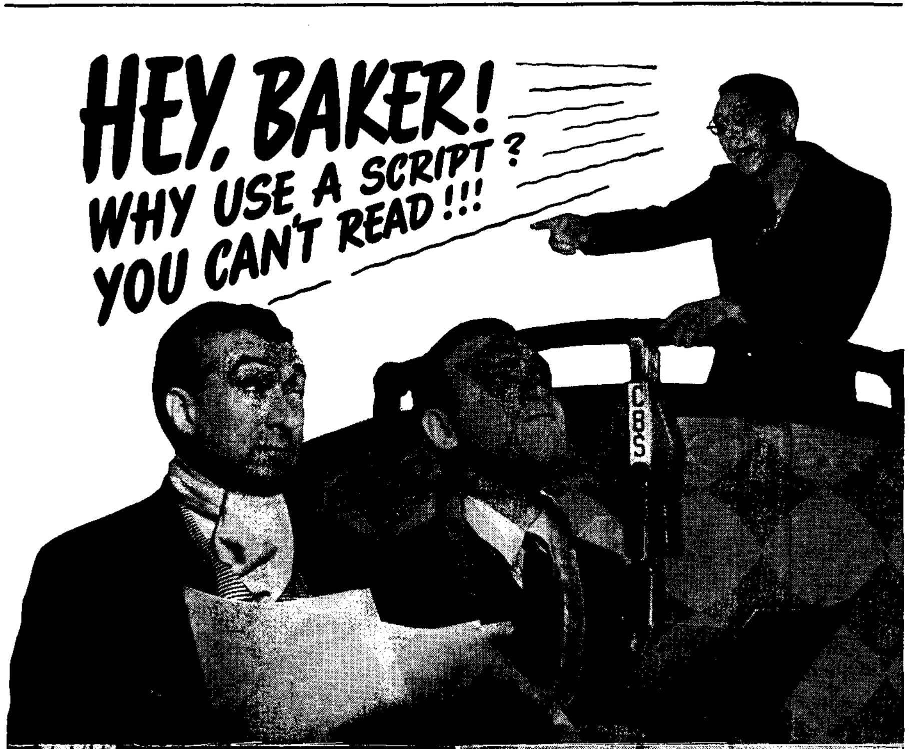
Together they shoved her car within



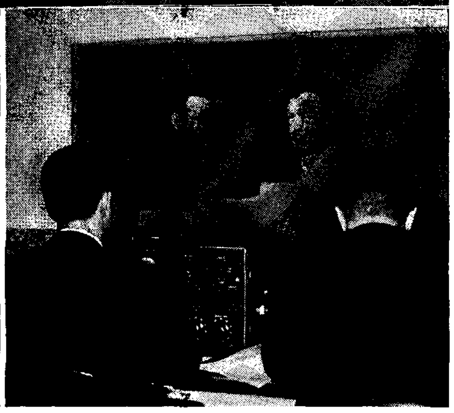
"Well, frankly, Mrs. Marshall, I've come to put the bite on you for a new stained-glass window"

JOHN RUGE

Phil Baker and Bottle give some "inside dope" on Phil's new radio show, "Honolulu Bound," CBS, Saturday nights.


HEY, BAKER!
WHY USE A SCRIPT? YOU CAN'T READ!!!
CBS

"PIPE DOWN, HECKLER! Any lame brain knows you've got to follow the script. Couldn't run a radio show without one. Do you know what you'd be if it wasn't for this script? Just a loud noise without a sponsor!" . . . "That's telling him, Mr. Baker, sir! And with your permission I'll elucidate for this Jackanapes-in-a-box . . .



"LOOK HERE, YOU... see that goldfish bowl over there? That's a control room. Those chappies inside run this show. They clock us close as a horse race. Wiggle-waggle us to speed up or slow down...even when to shut up and let the band play. They go by scripts too. Heaven help us if their copies were blurred and hard to read!"

NO DANGER of that. Phil Baker's scripts are always readable. They're on Hammermill Mimeograph, the script paper used on so many top-rank air shows. It's first choice with business, too. Whenever you have information to broadcast, you can do it quickly, presentably, at low cost on Hammermill Mimeograph Paper.

100 SHEETS FREE

TEST IT FREE. Test Hammermill Mimeograph against your present paper. Note its fine performance. Examine the clean, sharp copies. Write on them with your pen. They won't feather or blur. Send for 100-sheet packet and booklet, "Good Mimeographing." It will help you get better work from stencil equipment.

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Please send 100-sheet packet of Hammermill Mimeograph and booklet, "Good Mimeographing." We operate model__________Stencil Duplicator.

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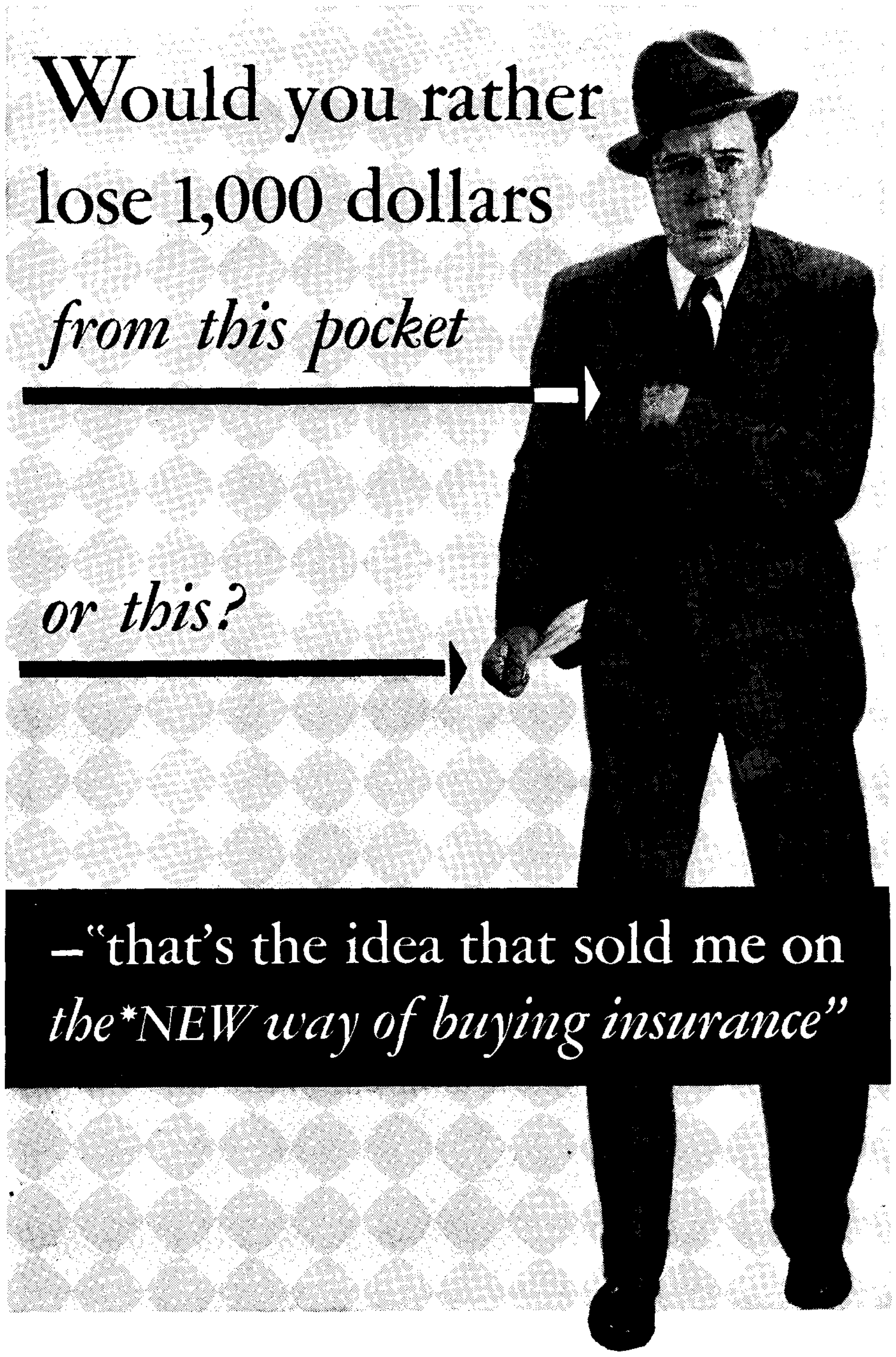
(Please attach to your *business* letterhead)

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC



Would you rather lose 1,000 dollars *from this pocket* or *this?*

—"that's the idea that sold me on *the*NEW way of buying insurance*"

"If you lose $1,000, it doesn't make any difference how you lose it. An insurance man convinced me of that the day after I returned to find my house had been ransacked by burglars. Then he told me about the NEW way of buying insurance.

A Matter of NOT Gambling with Losses

"He proved that it makes no difference whether your house burns down or blows down—whether you are sued by another car owner or another golfer—whether your signature is forged on a check or your home robbed. You are out just so much money in any case. The important thing is to talk matters over with a trained insurance man—find the risks to which you are exposed—forget policies and concentrate on protection."

Just Call Western Union

You too should learn more about the NEW way of buying insurance. Just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for the name of the nearest Hartford representative. Or get in touch with your own insurance broker.

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radius of the green gas hose and Sylvia started to shoot gas into the tank. She had a businesslike way about her which only confirmed Bobbie in the notion that all women are deceitful.

Suddenly he perceived that the tinder-dry roadbed immediately under the gas tank was darkening and moistening.

"Hold on," he said. "No wonder you ran out of gas. That tank's got a leak in it."

Sylvia looked for herself and had to admit the leak.

"It wasn't leaking when I left home," she apologized.

"Well," said Bobbie, "the metal's rotten. You must have sprung the leak along the road somewhere and it's got worse. I guess I'll have to call it a day."

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "There's ways of starting a car even when it's locked and the key's lost. Only I don't know them."

"Neither do I," Bobbie admitted, and felt as if he had confessed to something that was, on the whole, unmanly. "But I can try to find out."

"It's something you do with the wires," explained Sylvia.

"It would be."

But after short-circuiting himself half a dozen times Bobbie gave up trying to find out just what you did with them. And he came into the kitchen to wash his greasy hands with the cake of mechanic's soap.

"I guess I'll just have to stick around," he said.

"It's too bad you have to stick around because you have to," said Sylvia. "It would be nicer if you stuck around because you wanted to. What's the matter with me, anyway? Lots of people think I'm good enough company. And if you say I'm hard to look at I'll break a dish over your head."

"I wouldn't say you were hard to look at," said Bobbie stiffly, "because it wouldn't be true."

"Oh," cried Sylvia, "this is too much! I couldn't bear any more right now. So you run along out front and do your stuff. Try to make the passing cars feel thirsty. Hypnotize them if you have to. And I'll stick around here and do *my* stuff."

"Not much for you to do," said Bobbie. "I don't know when you found time to get after the breakfast dishes, but they seem to be done."

IT WAS Saturday. Innumerable cars passed the Mex-Tex filling station and many stopped. That a great majority of the cars that stopped were driven by women was a fact that did not arouse any curiosity in Bobbie.

But Sylvia had an eye for this phenomenon and a profound knowledge of the cause.

"He just stands out front," she thought, "with that blond hair and that brown face, and the women see him a mile off and think up excuses for stopping."

She bent her head over a coarse woolen sock that no longer had a heel. And it was not one of her brother's socks.

Over the problem of warping and wefting a new heel she murmured: "I wonder what's the matter with him? You'd think I was something between a pestilence and a bee on his nose. I've never seen a man so eager to break loose from a dear little woman."

If the station had been his own responsibility Bobbie would have closed it at nine o'clock. He was dog-tired, and had eaten almost the whole of two fried chickens. But the station was Breece's responsibility and so he kept it open till midnight. When at last he locked up he saw that the light in the kitchen was still on, and the door into the kitchen still open.

"Why aren't you in bed?" he said, thrusting his head into the opening. "If you're not tired out you ought to be or else you're made of iron and whipcord and adamant."

"Diamonds," she said, "are even harder. But never mind that. There's such a thing as sitting up to say good night to a man that's worked all day to keep things going."

"Listen," said Bobbie, "you didn't have to mend and wash for me. But thanks just the same."

"You told me I could look over your stuff and see if I could find your pair of scissors and when I saw how you hadn't been looked after, why, I just couldn't help myself."

"Well, thanks a lot," said Bobbie. "And I guess I'll turn in. If you're scared of anything in the night, just holler."

THE ring of illumination that his electric torch cast into the shack out back showed that straw, from God knows where, had been gathered into a mattress under his bedding, and that his tumbled bedding had been made into a bed with clean cotton sheets between the blankets.

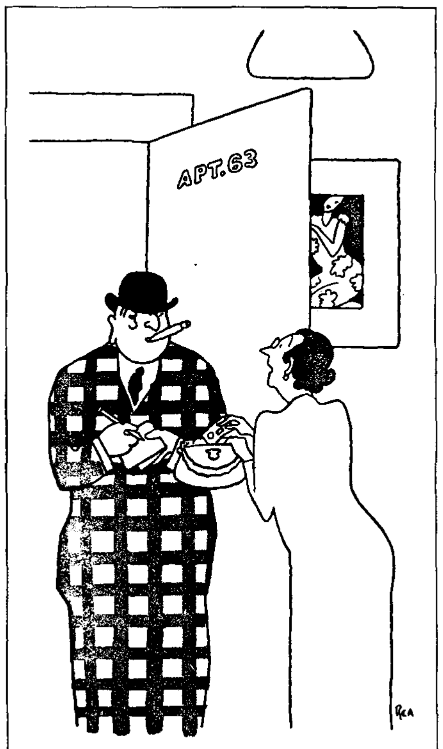
No invitation to undress before going to bed had ever been more clearly stated. There were pajamas in his suitcase. He undressed and put on a pair.

As he nodded off to sleep he also shook his head, as if to rid it of troublesome thoughts, and had to admit to a consciousness that was swiftly being lost that "this girl was not like that girl."

Bobbie was confident that, according to promise, Breece would return Sunday night or early Monday morning. But Breece did not return and there was no word from him. Sylvia's comment was repetitious: "When a Breece goes on a bust," she said, "he goes on a bust."

Monday was an off day. Cars were few and far between. There was talk from time to time and the young people began to get acquainted.

During the day of their first meeting Sylvia had driven over five hundred miles. Sylvia had left home because her mother had taken a second husband. This gentleman, while still on his honeymoon, had followed Sylvia into the woodshed during the absence of her mother, and made a pass at her. Sylvia had hit him over the head with the flat



"But if I took TWO tickets for the sweepstakes—wouldn't that be cheating?"

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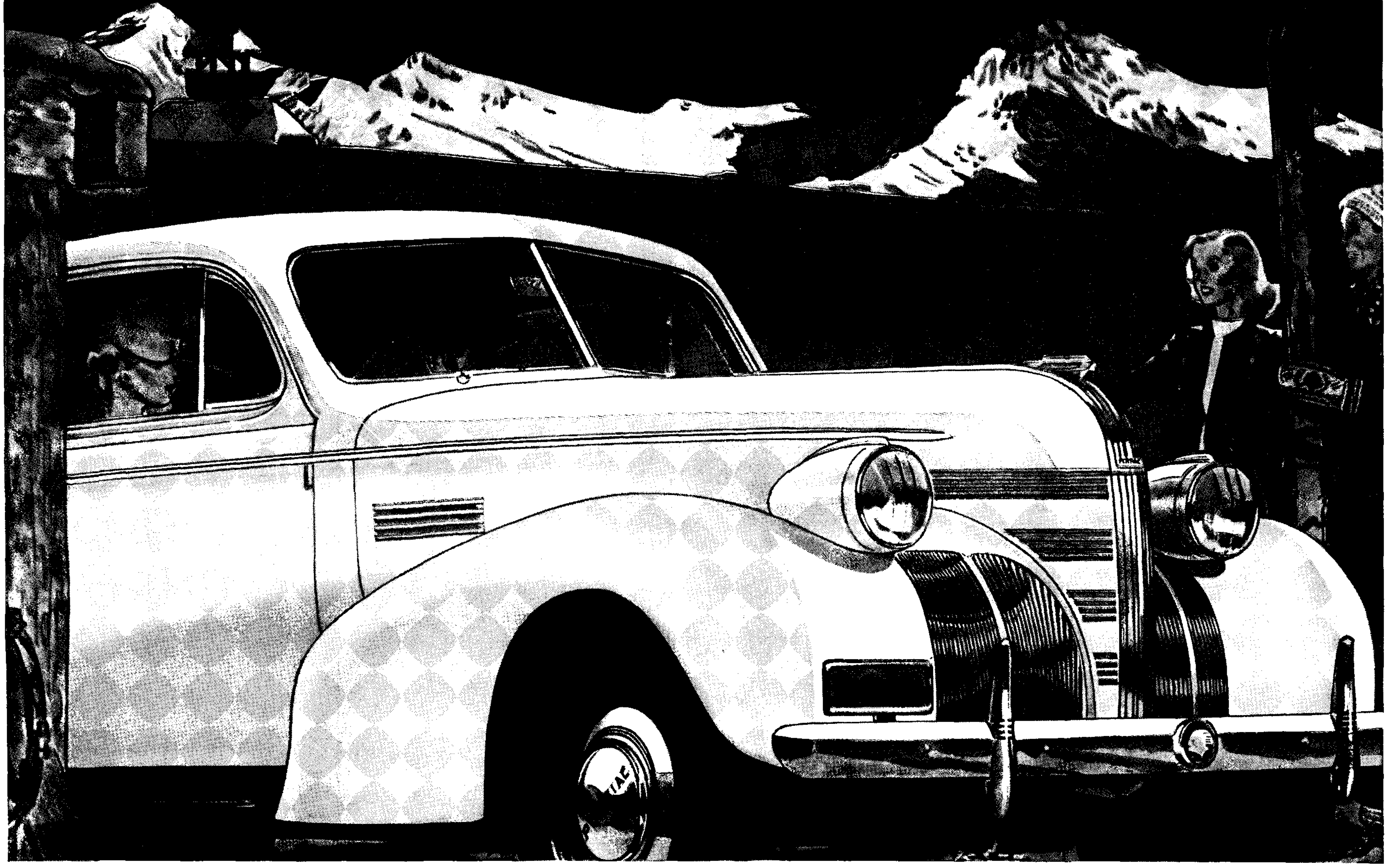

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RUBE GOLDBI cartoonist extraordi creator of Boob Mc Mike and Ike and Palooza, known f screwy type of inventions showing how to ac plish simple things in complicated ways. V well, plays golf badly.

Corned Beef Hash

Chop lean corned beef . . . mix with c boiled potatoes . . . add chopped onions plenty of butter and fry.

CAPTAIN ACHMED ABDULLAH, formerly British cavalry officer, polo player, dramatist and author of "The Grand Duke," "Toto," and screen versions of such hits as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and "The Thief of Bagdad."

Country Luncheon

For two people boil five medium sized potatoes in the jacket, peel and slice for frying. In a pan heat a tablespoon of bacon grease and add three strips of bacon, chopped, and one medium sized onion, also chopped. After two minutes of frying, add the sliced potatoes. When the potatoes are turning to a good golden brown color pour over everything three whole beaten eggs. Let the eggs set and fry on one side, then turn this whole cake over and fry also on the other side to a good color. Season with salt and black pepper.

Fordmadox Ford

FORD MADOX FORD, one of the most distinguished living writers. His "The March of Literature," recently published, is considered unique among books of general literary history and criticism. Friend of Henry James and collaborator with Joseph Conrad.

Welsh Rarebit (Four Persons)

1 tablespoon butter; ½ pound old fashioned store, or English Cheddar cheese; Cayenne pepper (optional), mustard, Worcestershire sauce, to taste; ½ cupful beer; toast (4 slices).

Melt butter in chafing dish or skillet over very slow flame. Or, preferably in *bain marie:* i.e. double sauce pan with water in lower portion. Add cheese grated or chopped or sliced very thin. When all is well melted add beer, stirring slowly. Before serving add what condiments you please, as above. *Plunge slices of toast in melted mixture and turn till they are well impregnated.* Some people prefer to pour rarebit on the toast, but the coldness of the toast tends to toughen the cheese.

WALTER SLEZAK, featured comedy star of the musical hit, "I Married An Angel," and widely recognized as one of the finest amateur chefs in New York. Now in his fifth hit show on Broadway.

Pig's Knuckles in Lentils

Soak lentils at least 4 hours. Plunge pig's knuckles into boiling water. Then scrub and rinse in cold water. In large pot, gather together: pig's knuckles, lentils, 1 carrot, 1 turnip and 2 leeks. Cover with water and simmer in covered pot until lentils and knuckles are tender. Remove knuckles and debone neatly. Rub lentils and vegetables through a sieve. Add some of broth to thickness desired. Add meat from the knuckles and serve in deep plates. Season with salt and black pepper.

Ben Irvin Butler

BEN IRVIN BUTLER, Executive Director of *The Society of Amateur Chefs* — famous group of gourmets and culinary "hobbyists." Its society boasts some of the foremost men of modern Literature, the Arts and the Theatre.

Roast Saddle of Pork with Prunes

When buying saddle of pork, ask butcher to leave the ribs a little longer than usual. Place saddle meat-side downward into a roast pan. Fill cavity well with prunes. Tie rib bones together as tightly as possible. Place roast into hot — 500 degree — oven, placing pan beneath meat to catch drippings. In 20 minutes, reduce heat to 400 degrees. Continue roasting until meat is done (20 minutes per pound). Baste constantly. Prepare gravy from drippings, thickening with potato starch. Serve with sauerkraut and mashed potatoes.

The epicure prefers a beer that is neither sweet nor bitter. Schlitz achieves the full tang and flavor of true beer without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt. Its fresh, clean after-taste makes good food seem better.

SCHLITZ

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Gelett Burgess

GELETT BURGESS, widely read humorist, popular satirist of society; originator of the Goop books, nursery classics; author of "The Burgess Nonsense Book," "Two O'Clock Courage," best selling murder mystery, etc.

Baked Potato Skins, or McKeevers

Peel well scrubbed potatoes with little of the white, to avoid starch, into narrow strips . . . about two inches long. Butter and add "Seven Herb Sauce" and bake in a pan until crisp. Dust lightly with celery salt, before serving. *Very good as healthful appetizer with beer or with green salad.*

Russell Patterson

RUSSELL PATTERSON, creator of famous Patterson Girl, outstanding illustrator and designer, formerly of Hollywood's Paramount Studios, now employed on work for N. Y. World's Fair.

Rolled Cube Steaks

Buy a cube steak per person. On the cubed side put short strip of bacon, slice of dill pickle. Cut lengthwise and add sprinkle of chopped onion. Roll steak together and fasten with thin thread. Fry these rolls quickly on all sides in a little bacon fat; dust lightly with flour and add water, one bay leaf, a few corns of whole pepper and a pinch of salt. Cook until thoroughly tender in covered pan.

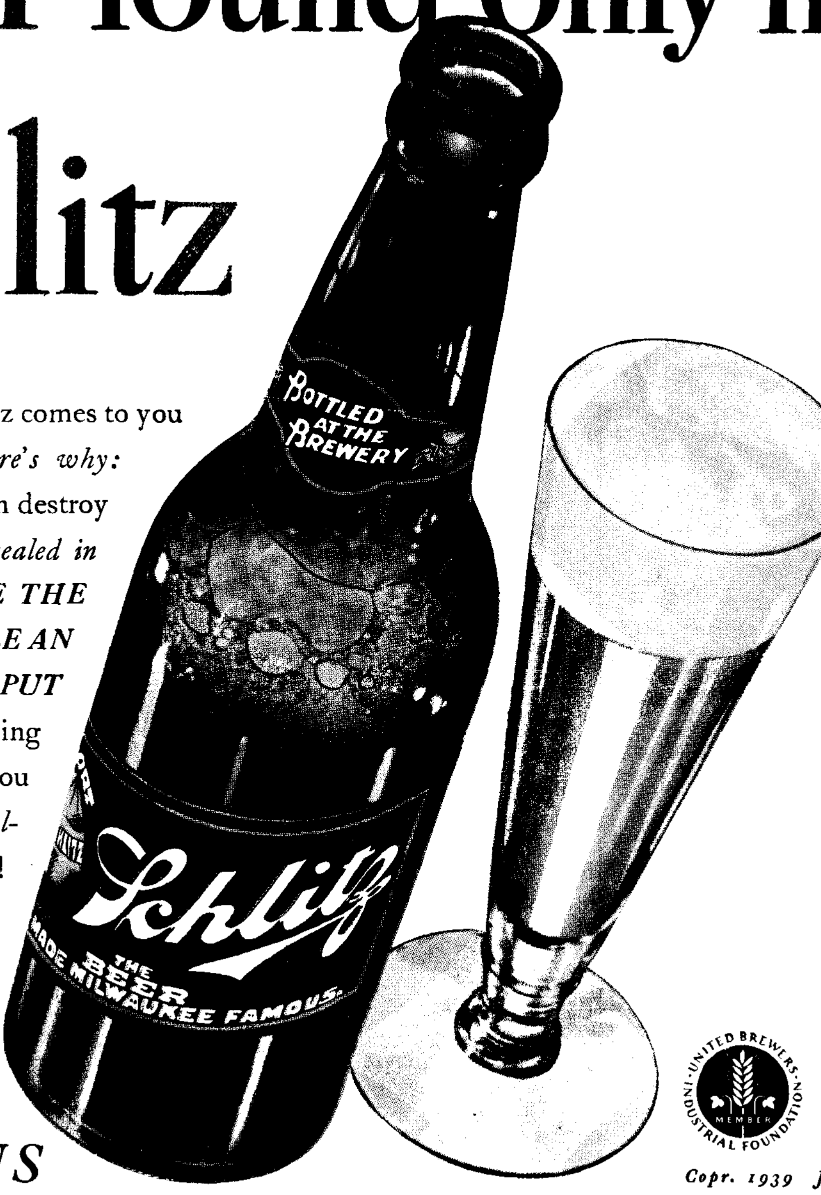
Arthur
William
Brown —

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN, internationally-known illustrator for The Saturday Evening Post, voted most popular artist by 100 famous models, creator of the pictorial character, "Mr. Tutt," and known to movie fans by his appearance in "Artists and Models."

Sour Eggs

In deep pan, fry 4 chopped slices of bacon and one chopped onion. Dust lightly with flour; brown flour and add tablespoon of good vinegar. Season with salt and black pepper. Add enough water to paste to make gravy of medium thickness. When gravy comes to good boil, break as many raw eggs into it as needed. Cover pan and let eggs poach in gravy to hardness desired. Serve with pickles.

Amateur Chefs with that famous flavor found only in Schlitz



That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle.* *SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always.* Schlitz pioneers again!

Tony Sarg

TONY SARG, internationally famous as a humorous illustrator, creator of Marionettes and Monster Balloon Parades. His amusing murals, notably his humorous animal mural in The Waldorf, New York, add further to his fame.

Dish for Large Party

Buy equal amounts of beef, veal, pork and lamb. Cut in 1 inch cubes. For ½ lb. of each—enough for 5 persons—you need 2 large yellow turnips, 6 medium-sized potatoes. Use pot or pan with tight fitting cover. Line bottom with bacon strips and cover with pork. Season well with fresh-ground pepper and salt, and cover the pork with layer of diced potatoes and turnips. Pile on this the veal and again the potatoes and turnips; finally, add the layer of beef and potatoes and turnips remaining. Place quartered tomato on top with generous lump of butter. Fit the cover, sealing rim with paper moistened with flour paste. Cook over slowest fire 4 hours.

Murdock Pemberton

MURDOCK PEMBERTON, former art critic of "The New Yorker" and author of Broadway success, "Sing High, Sing Low." Among his theatrical ventures are countless hit plays. Writes on foods and beverages for "Esquire."

Steak a la Ill Manor

Get from the butcher his best sirloin and insist it is 3 inches thick. Trim excess fat. Mix about three pounds of coarse salt in a bowl with water so as to form a paste. Now sprinkle steak on both sides with black pepper, then cover with a quarter inch of the wet salt, completely covering the steak. Cover this with a few white paper napkins (this is to keep the salt from drying too rapidly), insert in a double grill, similar to an old-fashioned bread toaster and cook over a hot bed of charcoal. (Start fire an hour ahead of cooking to have a hot bed). Cook about fifteen minutes on each side. Knock off salt, which falls off in a solid piece. Now slice the steak down in narrow strips, throw the pieces into a pan of hot butter and serve on a half slice of bread which has been dunked in the hot butter. *Precede with young onions and radishes and accompany with plenty of good beer.* (One such steak will serve ten modest appetites).

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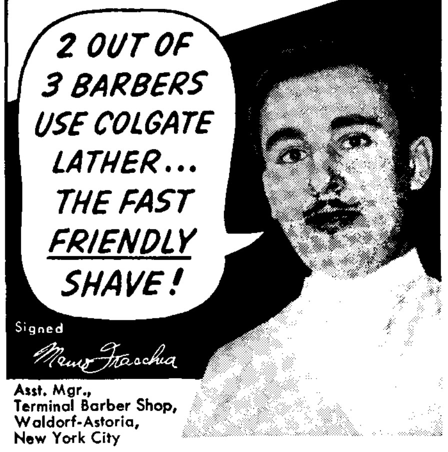
DO AS BARBERS DO ...USE COLGATE LATHER"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Signed

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You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

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of her hatchet, packed her belongings, and driven off.

"You didn't—" Bobbie dared not finish the question.

"Kill him? No. Just as I was stepping on the starter he came out of the shed with his head between his hands. No, I didn't even steal the car. It's my car." And she added, with much pride: "Mine is not a criminal record. But how about yours?"

He told her that he had twenty dollars a week from a trust fund, that he had a married brother and sister whom he loved and who loved him, and that he was out to see the world and land himself a good job if he should run across one. But he did not tell her that he was a disillusioned, rather oldish man of twenty-two with a broken heart. Still, she must have imagined something of the kind, for, looking him forthrightly in the eyes she said: "What's the matter with women? Why do you hate them so much?"

"Maybe it's something I read in a book," he answered lamely, and quoted:

"Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne
He travels fastest who travels alone."

To which idiocy Sylvia returned an old-fashioned expression of contempt and derision: "Rats!" she exclaimed.

"I don't exactly hate them," said Bobbie, still limping, "it's just that somehow I don't seem to have much use for them or they don't for me, or something."

THIS time Sylvia did not mention rodents. She contented herself with looking them, and concluded in the depths of her mind that Bobbie had been crossed in love and that the experience had sickened him but not incurably.

During the afternoon while Bobbie was busy with a car she helped herself to the rifle and had soon melted into the desert landscape. There was no meat in the larder.

Bobbie's subconsciousness took note of occasional rifle fire but did not connect it with Sylvia. And it was not until she was returning and within hail that he discovered that she had been absent.

Her display of a jack rabbit shot through the head and two mountain quail with their heads shot off caused him to regard her with a glum and hurt look.

"Then it was all a bluff," he said reproachfully, "about your not knowing one end of a gun from another."

"You seemed kind of anxious to show me how they worked," she said. "I'm sorry. I was raised on a ranch. I'm a good shot, but it isn't much of a trick to shoot things in the head if you can get close enough. Getting close to jack rabbits is luck. Quail are different. But if you can make a noise like a hawk they'll *freeze* in their tracks, and you can creep up on them."

"Can you make a noise like a hawk?"

She made a noise like a hawk. And some small birds preparing to roost in the black-currant bush outside the kitchen window cried out in alarm and worked themselves deeper in among the thicket of twigs.

"Give me the gun," said Bobbie, "and I'll clean it."

"You're all man, aren't you?" she said. "You won't do dishes, you won't make beds or mend socks or wash clothes, but you'll clean a gun, anytime, until it's so bright it aches."

"Was it nice to fool me?" said Bobbie, still reproachful.

"No, it wasn't nice," she said. "But it was fun." This with such a comical naughty-child look in her eyes that he laughed, too.

The moment was ended by the arrival of a car from the direction of Blossom. The driver of the car, who gave his name as Perkins, was an agent of the Mex-Tex Oil Company and the bearer of news.

"Say," he said, "can you hold out here a few days longer till I can find someone to take your place?"

"I guess I could," said Bobbie. "What's happened to Breece?"

He spoke with a lowered voice and a warning glance in the general direction of the kitchen. Perkins took the hint and lowered his voice.

"A truck hit him and smashed up his car," he said.

"His sister came here to be with him," said Bobbie. "How badly is he hurt?"

"Cuts about the head that won't show much, and bruised all over."

"Sylvia'll want to see him. Are you going back to town?"

"No. I have to see a man in Flower. Then I can count on you? You'll hold the fort till you hear from me?"

"I'll do that."

Perkins drove off, and Bobbie hurried to the kitchen and told Sylvia what had happened.

"You'll want to be with him," he said, "but I guess you'll just have to wait until a car comes along and gives you a lift."

She picked up a flat key from the kitchen table.

"Does that look like the key to your car?"

"It is the key to my car. Where'd you find it?"

She did not at that time tell him that she had taken it out of the lock in his car and hidden it so that he could not drive off and leave her. Neither did she tell him that she herself, a hammer and a two-penny nail, were responsible for the leak in the gasoline tank of her own car. She said: "Oh, I just found it."

"Then I'll drive the old boat around front," he said, "and fill her up."

And she said: "I'll pack a few things for the night in case I decide to spend the night."

"Of course you'll spend the night," said Bobbie. "It's a good long way to Blossom—seventy miles."

But she did not spend the night. At a quarter to twelve sharp Bobbie saw headlights swooping up the long rise to the filling station and wasn't even surprised when they turned out to be hers.

"There was nothing I could do for Breece," she said. "He's all right."

"How all right?"

"The daze has worn off and his head is clear as a bell. The company who owns the truck that hit him have assumed full responsibility. And he says that if you want to take over this filling station and run it on your own, he thinks it can be fixed. He wants to see what the East looks like."

BUT to her surprise Bobbie shook his head.

"Not for me," he said. "It would be too darn' lonesome."

"Young man," said Sylvia, "what did you have for dinner?"

"Something out of a tin can," he said.

"No wonder you felt lonesome."

"It wasn't only that," he said. "Oh, I guess I may as well own up. You've got me licked. I missed you all the time you were away. I missed you every minute of the time you were away."

"Why, how awful!" she said. "How perfectly awful! It must never happen again."

"No, it mustn't," he said. "Not ever. And I worried myself sick. I kept thinking how you'd be in a hurry to see Breece and wouldn't drive carefully and might crack up and be hurt or something. And you didn't drive carefully." His voice was reproachful. "I saw your lights away down the road, miles away, and you were here in no time. In just no time at all."

"Well," she admitted, "maybe I did hurry a little, but only coming back. Only on the way—home."

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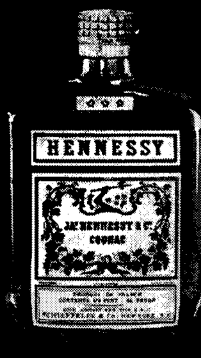

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The Second Chance

Continued from page 11

picture down slowly, wetting his lips, twisting them as if he wanted to get some feeling there. But when he spoke they jerked a little as if he couldn't quite control them. "You're a cop?"

"That's right."

"Yes," Eddie said again. He rubbed the heel of his palm slowly across his forehead. "I guess I knew. What you're talking about happened four years ago, mister. It happened just once—after it was over this Winton saw what it was really like. He found out it wasn't tough or romantic or anything like he imagined. He felt sick and scared and he didn't wait to get his cut. He just got out and stayed out because he didn't want to mix up in anything like that again as long as he lived."

"You're this Eddie Winton?" Mike Anderson asked.

"Say he came here, to this town. He was always a good mechanic, mister. He could do anything with tools. Here he got a job and worked hard and people liked him. After a while he went into business for himself and he did all right." Unsteadily he drew in a long breath. "Next month he was going to get married to a girl he met here. He was out of it all, he might have figured. He thought just one mistake wouldn't wash up his life. Why should it?"

Leaning over the counter, he gripped Mike Anderson's arm, as if he knew what must happen now, and yet if he talked, if he could make this other man see how it was—

"Come on," Mike Anderson said. He felt sorry for this Eddie but he had spent a good part of his life learning that these things were never helped by talking about them. They were set and ordered, and there was nothing he could do about them; it was better, and maybe kinder, too, to get it over with as fast as you could. Settling his shoulders inside his heavy coat he grunted: "Get started, kid. We're going down to New York. Want to lock up here before you leave?"

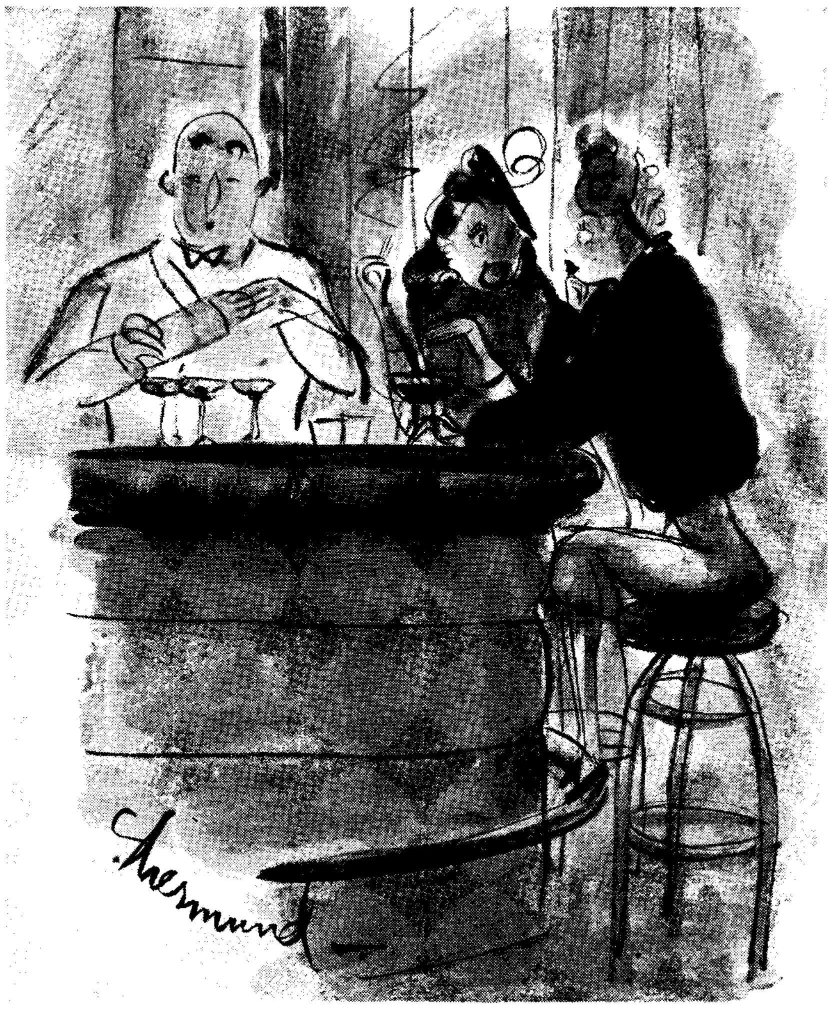
Hopelessness formed and spread in the face so close to his; it turned bitterly away.

"Why?" Eddie said, his voice catching suddenly on a dry, harsh note. "Why should I? Do you think I can ever come back?"

THERE was no train that afternoon, nor that night; and Mike Anderson was cursing unreadable timetables at his hotel when someone mentioned the plane. It had been quartered at the edge of town for a month or two, while its pilot had scrabbled a living out of lessons and sightseeing trips at two dollars a head; and the room clerk mentioned to Mike Anderson that he had heard Mr. Kollecker had chartered it for a flight to Albany that afternoon.

Mr. Kollecker was E. Ambrose Kollecker, a portly, rather pompous man who looked like a judge and spoke as if he were reading from a law book. It developed that he had indeed chartered the plane, and he would be only too happy to share the cost, if they wanted to come along. He was a little curious about the reason for their trip, but Mike Anderson did not inform him, or anybody. He could, he thought, give the kid that much of a break.

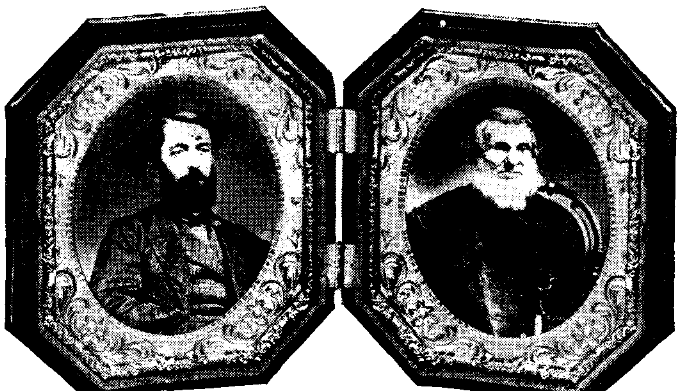
Out at the field, when the girl Eddie had phoned to showed up—the one he'd been going to marry next month—Mike Anderson left them alone as much as he



"She got a rather nasty letter from the income-tax people. In eight different returns she was listed as a deduction"

B. SHERMUND

THEY DID PRETTY WELL FOR A COUPLE OF "CRAZY" MEN!



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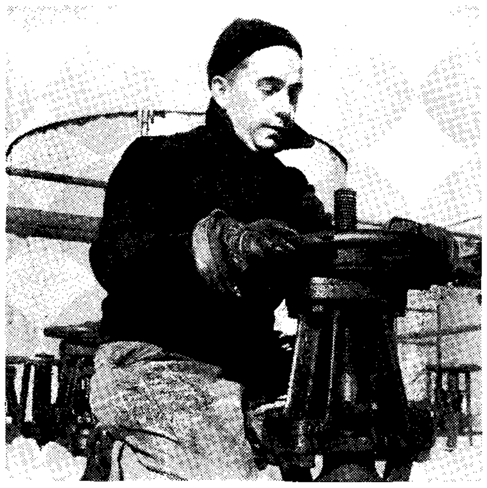
Never wrote an order but star salesman just the same—The many representatives of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association never sell a gallon of actual oil. They maintain friendly, helpful relations with the best oil wholesalers and retailers throughout America and Europe, aiding them in their business and protecting them if substitution or misrepresentation crops up in their territories. They are literally ambassadors of good faith and good will. While they do not actually sell Pennsylvania Oils, they influence sales tremendously.

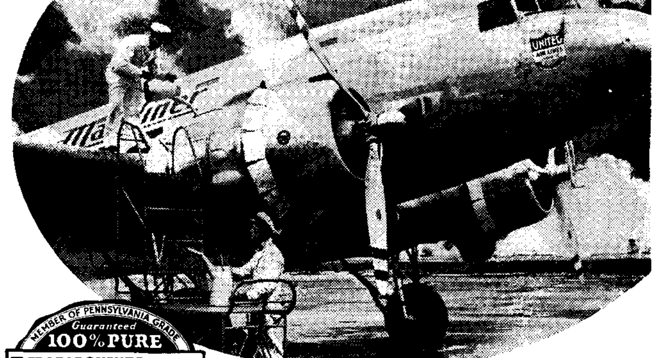


"I turn this giant valve and a steady flow of Pennsylvania's nature-favored crude oil flows from Pennsylvania's oil region to our refineries. Pipelines stretch hundreds of miles underground, crossing mountains, rivers and cities to transport this precious fluid from the Pennsylvania district so that all markets may be supplied with the world's choicest crude oil."

An overwhelming vote of confidence. In a nation-wide survey, conducted by an independent research organization, 82% of car owners said, "Pennsylvania Motor Oil is the oil that I prefer for my car."

Safe, thorough lubrication is supremely necessary to the modern liner of the air—so practically every transport plane uses Pennsylvania Oil. Here's a United Mainliner taking on its Pennsylvania Oil at Newark.

An oil that air-line engineers select for their planes is definitely safe to rely on in your car and your tractor. Whether your car or tractor is a brand new '39 model or an older member of the family, use a Pennsylvania motor oil. Nature gave it the ability to stand colder cold and hotter heat. It will lubricate better. It will last longer. You'll buy fewer "fill-in" quarts. And whatever the price of your favorite Pennsylvania Oil, you will get full value for the money you spend.



MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
PERMIT NUMBER ....
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world

This is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to rigid Association standard in every respect.

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

Published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters, users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil protected by our emblem.

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ONE QUART
BROWN-FORMAN
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
BOTTLED IN BOND
There is nothing better in the market
THIS WHISKY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF THE U.S.
100 PROOF
DISTILLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO.
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
KENTUCKY

TAKE ONE DELICIOUS TASTE
AND YOU'LL AGREE

"There is nothing better in the market."

OLD FORESTER

America's "Guest Whisky" Since 1870

BY BROWN-FORMAN

★ Why not enjoy this supreme Kentucky excellence that has been recognized everywhere for almost seven decades as among the finest? "Nothing better" at any price.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
Bottled in Bond Under U. S. Government Supervision—100 PROOF

"By Brown-Forman"... NO FINER NAME IN WHISKY

EARLY TIMES

The Whisky That Made Kentucky Whiskies Famous

A name that is famed through the years. Traditionally great—at a low price. A Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky—90 Proof.

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4 Fine Whiskies in One

Selected for particular qualities to meet the taste of those who prefer fine blends. A blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED
AT LOUISVILLE, IN KENTUCKY—SINCE 1870

could. Mary Something—a nice-looking dark-haired girl she was, with a soft steady voice that shook only once, when Eddie kissed her, and told her huskily not to worry, and she said of course she wouldn't worry, because there was nothing to worry about. They'd let him go—they'd have to, when they found out what he'd been doing these past four years. Next week he'd be back; and he'd feel better because it was all over, because he'd never have to worry about it any more. When they circled the field and Mike Anderson looked down at it he could see her standing where they had left her, head still raised, waving her hand.

She was so tiny there, so small and helpless far below them, that she made Mike Anderson feel vaguely uneasy, suddenly impressed by the careless chances that ruled a man's life. There was a policeman in New York who remembered faces—what would the right mathematical odds be that he'd have a niece in this town where Eddie Winton had hid out, and that one day at a picnic she'd take a picture of the crowd, and send it to her uncle, with Eddie Winton's face just caught in one corner? A thousand to one—maybe a million to one. Yet it happened, and her uncle had looked at the slightly blurred features, and remembered Eddie Winton.

He had written to his niece; and she told him about Eddie, and that he must be wrong. Eddie Wilson, she was positive, was one of the nicest boys she knew. But Mike Anderson had had to go to Syracuse; and they told him to stop in the town, and look over this Eddie Wilson, on the chance. He had; it was his job.

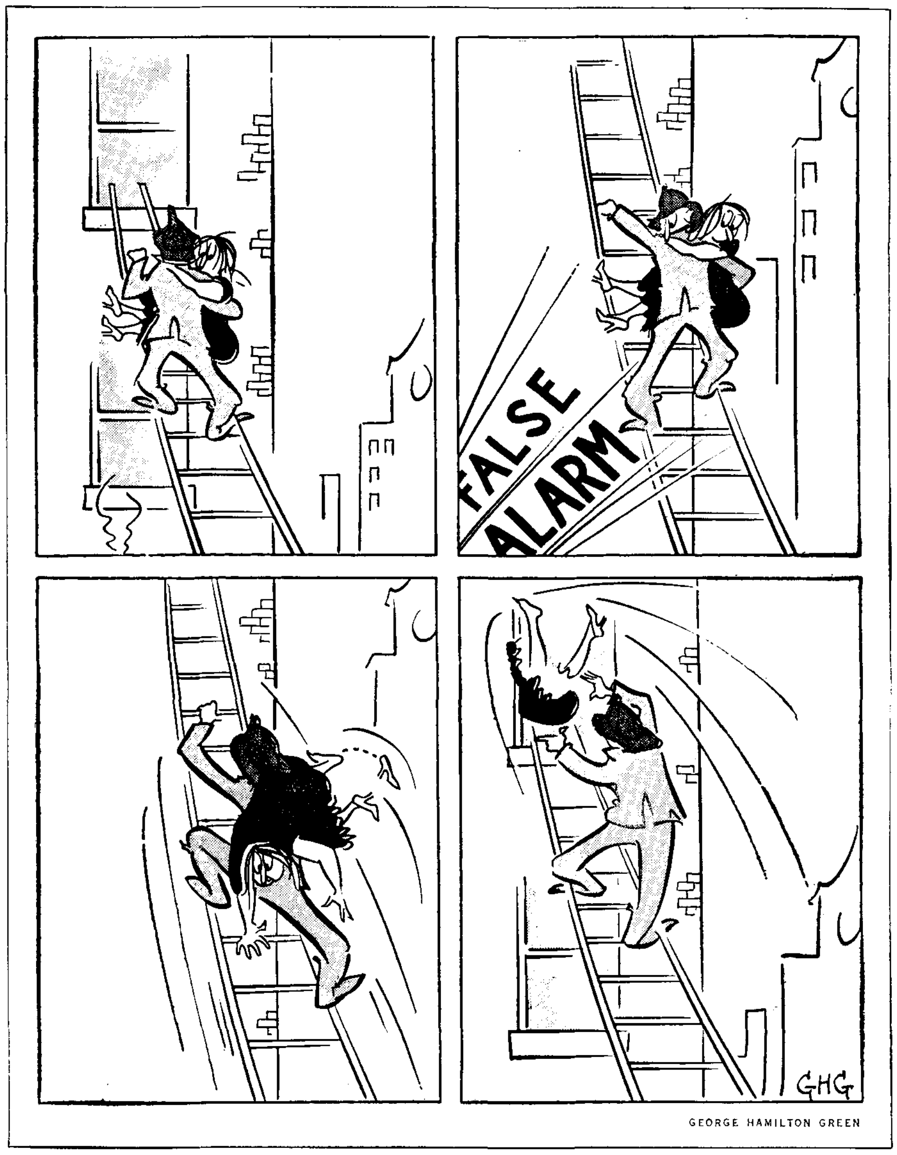
A sad job, and a sad world, Mike Anderson thought gloomily. Below them the field drew back and vanished; the girl was a doll, a dot, nothing. The Adirondacks rolled up now above narrow valleys covered with the dull dark green of winter woods; peak after peak shouldered up to rocky slopes and drew back northward like the waves of a frozen brown sea. All Mike Anderson could distinguish were those peaks and a thick, tangled mass of woods stretching away as far as the eye could reach—no roads, no houses, no smoke, no men.

Time went by slowly; Eddie Winton stared through the window; E. Ambrose Kollecker frowned over typewritten papers taken from his brief case. There was nothing for Mike Anderson to do but to look alternately at his watch and the ground, and shiver occasionally in the unheated air of the small cabin. Twenty minutes passed, forty, fifty—it was just past the hour, the halfway mark to Albany, when something broke the harsh drumming of the engine as sharply as if a knife had sheared sound track from a film.

Mike Anderson didn't know what had happened; he only knew that his insides were pulled so suddenly out of him that he felt empty, cold clear through. The engine sputtered, coughed, raced up, stopped, sputtered again; Kollecker looked up from his papers and stared at Mike Anderson with startled eyes.

AFTER that everything was jumbled together. They lost altitude; the forest widened and spread out; the hills swept up in one mighty motion high against the horizon, above them. One moment they were safe, quite placid and swift above the frozen woods; in another moment they were dropping lower, lower, down a steep slope into a valley, past twin hills that shot up suddenly on either side of them, so close that as they passed a wing seemed to skim each massive bank.

Trees blurred by; and then in a flash of time they were past the trees, racing across an upward stretch of clear ground behind the erratic sputtering of the motor. The nose of the plane tilted up; they



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Try this EFFECTIVE way to get your Extra Vitamins

Now—*new High-Vitamin Yeast gives a richer combination of 4 essential vitamins, plus the "Booster Action" of fresh yeast*

Rich man, poor man, white-collar worker—studies indicate many in *all* walks of life need *extra* vitamins, more than they are getting from their everyday meals.

GREAT NUMBERS of people live on diets which do not supply enough vitamins for glowing health, many studies indicate.

You—like so many others—may have slow digestion with poor secretion of digestive juices. If this is not stimulated you may fail to get full use of the vitamins you eat.

Be sure *you* get enough vitamins. Also be sure you get *full good* from the vitamins you do eat.

Eat your extra vitamins this *effective* way—in Fleischmann's *new* High-Vitamin Yeast. The remarkable "booster action" of fresh yeast, by stimulating slow digestion, can help you take up the vitamins you eat *more fully*—give *more complete results* than vitamins alone.

Eat 2 cakes a day to get all the average person needs of extra Vitamins A, B, D, and a rich supply of the Vitality Vitamin G.

THREE QUESTIONS MANY PEOPLE ASK:

1 **"How can I tell whether I need extra vitamins?"**

If you catch *severe colds* that "hang on," you very likely need more Vitamin A.

If you feel *nervous*, irritable and have *poor digestion*, B is often needed.

Plenty of Vitamin D is essential for the proper use of the calcium and phosphorus in your diet, which are necessary for *strong bones* and *hard teeth*.

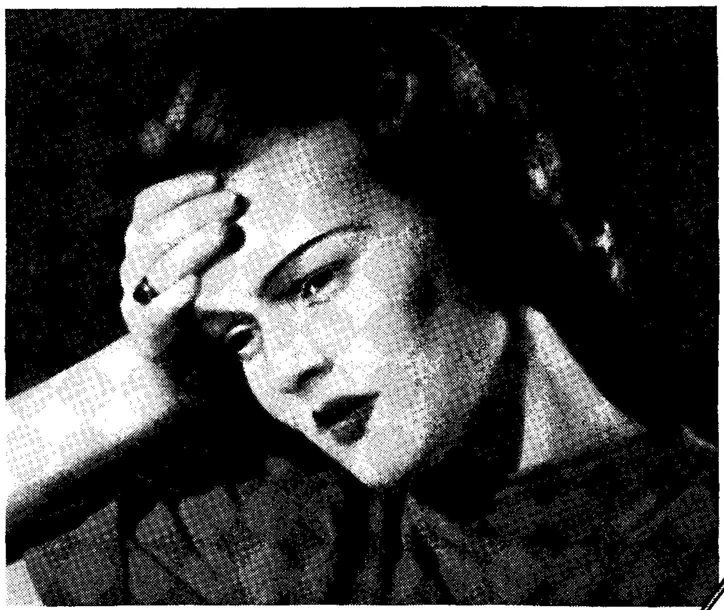
Tiring easily, too early *aging* may be due to a shortage of Vitamin G.

2 **"Do people ever eat extra vitamins and not feel improvement?"**

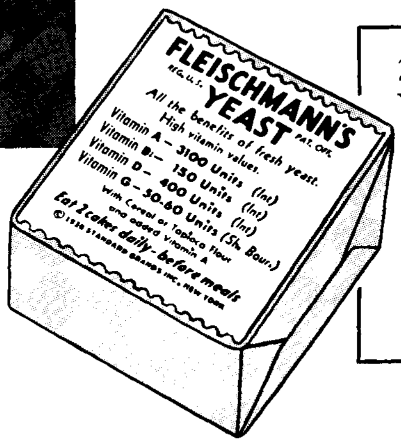
Yes. Slow digestion may cut down your assimilation of vitamins so you don't get the full good you should from them.

3 **"Can poor vitamin assimilation be helped?"**

Slow digestion can often be stimulated by eating Fleischmann's new High-Vitamin Yeast. This better digestion helps *make fuller use of the vitamins eaten*. It "boosts" their assimilation.



Even if you think your vitamin supply is good—*slow digestion* may keep you, like so many others, from taking up all the vitamins you should.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YEAST
All the benefits of fresh yeast.
High vitamin values.
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Vitamin B1 – 150 Units (Int)
Vitamin D – 400 Units (Int)
Vitamin G – 30-60 Units (Sh. Bour.)
With Cereal or Tapioca Flour and added Vitamin A
Eat 2 cakes daily - before meals
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2 cakes of Fleischmann's new HIGH-VITAMIN Yeast eaten daily will give you . . .

VITAMIN A—6200 UNITS (INT.)
VITAMIN B1—300 UNITS (INT.)
VITAMIN D—800 UNITS (INT.)
VITAMIN G—100-120 UNITS (SH. BOUR.)

Eat plain—or in a little water or milk—one cake ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, one cake ½ hour before supper. Start today!

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How AUNT JEMIMA Chased Away Those PANCAKE-HUNGRY BLUES
"WE'VE GOT THOSE PANCAKE-HUNGRY BLUES."
I HEAR YOU CALLIN' FOR MY DELICIOUS, JIFFY-QUICK PANCAKES.
SEE? IT'S EASY AS 1-2-3 TO WHISK UP MY FLAVORY, FRAGRANT PANCAKES.
INDEED IT IS! WHY THERE'S NO FUSS, NOR MUSS AT ALL.
PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS
WE'RE ALL GOING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG KISS FOR THESE AUNT JEMIMA'S MOM.
YES SIREE! WE JUST LOVE 'EM. AND WE LOVE YOU FOR MAKING 'EM.
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

IT'S EASY to turn out perfect, light, delicious pancakes, buckwheats and waffles every time, in no time, with Aunt Jemima's Famous Ready-Mix. Aunt Jemima's are so nourishing, so easy to digest. And they cost even less than the ordinary cook book kind.

TODAY IS Aunt Jemima pancake day. So happify your family, and win their loving thanks, by giving them tempting, tasty Aunt Jemima's with streams of melting butter and sunny, sweet syrup trickling down their sides.

Aunt Jemima says: "Enjoy both my tasty Pancakes and my tangy Buckwheats, as millions do. Ask your grocer for a package of each right away."

struck the earth, bounced high, bounced forward, hit again. A solitary tree seemed to spring from the ground before them and fling itself upon their wing like a living thing. Closing his eyes, throwing an arm instinctively across his face at the crunch and tear of shattered metal, Mike Anderson shot forward violently as they struck.

It was unbelievable that nothing happened after that. They were stopped, they were steady; someone yanked open the cabin door and they scrambled down to the ground. The stocky pilot stood there already, staring at the shattered wing, his hands on his hips, cursing. No one seemed to be hurt very much; Kollecker's cheek and right hand were bruised, Mike Anderson's shoulder ached a little, the pilot seemed to be favoring one ankle, and Eddie Winton rubbed his arm.

For a moment in which no one spoke Mike Anderson had the odd feeling that silence was flowing over the sounds of their crash like water coming together over a sinking pebble. Then Kollecker said: "Here, Brady—what's wrong with your plane? What happened?"

The pilot was a sawed-off chunk of a man with a weather-beaten face and blue dabs of ice for eyes. "What happened," he told Kollecker harshly, "is that we're all lucky as fools to get down safe in country like this. If you're worrying about your appointment in Albany, forget it now; in an hour it won't be important, even to you. You'll be thinking of something else."

"Eh?"

"Your hide," Brady said. He looked around them with narrowed eyes. "I was brought up in country like this—I know you could draw a circle twenty miles around and not find a rat alive in it. There have been men lost in here they gave up looking for. That's our spot."

The lawyer looked at him foolishly. "Then what are we to do?"

"Walk," Brady said. He hunched one shoulder toward the west. "Highland Lake is somewhere back there—ten miles, fifteen, twenty, maybe. It's long enough so that if we keep straight west we can't miss it. There'll be hunting lodges open for the—"

He broke off and held up his hand to something that fluttered down out of the leaden gray sky.

"Snow." His lips tightened as he looked at his palm. "Just to make it perfect. We'll start now, and walk all night if we have to—once it's too deep to get through we're done. If any of you feel like quitting, remember that. And I wouldn't take my bag and that brief case, Kollecker; they're going to get pretty heavy in an hour or two."

"Nonsense," E. Ambrose Kollecker said. He clambered out of the plane and picked up the bag and the leather portmanteau from where they had landed on the ground.

The pilot shrugged. "Your party," he said. "Let's get started."

THEY followed Brady, in single file, toward the west. Presently dusk dropped about them, steel gray and quiet. It was very cold, and the white flakes came down thicker now, but still as friendly and soft as ever. When it grew quite dark Brady would flick on the flashlight now and again, throwing a white path of light before him, and showing the countless patches of whiteness that appeared as if by magic against the trees, the underbrush, the vague shadows ahead.

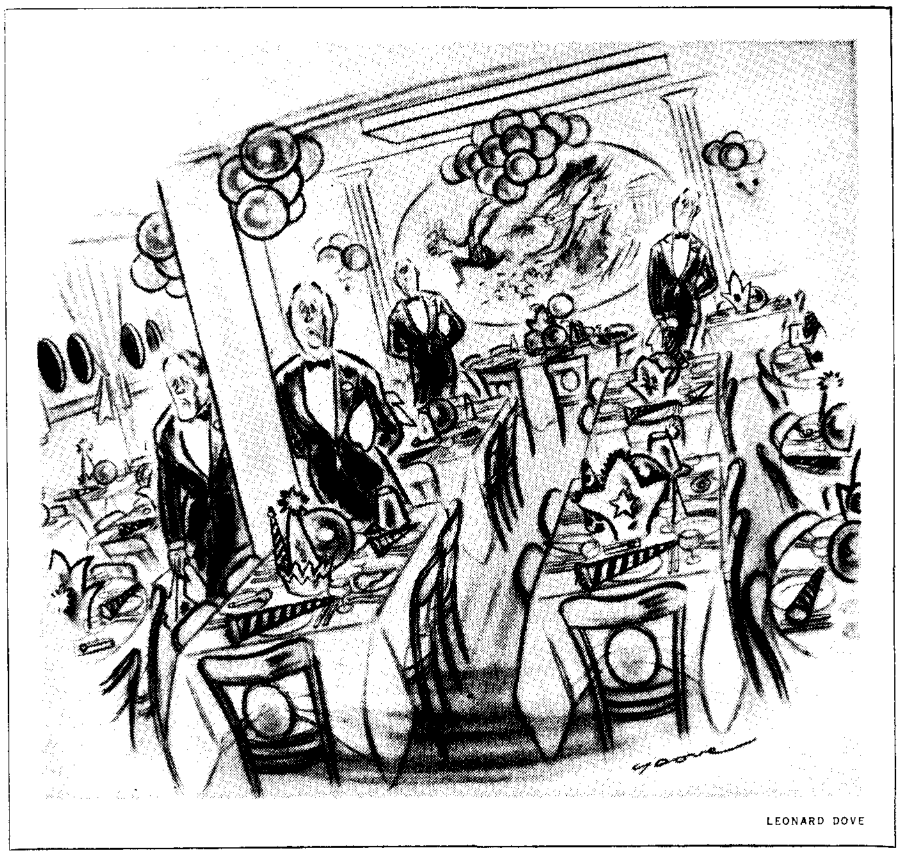
Once there was a crash, and then another, as Kollecker flung his bags away. "Where are we going?" he panted to Brady. "Do you think it's far now?"

Brady did not answer that. They went on again in their silent file.

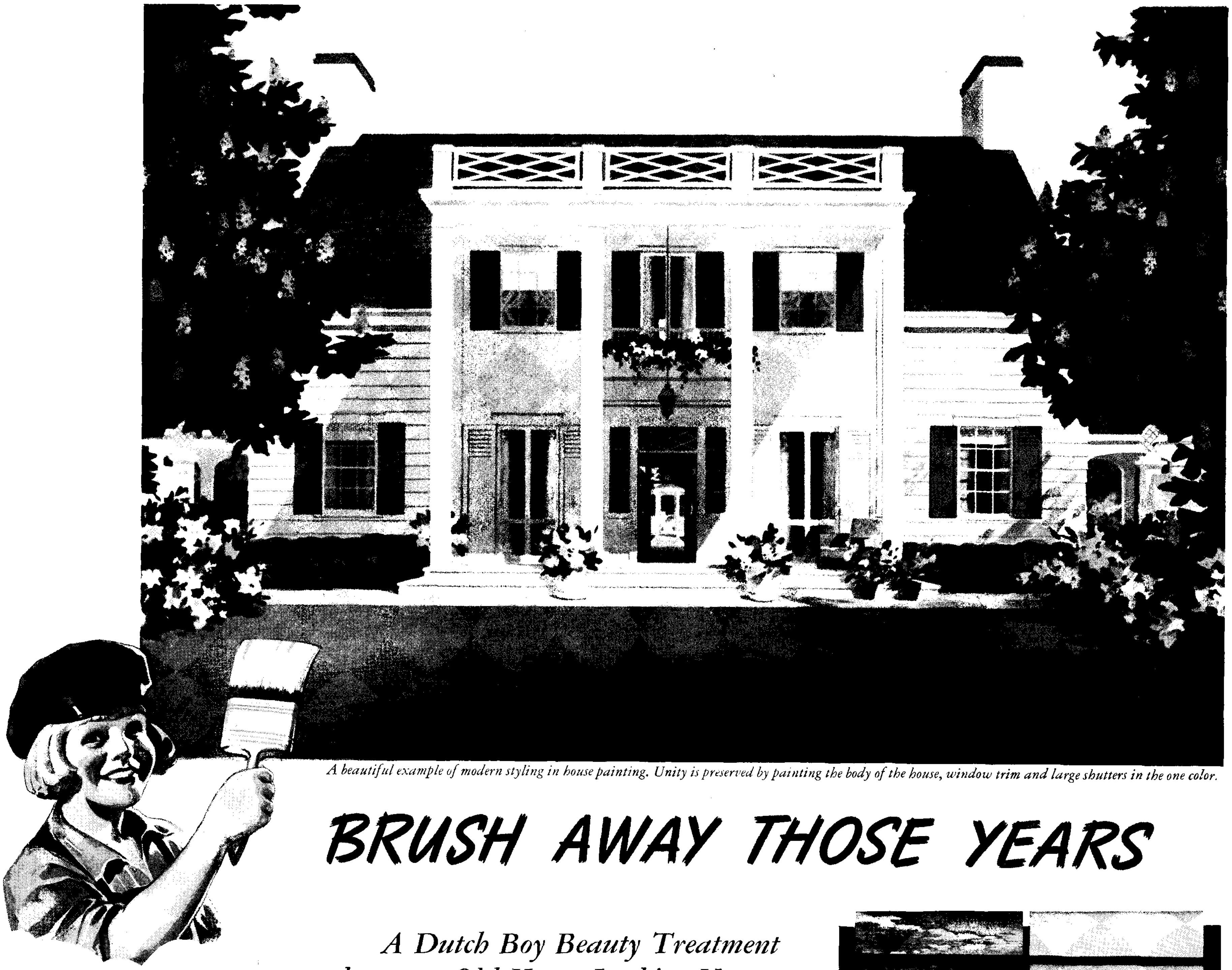
Once the thought struck Mike Anderson that in the darkness and the storm all Eddie Winton had to do to escape was to step by and let them go on; they would not see him, nor miss him until it would be too late for hope of capturing him again. But that, Mike Anderson saw immediately, was improbable. There were worse things than prison—the woods out there, the cold, the loneliness, the silence. Things a man—

There was a commotion in the darkness ahead of him; going forward, Mike Anderson almost fell across a body. Brady turned the flash down and he saw it to be Kollecker, struggling to get up. "I'll go on," he said. "I'm all right. Don't leave me, Brady!"

His eyes were bloodshot, his voice an agonized whisper. On his feet he went forward blindly a few steps and then fell again, his hat rolling off into the snow. Mike Anderson and Eddie got him up, crying weakly, begging them not to leave him. He was all right. If he could only get five minutes' rest—



LEONARD DOVE



A beautiful example of modern styling in house painting. Unity is preserved by painting the body of the house, window trim and large shutters in the one color.

BRUSH AWAY THOSE YEARS

A Dutch Boy Beauty Treatment keeps an Old House Looking Young

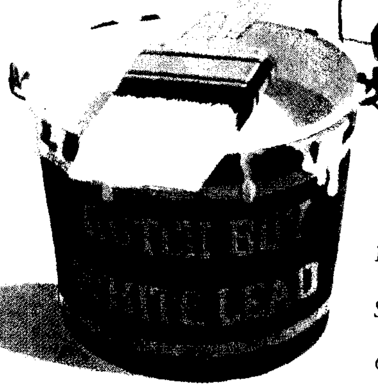
*H*ave you met the Dutch Boy? America's champion *fixer-upper!* The boy whose magic brush will make the marks of years vanish from your house. The lad whose transforming touch will bring back the sparkle of newness to your home.

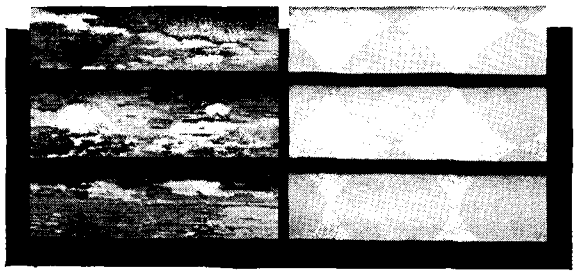
Scotch on his mother's side. Yes, the Dutch Boy is a champion money-saver, too. Reports from home owners prove conclusively that in the long run Dutch Boy *actually costs less* than cheap, low-grade paint. Why? Because Dutch Boy not only lasts much longer but also does not crack and scale (see photographs at right). It resists the weather stubbornly—wears down slowly by gradual chalking. So when it finally comes time to repaint, you make two substantial savings: (1) There are no "rags and tatters" of low-grade paint to be burned and scraped off. (2) It is therefore not necessary to apply a new priming coat.

When your painting contractor recommends Dutch Boy White-Lead, of one thing you may be sure: *he's aiming to give you real value for your money.*

No one knows paint like a painter. The paint will be mixed to order to meet the special requirements of the job. It can be left white or tinted to the exact colors you specify.

Be an expert paint buyer. Just send in the coupon below. You'll receive a free copy of our booklet, "So You're Going to Paint." Tells everything you need to know to buy a paint job—how to style your house with a smart new color scheme, how to select the right paint and the right painter. Fifty-two illustrations in color. And you'll also receive full information on the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan for those who wish to pay for their painting in installments. Address Dept. 318, in care of nearest branch. Write today.





LOW-GRADE PAINT	DUTCH BOY
"Quitting" already—after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.	*Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as low-grade paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.*

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

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Please send me your free booklet, "So You're Going to Paint," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

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*CHEVROLET'S EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT**

ONLY CHEVROLET GIVES SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE

*EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT (*Available on all models at slight extra cost*) • NEW AERO-STREAM STYLING, NEW BODIES BY FISHER • NEW LONGER RIDING-BASE • CHEVROLET'S FAMOUS VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX • PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY • PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM with Improved Shockproof Steering (*Available on Master De Luxe models only*) • TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH

It enables you to shift gears with a flick of a finger, with only a small part of the effort formerly required, and with hand always safely close to the steering wheel.

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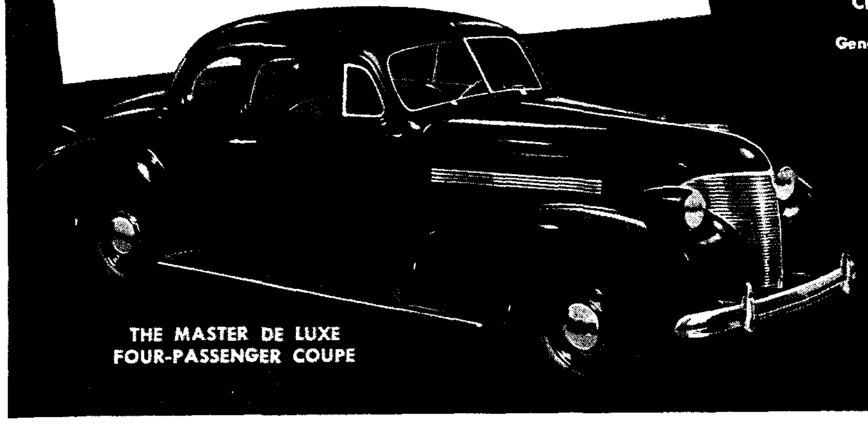


THE MASTER DE LUXE
FOUR-PASSENGER COUPE

"CHEVROLET'S the Choice!"

Brady flashed the light around them. There was a sharp rise of ground on their right, clustered with rocks at the bottom, and in the middle of the rocks a shallow depth partly roofed across by an overhang of stone.

"We could lie up for a while," Brady said. "I guess this is as good a place as we'll find. Let's see if we can have a fire."

FOR the first time Mike Anderson noticed a tortured whiteness in Brady's face, and the way his lips came together when the weight of his body went onto his left leg. "A twist," Brady grunted, catching his eye. "Got it in the crack-up. Nothing much."

But when he knelt to pick up Kollecker's hat Mike Anderson got a glimpse of Brady's ankle. It was badly swollen, as thick as a man's calf; it must have been agony for him to walk on it. "Stay here with Kollecker," he told him. "We'll get the wood."

With Eddie Winton he collected underbrush and dead, brittle branches, old wood that took a long while catching; but the flame in Kollecker's metal lighter held steady and caught at last, so that soon a blaze sprang up and crackled and snapped before them. It had little heat in it, and strong smoke; but it was nonetheless bright and cheerful.

Brady peered at his watch. "A quarter to ten now," he said. "That means we've been walking six hours. If we were within ten miles of the lake when we landed we should be almost there now."

Even Kollecker was a little heartened by that hope. They smoked cigarettes and spoke more freely, rest and the touch of heat easing the weariness and chill in their bodies. Leaning back against the rock, his hat tipped forward over his eyes and his legs stretched out to the fire, Kollecker dozed; but beside him Eddie Winton's sharp young face gazed broodingly into the flames.

He shared their problem, Mike Anderson thought, and yet he carried something else too, that none of the others suspected.

It was too bad, Mike Anderson thought drowsily. After that, like Kollecker, he must have dozed for a while, because suddenly the fire was very low, and the icy air clenched stiff fingers around the spot of flame. Apparently they all had dozed but Brady; he was smoking quietly before the rock, arms resting on one jacked-up knee.

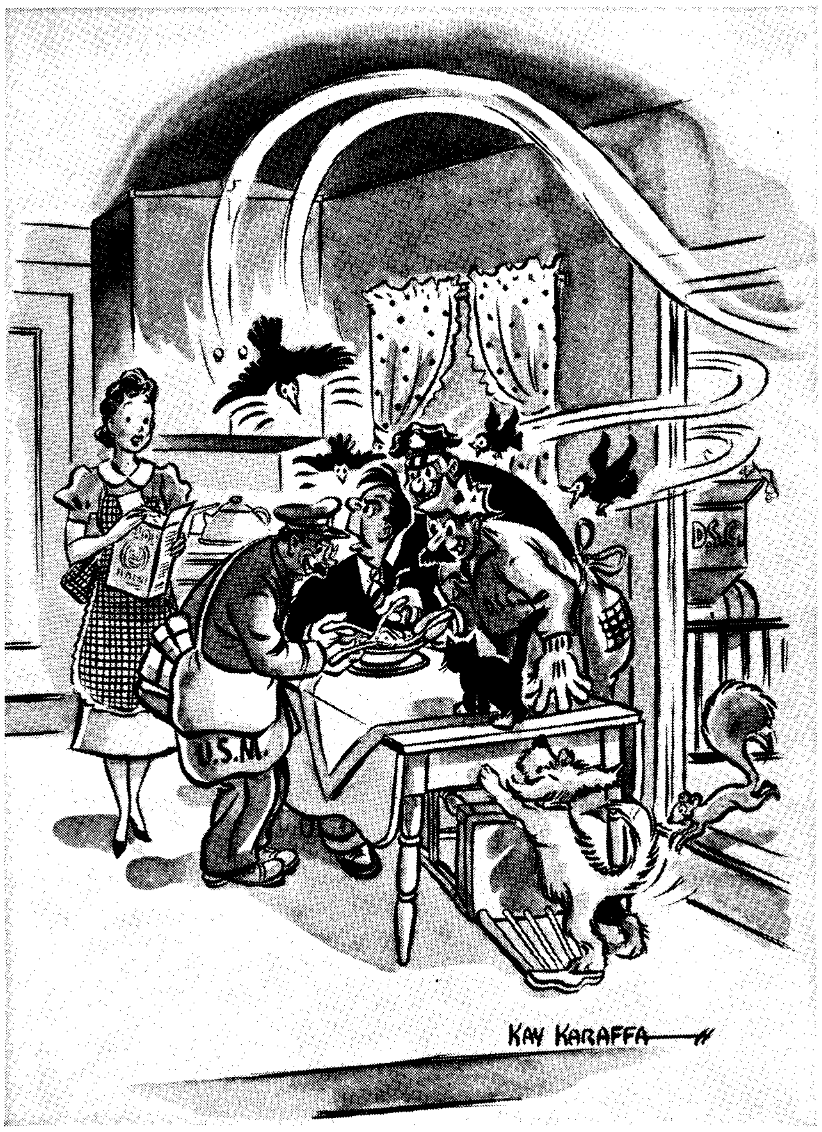
It was still snowing.

"We'd better get started again," the pilot said, as Mike Anderson sat up. "If we wait till morning we'll be snowed in here. I don't know how far we are from Highland Lake but perhaps we're closer than I think we are. It's a chance, anyway—it's better than sitting around and waiting to be trapped here."

That all seemed logical to Mike Anderson. He stood up, stretched his stiff limbs, and woke the others. After they had formed the file again and started off he looked back once at the fire—at the small, rosy core of flame shining at them through the darkness and the snow. They were suckers, Mike Anderson thought, to leave it. West—who could say in this furious, speckled blackness where west was now?

He grunted and went on after the others, dispirited and utterly tired, but with a dogged determination in him too.

Mike Anderson never forgot that night, although it was disconnected and only vaguely terrifying afterward, like the imperfectly remembered picture of


D.S.C.
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KAY KARAFFA

"Mabel, I wish you'd stop buying this popular breakfast food!"

KAY KARAFFA

He Clinched the Job

(THAT DOZENS WERE FIGHTING FOR)

The Night Before the Interview!

His Sound Sleep Secret made him Keen-Witted and Confident—Gave him the Pep he Needed... Read why so many People are adopting this "SLEEP INSURANCE" Idea Nowadays

OF all the things that influence our lives, nothing is more vital than sleep! Lack of it can mean frayed-out nerves and a mind that is dull and listless.

On the other hand, many of the most important struggles in life are really won *the night before*—as a result of deep, *refreshing* sleep.

That's why so many people take *Ovaltine*—regularly at bedtime every night—as a sort of "sleep insurance."

Ovaltine is a *protecting*, pure food-drink. Contains no sleep drugs of any kind whatsoever.

Thousands who take *Ovaltine* say it helps them escape nerve-wracking hours of bedtime tossing. And more important, they say it helps them gain the "morning freshness" and vital energy that follow sound, *restful* sleep.

How Ovaltine Acts

(1) *Ovaltine* is not a medicine. Helps the body relax normally. Relieves that feeling of "inner tension."

(2) It provides certain food elements needed to prevent muscular and nervous irritability that, according to some authorities, may cause night-time tossing.

Also important—*Ovaltine* is a *protecting food* with special elements to help build up vitality while you sleep. It helps replenish worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells to meet tomorrow's needs. And furnishes valuable minerals, proteins and Vitamins A, B, D and G.

That's why so many people awaken more completely *refreshed* after a night of "*Ovaltine* sleep." Not dull and "dopey" as after taking drugs. But clear-eyed and *alive!*

So for sleep that really *rests* you—start taking *Ovaltine.* See if you don't feel far fresher mornings.

You simply take it mixed with milk—directions are on the can. Make it your bedtime drink. For sale everywhere.

41% OF PEOPLE UNREFRESHED ON AWAKENING!

. . . in Special Investigation Reported by Medical Magazine

During sleep, tissues are rebuilt—minds are refreshed and energized. But the sleep you get must be sound to bring maximum benefits the following day.

In a 3-year series of scientific sleep experiments, it was found that taking *Ovaltine* regularly at bedtime tended to cut down tossing and give a feeling of being "better rested" in the morning.

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Send me your trial size can of Ovaltine—enough for a 2-nights' test. I enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing. (1 to a person.)

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OVALTINE PROMOTES SOUND, NATURAL SLEEP

...AND THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ABOUT OIL IS...
KEEP IT CLEAN!

PURoLATOR

keeps your motor oil

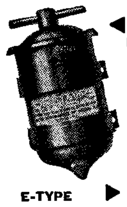
CLEAN

... *reduces repair expenses!*

Every mechanic knows the danger of dirty oil—oil that carries dust, carbon, sludge, tiny pieces of metal and other foreign substances among the moving parts of your engine. And every mechanic knows that Purolator provides the world's finest protection against engine damage from these abrasives and impurities!

So whenever you "check your oil" and find it dirty, insist that the attendant install a new Purolator cartridge or element immediately! It's a simple, inexpensive job—done while you wait.

No matter what kind of oil you use, the most important thing is "keep it clean." Do this—and banish all worry about trouble from dirty oil! Motor Improvements, Inc., Newark, New Jersey.



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a nightmare. You could recall darkness and stinging cold, the snapping of great trees like rifle shots around you when you could not recall the degree of those things, their naked, terrible intensity that was like nothing you had ever before known. At times a white beam of light would dance out from Brady's hand, widening and then dimming before them, showing great flakes falling gently through it, friendly and countless, closing them in, hushing sound, piling up deeper and deeper under their feet.

They went on and on, through air so cold that it hurt to breathe it, so thin that his lungs couldn't seem to draw in enough to fill them. They fought their way through underbrush, across valleys, up slopes; at the top of one Brady turned on the flash and rested his back against a tree.

"I'm done," he said thickly. "I'm holding things up—me and Kollecker. You go on—send back help. You and Wilson."

Mike Anderson's thighs felt so flabby that when he stopped his body almost started to buckle down. He shook his head.

"Fifty-five," he said, with a ghastly grin, prodding his chest with a thumb that had no feeling in it. "Wilson might get through—alone. Not with me."

Kollecker was whispering to himself, softly and confidentially. Somehow he twisted out of Mike Anderson's grasp and ran blindly forward, pitching down flat when he had gone half a dozen steps. Mike Anderson went over to him and got him up, and then watched Eddie Winton look at him with a crooked grin from the edge of the clearing.

THEN Eddie Winton was gone, there were only three of them stumbling on, and presently, when Kollecker tore loose again and plunged forward, Mike Anderson saw there was no need to chase him. He'd go five steps, six, and fall again.

Grayness crept down through the air so gradually it was impossible to tell when it reached them. It seemed unbelievable to Mike Anderson that he could see the form of trees again, beautiful with frost, motionless and desolate in the uncolored light of dawn. Once, at the bottom of a slope, the staff slid out sideways from Brady and he fell just as Kollecker floundered down behind him. Somehow Mike Anderson got the pilot up, and between them they raised Kollecker; but after that it seemed foolish to go on.

Even the lawyer seemed to understand that. "I will tell you about it," he said to Mike Anderson, quite earnestly and calmly, putting a hand on his wrist as if the detective had been a friend he wished to detain a moment on the street. "Let's rest here, and I will tell you. Of course he was my friend—that's why I was named guardian for his daughter. I took the money, yes—I had to. But I paid it back, every dollar, and no one knew what I had done. But sometimes I wonder about it, I dream that I could not get the money to put back, and I wake covered with sweat. Why should it worry me now? Why do I keep on thinking about it?"

He broke off there and tried to run again, but his legs wouldn't hold him up; he collapsed by the stump.

Brady, chuckling faintly, his face lined by fatigue and the constant agony of his ankle, looked at Mike Anderson.

"End of the line," he whispered penetratingly. "They say it's a pleasant death as deaths go—you just fall off to sleep. E. Ambrose is ready for it, confession and all. Is confession good for the soul? Would it—"

A curious look crossed his face—an expression Mike Anderson could not define very well. It did not seem important, and his words as he went on blurred in Mike Anderson's ears—here and there he'd catch a phrase, a sentence. Something about a friend this Brady had once had, long ago, as a boy; and a canoe ride they'd taken, and a storm that came up. Way off from land; after it overturned Brady clung to the canoe, and his friend clung to him. But Brady hammered him off. Panicky, he knocked away his hands. The friend drowned, and when Brady was saved hours later he had told how he'd tried to hold his friend up, and everyone thought of him as a hero.

Hunger and extreme exhaustion roused a brittle humor in Mike Anderson—a capricious sense of lightheadedness. He sat down in the snow by the other two, and took out his revolver. It felt big and comforting in his hand, and when far-off trees cracked twice, like the reports of a rifle, he raised the revolver and fired carefully at a tree thirty feet away. It was pleasant enough sitting there, he thought, listening to the wind, and to Brady's whispering voice, without having to make any effort. What Brady was saying he did not know; after a while the voice stopped, and Brady put his head on his knees as if he were going to sleep.

Mike Anderson envied him. He wished that he did not hear the little vague things that gathered together, whispering, in the midst of the white-tipped trees to watch them there, and to wait; if it had not been for them he'd have gone to sleep, too.

Cunningly, bending forward like the pilot, Mike Anderson pretended to be as quiet as the others. It should not be hard to fool those whispering things, he thought; and he stayed motionless for minutes, his head bent on his arms, until he heard the sounds of their feet.

Then he raised his head and his gun swiftly, and saw them distinctly against the snow. There was only a breath of pressure between his finger and the trigger as they shouted to him and came running forward. Not vague little things—men! Men. . . .

At the lodge on Highland Lake they ate enormously of steak and coffee and fried potatoes; and then Mike Anderson, at last, fell asleep at the table. It was late afternoon when he awoke, and in the big living room men sat around and talked to him. Eddie Winton, they told him, had hammered at the door just after dawn; and when he had told them the story they had dressed and started the search. But it wasn't until they had heard Mike Anderson's pistol shots answering their own that they had any success.

MIKE ANDERSON didn't tell them how he'd happened to fire; he was ashamed of that silliness now.

Presently the others got up, too, and they had supper, and then sat around a roaring fire. One of the guides was going into town; there was a train, he told them, at half past eight, going up the line to the little town they'd left yesterday afternoon. If any of them wanted to get home that night he'd drop them off; it would be no trouble. The pilot and E. Ambrose Kollecker accepted with thanks. Eddie Winton stared silently into the fire.

It was funny, Mike Anderson thought—back there in the woods they had been four men together, sharing what they had of courage and comradeship. Four men scared and tired, and each with a secret in his heart. For he had one, too, Mike Anderson—he'd been alive fifty-five years, and he was no saint. Every man seemed to have something hidden in his life, some black spot; most men, through luck or brains, kept it buried. Eddie Winton would have kept it buried, too, but for a picture of an outing, and a man down in New York who had a fine memory for faces.

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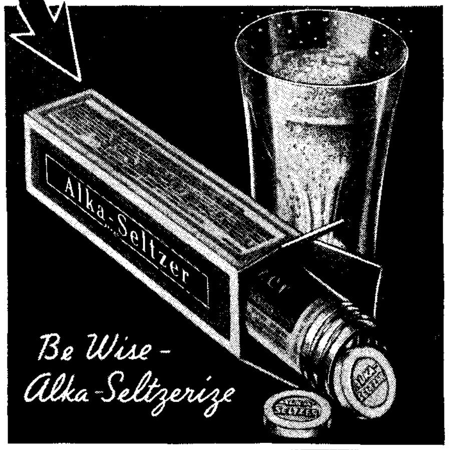

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It would be all right, Mike Anderson thought, if he were God, and could arrange things as he wanted. Then he could go back and say why it wasn't the fellow at all. What's the matter, Pottsy—losing your knack? They'd believe him; why shouldn't they? Eddie Winton would get married to that girl, and run his store, and have kids and work hard and hold his head up.

"How about you?" the guide said then, and looked at Eddie Winton.

BUT Mike Anderson would have to bring him in; he was a cop, and he had a job to do. It might be too bad but still—still, Mike Anderson saw suddenly, he had to play God on one side or the other. Brady and Kollecker had told him things back in the woods, but those things were forgotten now. It was only Eddie Winton, who four years ago, a smart young city punk, had mixed himself up in a jam, who had a secret that would not be forgotten. And yet maybe he had lost something back there in the woods, too. A smart young city punk would have kept his mouth closed about the others; he'd have gone into town tonight and taken a train somewhere, to one of the thousands of towns where no one knew who he was, where he'd be safe. But he hadn't done that. He had sent help back. Would Brady? Mike Anderson thought. Would I?

A man couldn't avoid the choice; he had to make it now, and he couldn't stall. He'd do his job, of course; he—

"Go ahead," he said to Eddie Winton. "Might as well go back with them. Our business wasn't important; I'll tell the boss you're going to get married."

Eddie Winton lifted his head; his eyes shone in the reflected light of the fire.

"Listen," he said huskily, "don't—"

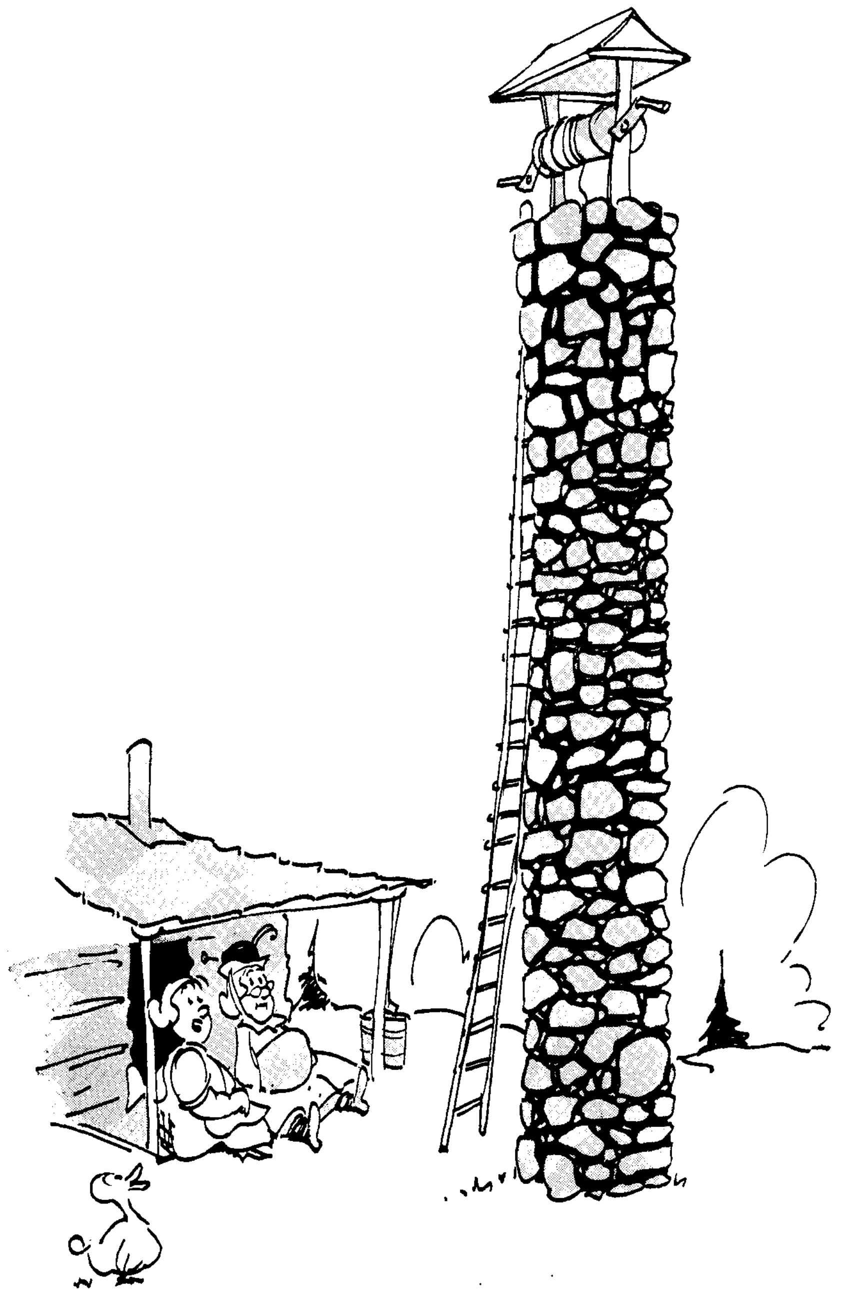
"A clerical error," Mike Anderson explained, "about some stuff sent out from the factory. We thought it went to Wilson here, but he says it didn't and I'll take his word. Down there they're always getting hold of the wrong guy."

He didn't feel ashamed or guilty; he felt pretty good. You didn't, Mike Anderson thought, get a chance to play God often; but when it was up to you—why, it kind of settled itself.

After that he dozed; and then the guide was ready to go, and Brady and Kollecker and Eddie Winton shook hands with him. The lawyer muttered something about hysteria, and the absurd things it made a man say and do; Brady grinned tightly and said he guessed that was right.

Eddie Winton said thanks, and Mike Anderson slapped his arm. "Okay," he said. "Take it from here, kid. So long."

He went back to sleep after the door closed, because he wasn't worried at all, only very tired, and there was no train to New York until the morning. The only thing he dreamed about was the look on Pottsy's fat face when Mike Anderson would tell him he'd been seeing things. That, and this Mary Something, and the look on her face when Eddie came back.



"That's the well—our farm's sinkin'"

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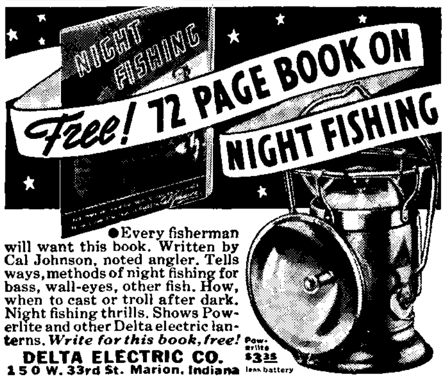
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PERTUSSIN
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It's Just Nerves

Continued from page 21

tummy as you would a growing child, with simple, well-balanced and nourishing meals. Remember that you can't go at top speed all day on a coffee-and-toast breakfast and a ham-on-rye lunch and expect your exhausted plumbing to do anything constructive with a full-sized dinner. If you can't manage three square meals a day at regular hours, take a tip from the nursing of nervous patients and eat lightly but often—being careful, of course, to order plenty of vegetables, fruits and dairy products and not just a lot of starches and sweets.

And another thing. Be sure to give your stomach elbow room and your circulation a chance to work if you want them to do a good job with your dinner. If you're on your feet all day the pull of gravity drags your internal organs out of position. If you sit all day the chances are you hunch over and cut off the circulation to your midriff—and that holds true whether it's an automobile or an office chair you sit in. Take fifteen minutes to straighten things out before dinner and it'll do your digestion more good than all the pills and powders on the drugstore shelf. The ideal way is to lie on the floor and put your feet up on a chair. Yes, you can have a pillow under your head. That gets your organs up where they belong and gives your blood a chance to collect in your digestive apparatus. And remember that collapsing into an overstuffed sofa or chair after dinner puts a crimp in your solar plexus. It's no wonder you end the evening with an overstuffed tummy and cramps in your colon. If you have a lot of distress after eating, go back to the floor for another twenty minutes of straightening out.

Take Things Easier

But the most important thing is to build up your nerve resistance so you don't shy internally like a high-strung horse every time a car backfires behind you. It's largely a matter of breaking yourself of the habit of charging at everything you do like a steam engine. But it's also a matter of giving your nerve fibers and nerve cells what they need to make them healthy.

The thing that helps most is rest. And I don't mean sleep. Some nervous people sleep too little, but a lot of them sleep too much, and either way they don't get much rest out of it. If your nerves have been overworked all day they can't suddenly give up when you turn out the light. Sometimes your brain gets the upper hand and you lie awake hour after hour going over the day's problems. Other times you manage to turn off the brain waves and then your automatic nervous system has its innings. You sleep as if drugged and creep out of bed with a little sweater on each tooth, feeling as though you'd been hit on the head with a hammer. The only way you can get the refreshing night's rest of a truly relaxed body is to give yourself frequent rests during the day. That doesn't mean the full-length, pull-down-the-shades business. It only means to break the tension of your nervous drive every so often. Perhaps the French two-hours-for-lunch—without shop talk—or the English afternoon tea will be your ticket, but just letting your mind and body relax for five minutes three or four times during the day will do wonders to refresh your jaded nerves. And when the day's grind is over be sure to give yourself a real change before you go to bed. If you've spent an active day try reading yourself to sleep. If you have been struggling with mental problems, try something active. Whatever nerve-soother your particular make-up responds to best—exercise, music, solitaire or a blood-curdling mystery story—is the thing that will stop the merry-go-round in your nerve paths and give you a chance to rest when you sleep. Top it off with a warm bath and a hot drink to calm your intestinal jitters.

Exercise helps on two counts. Because it works off the steam you are constantly boiling up. And because when you exercise you pump in the oxygen that keeps your nerve fibers healthy. The danger is that being the nervous type you take your exercise just as hard as you do everything else. If you finish off a week of mental gymnastics with a week end of physical exertion—even if it does come under the head of fun—you deplete your energy store to the danger point. So take it easy. A walk around the block, breathing deeply as you go, won't provide locker-room conversation, but it can do you lots more good than thirty-six holes of golf after a strenuous business session. Whoa, there, though—it's a stroll, not a marathon, you're starting on!

Beginning
Next Week

The Drums of Fu Manchu

The insidious doctor reappears and initiates his own sinister policy of world appeasement with a far-flung program of blackmail and murder in high places.

Ask any doctor and he'll tell you that fighting your nerves just makes things worse. You have to outsmart them if you want to get rid of the heebie-jeebies. So, as you begin to calm down, look over your daily program and see what you can do to simplify it. Nine times out of ten you'll find it's not your major worries but the minor irritations of unnecessary details that are getting you down. And then look over your more easygoing friends, too, and try out some of their casual habits. Stop fussing and fuming over every little thing that goes wrong. If you can't get through your day without charging at it full steam ahead, at least slow down when the grind is over. Really slow down. Walk, don't run for home. Miss a bus or a subway or a green light on purpose some time. It'll take a lot of application to learn to change your pace, but once started you'll be surprised how quickly your nervous system responds to the idea and your burpings subside.

Your nerves don't ask for much of a break, really, but they'll make you miserable until they get it!

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The Sky's Our Limit

Continued from page 14

coast is no less real because you cannot find it rigidly fixed in colored lines on a map in your atlas. Or because you do not read daily communiques of skirmishes and casualties. It is not a constant shore. It advances or recedes, in time with our national vitality. Over the generations it is more important to your daily life, and to the future welfare of your children, than mere certitude with respect to geographical boundaries. It is the far-flung border of our international trade.

It is the flexible line that marks the extent of our commerce—the frontier our enterprise sets in the farthest market place of the earth. It signals the prosperity of our business endeavors and provides the outlets for our capital and our initiative, which are essential if we are to hold rank among great nations.

A War of Ruthless Tactics

New England and California do not hear the crash of enemy bombs. Yet the businessmen of those and other sections know that their files, inventories and dividends bear the scars of distant raids. Nazi Germany—in Mexico, Argentina, Brazil and Colombia—trains upon the affairs of our private commerce all the heavy guns of totalitarian public commerce: discipline, singleness of purpose, lack of individual-profit incentive, coercion, bribery, underselling, barter, the use of state funds. Those are the bombs that are falling upon our private investors and their soldiers—American business representatives abroad. Fascist Italy campaigns in Peru, Venezuela, Central America.

Bushido Japan fires upon all flanks—in Shanghai American businessmen have to get passes from Japanese officers to visit their own warehouses, and from Tientsin they cannot send confidential messages to their home offices without the scrutiny of Japanese censors.

It would be nice to believe that successful defense of those far shores of American trade could be managed by integrity and quality, by honesty and square dealing.

But empire-building has never been wholly that way. Nowadays it is less so than ever, with morals out of date in world politics; moreover, we too have mistakes and sins to live down, and these complicate our problem.

It is a war of ruthless tactics, with victory to the opportunist who is backed by public funds.

A pilot friend of mine who now sells planes in South America told me: "The German who represents the Messerschmidt airplane called me up in Rio one day. He said, 'You may as well go home. This government is going to buy my ship. No matter how well your American ship performs, I'll undercut any price you set and give them easy payments over as many years as they want—you haven't got a chance.' Now, most South Americans like our planes better than European ones; but what are they, or we, going to do? I must get my demonstrator consigned to me and pay a whacking big duty on it. My German and Italian rivals get their demonstrators consigned to their embassies, free under diplomatic immunity. I have to keep my demonstrator in a hangar at the airport and pay heavy rent. The Germans and Italians have their attachés request the local army to extend the use of military hangars as a courtesy. I must get cash on the line—the old American custom. The German and Italian salesmen give the easiest possible terms—hell, their ships are obsolete before the South Americans finish paying for them. American business in South America remained stationary last year, while the Italian and German business increased fourfold."

As in military warfare the advantage in the commercial wars lies with the nation superior in mobility and weight of arms. In short, with the one that has the most efficient system of communications; swiftest message and most expeditious delivery services; fastest and most frequent travel schedules—these are the big guns of international commercial warfare.

From the days of ancient Phoenicia, the first world power, until the present decade supremacy in communications has been synonymous with the first place in sea power. In merchant as well as in fighting marine. Many nations in turn have had their eras of domination in world-trade wars: Phoenicia and, by her favor, Carthage and Greece. Rome, whose greatest strategic weakness as an empire was her failure to exploit sea power. Italy, whose reign was longest because for more than half a dozen centuries the Mediterranean was the core of civilization. The Hanseatic League, Portugal, Spain, Holland and England ruled; sometimes overlapping, sometimes in clear succession.

In modern times England has been mistress of the seas longest; thus, her small island of tradesmen and shopkeepers fought off all contenders in the fields of commercial war. England was smart enough to keep pace with the science of communications: she copied or bought our clippers, developed the mail, adopted steam, cables. From Hong Kong, from Singapore, from any place in the British Empire or British zones of control and influence, you cannot today dispatch a wire or wireless message except by courtesy of the British interlocking monopoly of those facilities.

Naturally, British interests get preference.

Suddenly, another element came into the picture—the air. It supplemented and rose above the sea. It made old ways obsolete, broke historic grips, took international commercial warfare out of its aging trenches and threw the whole strife into the pot once more where it is anybody's prize.

A Challenge to Our Leadership

Aviation comes of age now, in your time, with the dictatorships; and they are making it their own.

These political groups—young, ambitious, having the incentive that long since oozed away from the contented old champs—realized not only that they could never build up to the democratic leaders in sea tonnage but, what is more important, that it was not necessary for them to do so in order to challenge. They saw that radio and flight, the modern communications, had given everybody a fresh chance to start from scratch.

This year the international commercial air race, screened behind the headlines of military and political events and rumors, has become furious. A vast network is being woven around the earth, by planes and wireless; many of its plaits are sinister, designed to choke all opposition. Now developments have brought aviation to a crossroads, and the United States to a turning point, where critical decisions must be faced.

America invented the airplane. Its Wrights and Curtisses sold it abroad. The blood of its young men nourished flying through lean years—Beachey and

Actual photograph of "Blackie" and "Whitey"

Going our way?

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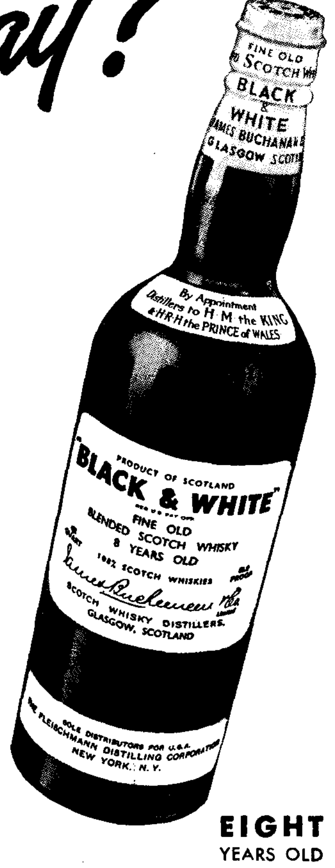

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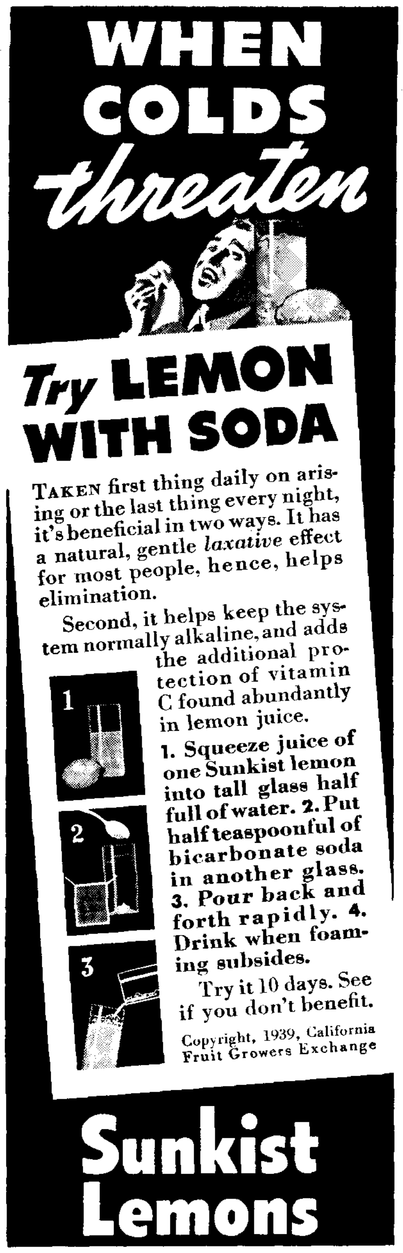
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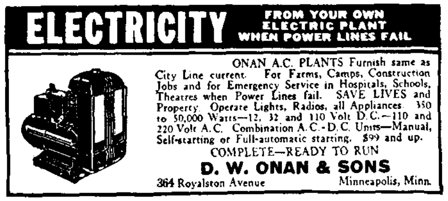
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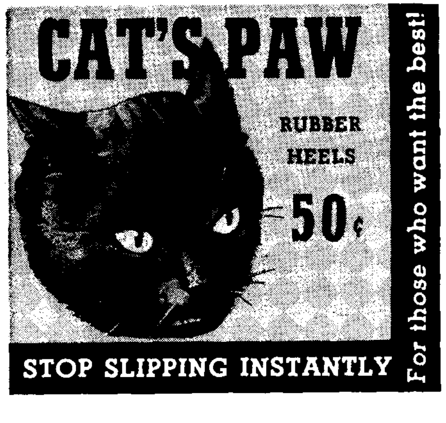
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STOP SLIPPING INSTANTLY

Luke, Selfridge and Rodgers, all the *heroic fraternity.* A cocky lot of barnstormers made the United States the most air-minded nation; made the airplane a familiar sight to us all when it was still unglimpsed and mysterious to most back-country Europeans. In the first quarter-century of flight we gained world leadership in all phases of aviation: in flight training and skill, travel and mail, night operations, research, factory equipment and methods. American planes were at a premium in the market; they served on every major air line in the world.

Today, however, our leadership is neither clearly defined nor assured.

Government aeronautical officials and private aviation executives view with deepest concern the danger of a possible build-up of a deadly parallel between our merchant marine and foreign air commerce. "I'm afraid," one flight expert told me, "that after we've battled our way, as we did on the sea, with brains and skill and gumption into first place—we'll lose it for want of national policy and foresight. For want of a Big Stick in Washington, and realistic interest of folks beside those who are directly involved as employees or investors."

Why Britannia Rules the Waves

You know the sad tale of our merchant marine, from speeches you've heard, and how this Administration is faced with repairing the neglect of generations or resigning the United States to a place far in the sea wakes. Once this country was in that select group of Phoenicia's heirs. We designed the clipper ship, which in effect was the streamlining of sail—Red Rover and Flying Scud, Lightning and North Wind, and a hundred other beauties, some of which averaged 16 to better than 18 knots over a day's run. As to steam, we led there, too—our Savannah was first to cross the Atlantic.

England bought and copied our clippers and steamers; threw all the weight of her Exchequer and her business *houses behind her fleets.* We grew the fruits of invention, hardihood, ingenuity; and the orchard was raided. Washington apathy, plus the Civil War, helped England regain her dominion and smash our brief hold on first place in the commercial war for near and far markets of the earth. The "American standard of living" came along, with industrial prosperity at home, and increased our difficulties at sea. Differentials grew up at sea; wages, rates. England, and her chief European competitors, flooded American ports with schedules. There were twenty foreign bottoms—usually faster, newer, cheaper—for every American one available. American business shippers and travelers had scant alternative but to patronize them.

Today's happenings in the new sphere above the ocean have a reminiscent look. Our pilots are better paid than those of other countries. Not only England but many nations buy and copy our planes and motors—a good enough thing for American industry, provided they are not turned against us; provided, that is, we do not permit foreign competitors to swamp us with schedules.

There is one fundamental difference. The air differs from the sea in the ceaseless trade wars in an important strategic factor.

If you want to operate a shipping line to one, several or all foreign countries you need merely buy your ships, license, equip, man, and navigate them in accordance with maritime regulations—pull up your anchor and toot your whistle. The "freedom of the seas" is a principle won through bitter struggles and treaties over bitter generations; and now, under international laws commonly observed by civilized nations, all *ports of the earth (with a few "closed"* exceptions in fortified areas) are open to vessels of neutral countries.

There is no equivalent "freedom of the air."

The Warsaw Convention, where nations got together soon after the Great War to talk about this aviation business, which showed signs of growing up, recognized the sovereignty of the air. Each nation, it was agreed, owns and controls the spaces overhead quite as much as it does the resources underneath its surface.

Thus, if you want to start an air line to a foreign country, it isn't enough to have ships, pilots and a jackpot. You must take your air-line hopes to Washington, for the help of various departments. The State Department will negotiate a treaty with the country or countries to which you would like to fly. Since their interests will compel those nations to demand reciprocal landing rights for their planes, the War and Navy departments must get a chance to say whether they have any objections. Moreover, if the Post Office Department is not interested to the extent of letting mail contracts for your route, give up—you'll fail, with flying costs and revenues what they still are. Finally, you will have to get a certificate of convenience and necessity from the Civil Aeronautics Authority. This is the successor to the old Air Commerce Bureau; and it has much the same functions of regulation, licensing, and the like, with the additional power to raise your mail rates whenever your appeals click.

So you're all set—to sally forth into the international trade wars, and pit your private enterprise, the money of your stockholders, against the official treasury chests of the rest of the world.

The whole American commercial aviation industry, domestic and foreign, is predicated upon traditional American theories of business: that people invest, as they work, for the laudable purpose of making money; that private enterprise, with efficient management and with just and reasonable payments for *services performed, whether of private* or public nature, can be made not only to support itself but also to return profits to its owners, its investors.

Prestige Against Profits

The whole European commercial aviation industry, domestic and foreign, is based upon an exactly opposite theory. It is, in each important case, a government monopoly financed by public funds, representing national prestige, furthering political ambitions, solidifying imperial interests. This is true of the major dictatorships, Russia, Germany, Italy and Japan. It is equally true of Belgium, Holland, France, England. Some of these are the nations now vigorously attacking our far-flung commercial shore line; fighting our air leadership and influence in world lanes.

Hard pressed in the world campaigns, adapting herself to realities in her old canny fashion, England just this winter abandoned the fiction that her external air lines were private enterprises. She merged Imperial Airways and British Airways into a public corporation of fixed-interest stocks guaranteed by the government. This "above all," said the London Times, will "enable the new corporation to devote its attention to keeping British air services in the forefront rather than devising methods for making them profitable."

The North Atlantic provides striking revelation of how American private enterprise has to contend with foreign public projects.

Both Pan American and Imperial Airways, following the agreement in 1937 between Great Britain and the United

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States, made several experimental and survey flights.

The American firm paid for the research that resulted in their "Clipper" ships, built radio and base facilities at Port Washington, covered from its own funds all cost of the flights. Imperial Airways carried on merely as a representative of the Air Ministry; expenses of the flights and the bases in Ireland and in Newfoundland were officially borne.

In the same year these companies began a joint service to Bermuda.

Pan American uses its private facilities; it bid for, and got, the United States mail contract at a nominal figure —in a "franchise-protecting" gesture, for it was the only American company in a position to begin service within the six-months period designated in the Post Office Department specifications. Its profits, if any, must come from passenger and cargo revenues.

Imperial Airways, still a private company, got an outright grant from its government of approximately $175,000 to pay for the ill-fated Cavalier, an annual subsidy of about a quarter of a *million dollars the first year and a big* increase for subsequent years, and base facilities from the government of Bermuda. There were other stipulations, give and take; but in effect Imperial Airways was guaranteed every farthing of its operating expenses and might consider mail, passenger and cargo revenues as velvet.

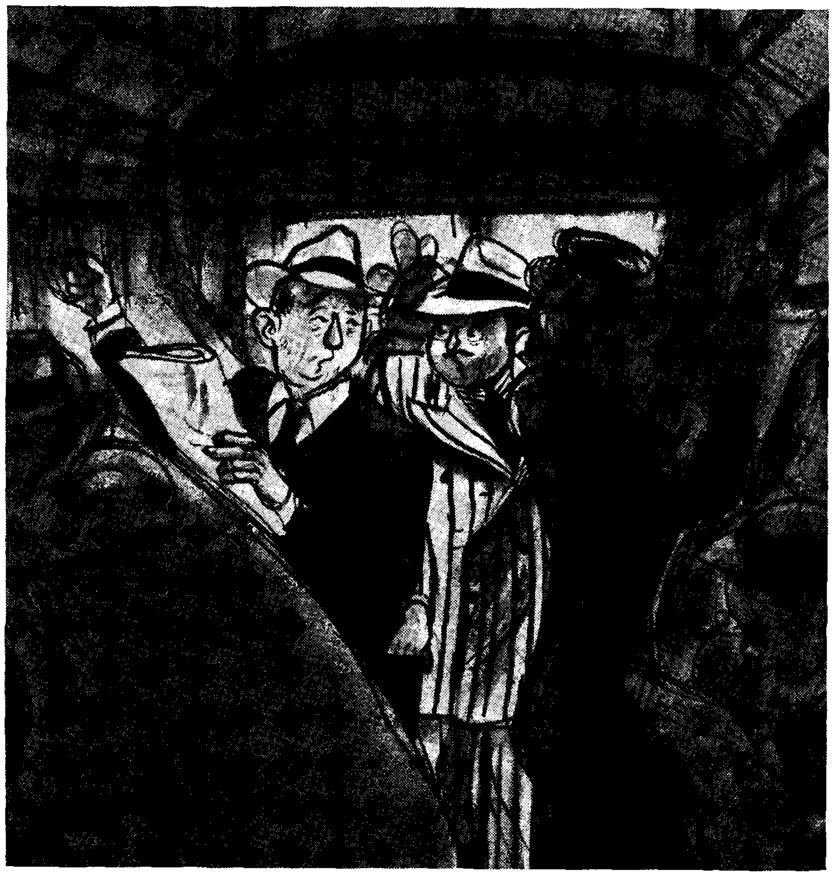
This example is given here not because it is unusual but simply because it is nearest home, thus more vivid. It is typical. In South America the Germans, French and Italians gang up on us. In the Orient, the American Line comes into contact with English, French and Dutch. In the Pacific, its plans for a link to New Zealand and Australia meet obstacles because they conflict with British interests; Japanese lines southward over their mandated islands bisect Pan American's Pacific Division, and they want to make connections at Guam; in Alaska, the Russians are expected presently.

The Germans and French have maintained mail and cargo flights across the South Atlantic for years; the Italians are beginning a service now. Equally important, all three governments have prodigally flung money, planes, flyers, and mechanics into the domestic services of South America. These are official enterprises; not for dividends to private investors but for embellishment of national ambitions, reputations, political welfare. These checkmate, fight, match American interests at every field and corner. Their positions are assured by official agreements between their respective countries and by South American nations granting fat concessions. Pan American's agreements have been privately arranged between it and the South American countries it serves, with the United States not officially involved and not committed to reciprocity that would permit ships from the southern republics to fly into our territory.

In contrast with these publicly endowed contenders, against whom it alone now carries on the air battles over the vulnerable trade coast of the United States, the American Line has spent millions of its stockholders' dollars in *developing base and division terminals,* airways, training personnel, developing adequate planes, installing meteorological stations, and the innumerable other activities necessary in setting up a comprehensive air service.

"This American service over the Pacific is an incalculable private contribution to the public defenses," a high-ranking British naval officer said to me one day as we watched a Clipper land at Kowloon. "How do you manage it?" Pan American got $6,667,000 in mail-contract payments from the government for 1937, the last year for which complete figures are available, and the government received $3,400,000, or fifty-one per cent, back in postage. This "incalculable contribution to national defense," therefore, cost the United States Treasury more than three million dollars. Imperial Airways alone got a subsidy of some fifteen millions from Great Britain.

The statistics up to now provide a good argument for the validity of the American system of private enterprise.



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TRUE TEMPER
The Golf Shaft of Champions

Every day there is an average of more than 300 persons in the air flying between South American and United States points. Pan American serves nearly fifty American colonies and foreign nations. It has carried more than a million passengers, and flown a third of a billion passenger miles. It has 5,000 workers and 130 airplanes busy on nearly 55,000 miles of airways in operation throughout the world, all outside the continental United States. For all their public funds and official backing, no other two great empires can equal the scope of operations of a lone private American firm.

This is a picture of today. New foreign lines are being daubed in with lightning strokes. George Grant Mason, Jr., of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, points out that in Germany and Italy "basic aviation research and the production of aircraft has already not only met national requirements but exceeded them in many respects, and they've got to find outlets, in the export of surplus planes as well as in the expansion of air lines. Moreover, it makes good propaganda at home to boast how the output of their industries, and the push of their young men, are giving the democratic octopus a licking. Military war in Europe may hold up drastic changes temporarily. The aftermath of a war should bring, concurrently with great advance in aeronautical science, a redoubled world-wide assault on American leadership in it.

Our current federal budget appropriates nearly a third of a billion dollars for military airplanes, to prepare for a war that, happily, may never come. It appropriates $10,942,275 ($1,706,882 of this for the projected transatlantic mail), for American business to carry on for the national welfare in a war that is already raging. Aeronautical experts believe that a national policy is necessary with respect to our foreign air service, if we are to have a chance in this commercial war.

To Insure Our Air Future

There should be a swift, flexible practice of adjusting airmail rates when and where necessary to assure that American services will not be forced off the world's airways network by unmatchable foreign competition.

American lines should get the right to increase their mail schedules abroad in order to meet foreign attack. There is an example on the east coast of South America. Germany, France and Italy each fly two mail schedules a week from Europe across the South Atlantic, by way of Africa. Pan American's airmail contract with our government calls for two flights a week: it can make as many additional flights as it wants, but without mail payments. When North Atlantic air service is inaugurated, air mail will reach Europe as swiftly up this side to New York, and thence across, as by the South Atlantic. But the service odds are three to one against the American route. American foreign air mail should be able to match flight for flight with foreign competitors.

By treaties arranged through the State Department, the "dumping" of foreign schedules into the United States should be prevented. This is the development American operators fear most. For instance, if there are eight foreign services into the United States each week—two British, French and German; one Italian and Dutch—there should be an equivalent number of American services. Otherwise, the United States may get as small a portion of the transatlantic air traffic as its merchant marine now gets of the total surface traffic.

Meanwhile, what is the situation closest to your eyes and perhaps your daily life—that on the North Atlantic? What is your chance of being able to fly it soon?

The North Atlantic, connecting the greatest capitals, industrial and population centers, political entities, is still the world's blue-ribbon trade route. The ship that holds its current records is a byword, and its owner nation has honor on the seven seas. Inevitably the same will be true of the plane and the airway. This is the real cause of the delays, the hedgings; political, rather than technical, holdups.

A Setback for England

England, jealous of her overwhelming maritime leadership here, wants the air banner, too. She is in a good position, because empire geography makes it possible for her to fly the North Atlantic without by-your-leave of any other country. Her chief aim is the empire route to Canada; and let passengers and mail get to the United States as they please from there. She appreciates the advantages of direct service to New York, of course, but is not yet ready to match America plane for plane. Moreover, she knows the bargaining power of her advantage and would like to club Hawaiian landing rights from us, for without them she cannot weave the whole pattern of her round-the-world empire route. She has not been happy over American experimental flights from San Francisco to the Antipodes. That is why she cutely specified in her agreement with Pan American two years ago that the joint service had to be undertaken simultaneously.

But there is recognition in some quarters of Washington of the importance of our foreign air lines in defending our wide-flung commercial shores. Secretary Hull's Department of State has organized a "division of international communications" under Thomas Burke, whose job is to write up the air treaty maps. So Washington, with new aggressiveness, countered Great Britain with an agreement with France whereby, under temporary agreements good for six months at a time, companies may fly the Atlantic to French terminals as soon as they are ready and our government lets them go. France has no planes for transatlantic passenger service yet—only plans. When she is ready the temporary agreements will be rewritten into a permanent reciprocal treaty. France is as important a traffic source as England—and this development caused a quick change of English heart. London, faced with the move of Paris and Washington, announced her willingness to overlook the 1937 agreement, and says the American Line may fly into England whenever it pleases, regardless of her own unreadiness.

Pan American Airways will take advantage of the situation this spring. Her fleet of huge new Boeing Clippers is available. American Export Air Lines, a subsidiary of the steamship company that covers the Mediterranean, has spent a long time planning and blueprinting an air line to that zone. Delivery of its first ship—a Consolidated Flying Boat, commercial version of the United States Navy's famous "Flying Dreadnaught"—is set for late winter. American Export, therefore, may be expected to conduct flights to Marseilles before summer.

Pan American has technicians in the Azores and can take up a route to France via the Azores that offers no stage as long as that she now flies as routine between Oakland and Honolulu on her Pacific Division; and no weather, technical and operating problems that have not already been worked out in the Caribbean and the Pacific. Some of her veteran pilots will acquire new home addresses; it will be as simple as that.

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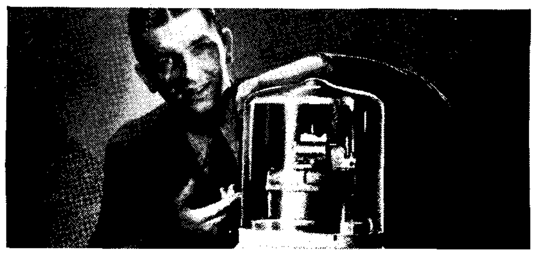

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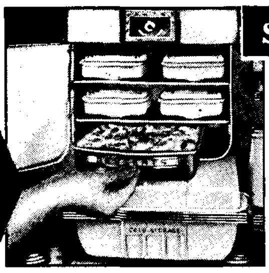

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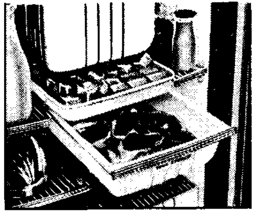

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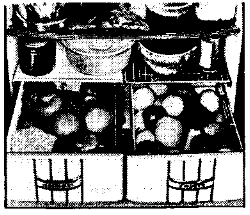

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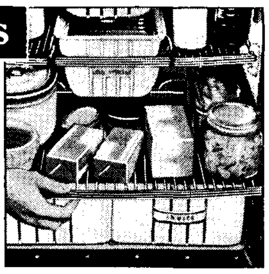

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

TRIPLE-THRIFT REFRIGERATORS

The Green Angel

Continued from page 22

Nancy shook her head slowly with an air of painfully controlled patience. "Why don't you talk about it? Why won't you give us the chance to help you? Darling, this is really a smashup. And the smashing has only begun. You don't want to be dragged into something. You will be."

"You don't understand," Suzette said. "I'm just trying to be reasonable."

"No, you're not. You're so scared of that man you'd do anything he told you to."

Laura groaned. She said in a breaking voice, "Why in the world should she be terrified of him?"

Nancy stared at her. "Mrs. Aberdeen, do you really mean you don't know that he's forcing her to marry him?"

Laura lifted her chin from her palm and said, with an attempt at indignation: "Nancy! Don't be absurd!"

Nancy turned to Suzette. "It's true," she said. "Isn't it true? Isn't it?"

"No," Suzette said. "It isn't true."

"Suzette," her mother said, with an even frailer attempt at firmness, "tell me the truth. What's going on?"

Nancy laughed jeeringly. "Why don't you tell your mother the truth?"

LAURA dropped her hand and sat up. She had the air of a woman who has at last something tangible to work on. She looked ghastly, but she seemed to have herself somewhat better in hand. Her desolation was giving way before a growing curiosity.

She said, with a glimmer of anger, "What is Nancy talking about? What are you keeping from me?"

"Nothing," Suzette said.

"Suzette, I insist that you tell me."

"Make her tell you!" Nancy cried.

"Suzette, I am bitterly disappointed in you. You've been lying to me about all of this. I demand that you tell me the truth. Why are you marrying Rodney?"

Suzette said calmly, "I'm in love with him."

Nancy stood up and leaned on the table with her hands and looked at Suzette with bright cornflower-blue eyes.

"Suzette," she said, "you're in an awful mess. If you don't start getting out of it right now, it's going to get worse." She walked away.

Laura put her elbows on the table and bent forward, staring with shocked eyes at Suzette. "Suzette, is this true?"

Suzette was drumming on the table with the fingers of her right hand.

"It is true!" Laura said with triumph. "He's forcing you to marry him! What happened in Shanghai? Did he compromise you? He has some hold on you. Hasn't he? What happened that night when you and he went to the Bubbling Wells Country Club and you came in so late? Did he compromise you?"

Suzette said, "Oh, Laura, no. He hasn't any hold on me."

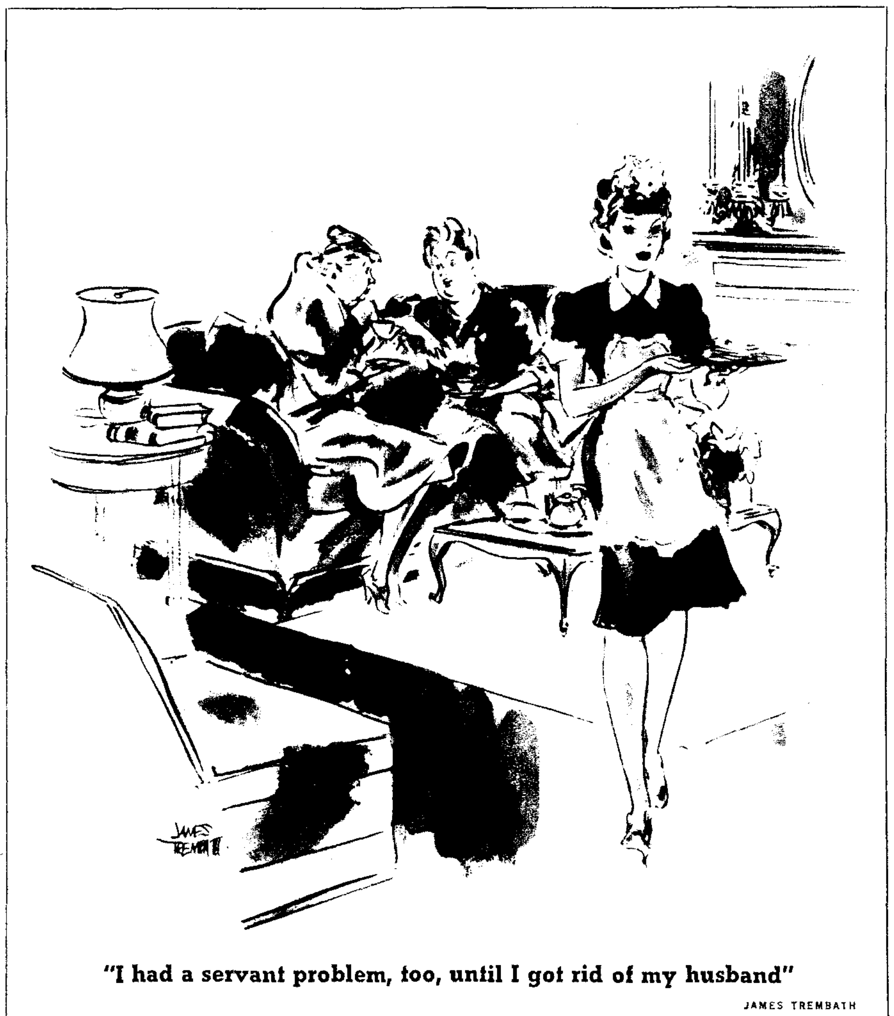
"You're lying, Suzette. You didn't love him this afternoon when you were talking to me. All you could say was how you hated to marry him and what a beast he was. You weren't lying then, but you're lying now. Why! He's a monster! This—this horrible thing that he's done to his own nephew!"

Suzette quickly put both of her hands in her lap, but Laura had seen them clench into fists. Laura looked at her searchingly, and said with triumph: "So you're in love with William Boone!"

"I'm not in love with him." Suzette laughed hysterically. "And he isn't interested in me. He thinks I'm a gold-digger." And she immediately realized that she had betrayed herself, for Laura reached over and patted her hand sympathetically.

Jim Clover wandered about the terrace and watched the dancing. Now and then he stopped at the Scotch-and-soda bar and had a drink, but whisky didn't help. Nothing, he supposed, would really help. He knew of only one way to meet this problem, and he needed Nancy's co-operation if he was to succeed, and Nancy was now so withdrawn that there was, he believed, no hope.

Only one clean-cut fact remained for him to work on, and it was not much use now. He was more in love with Nancy than ever. He understood her very well, but she had slipped out of reach. He was fully aware that her flibbertigibbet quality, a fairly recent development, was due to her being perpetually in fear of her stepfather. She had been an entirely different kind of girl when Jim had first met her, and she had remained gay and charming and sweet until her stepfather had found out that she was in love with a lobster fisherman.



"I had a servant problem, too, until I got rid of my husband"

JAMES TREMBATH

When Jim Clover met her, Rodney's influence had not been so strongly felt, actually so unbearable, as it became later. When Rodney found out that she was really in love with a lobster fisherman, he had become suddenly alert and suddenly active. And when Rodney's attitude became apparent, she did what might have been expected of her, what Jim had called jumping on a horse and galloping furiously in all directions. She had become frantic and remained frantic.

The things she had done to hurt Jim Clover, her flirting with other men, her frequent hysterical denials that she was in love at all, were all her reactions to Rodney's persecution of her. Jim had understood her, but tonight was different. In the past when she had tried to hurt him, by being indifferent or rude or flirting with other men, it had always been obvious and trivial. It really hadn't meant anything and both of them knew it. But tonight, because of the presence of William Boone, all those other times became, by contrast, unimportant.

Jim Clover thought that William Boone was dangerous for a girl as excitable, as unstable as Nancy had become. William Boone was, in the fullest sense of the word, a sophisticate. He was used to the adulation of women, and he was, Jim Clover was sure, a climber. And he was deliberately ingratiating himself with Nancy for a purpose.

What purpose? To Jim Clover, it was outrageously apparent. William Boone had come to this house, on the pretext of doing Nancy's portrait, for the purpose of making Nancy fall in love with him. She was an heiress, she had social position, and William Boone, clever, ambitious and ruthless, wanted her.

Those other times when she had deliberately set out to hurt him had been trivial, Jim believed, because she was now in a state to do something really reckless, and with William Boone being so eligible—Rodney would certainly approve of her marrying that kind of man—she might even elope with Boone. It was possible. And the more Jim Clover thought about it, the stronger the possibility became.

WHAT made it all so difficult was that Jim Clover was accustomed to action, and there was nothing he could do about it.

He saw Nancy at the little terrace table talking with Mrs. Aberdeen and her daughter and he saw how excited she was—making gestures and talking rapidly. He made up his mind, as he watched her, that he was going to do something decisive. He decided to have it out with her—to get her away from here if he had to use force.

He overtook her as she left the table. She was delighted to see him, at first. Unprepared for him, her first response was one of relief and delight. She cried happily, "Oh, Jim!"

Then he saw it begin to ebb away at once, and he said, "Let's go somewhere and have a drink and talk."

She said remotely, "I don't believe I want a drink."

"Let's walk around a bit," Jim said. "Let's go down to the summerhouse."

He thought she was going to refuse. She consented, but not with enthusiasm. She was looking up into his face as they started along the path. "Jim, the most ghastly thing has happened."

He said quietly, "Rodney?"

"Oh, yes, Rodney. It's always Rodney. This is something you wouldn't suspect. He's just killed a man."

Jim hadn't been looking at her. He looked down quickly into her face. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I mean it, Jim. He really has."

"Who?"

"Bill Boone's valet was shot in the old theater on the third floor, and the police think Bill Boone killed him. But he didn't. I know Rodney did."

"Now, wait a minute," Jim said with an air of breathlessness. "Let's take it a little easier. Why should your stepfather kill Boone's valet?"

"Because, you see, Bill is really Rodney's nephew."

THEY had reached the summerhouse. They went in and sat down on one of the benches. Jim tried to take Nancy's hand. She withdrew it at first, then let it slip into his. His hand closed tightly on hers. He squeezed it and said, "Darling, what is this all about? What do you mean—Boone is really Rodney's nephew?"

She snatched her hand away and clutched his arm at the elbow. "Now, listen. I'll tell you all about it." She told him the whole story of Bill Boone and his claiming to be Peter Barnett, Jr. Jim Clover interrupted from time to time with questions. She said finally, "And I'm sure that's why Rodney killed Harmon—because of those toys. He knew he'd be ruined."

Jim said gravely, "But perhaps Boone did kill him."

Nancy stared at his face for several seconds, then said contemptuously, "I knew you'd say something like that."

"Well, after all, this Boone might have had every motive—and opportunity, too."

Nancy jumped up. She cried: "He didn't kill him! He didn't! Didn't you hear me say I was with him when he found Harmon?"

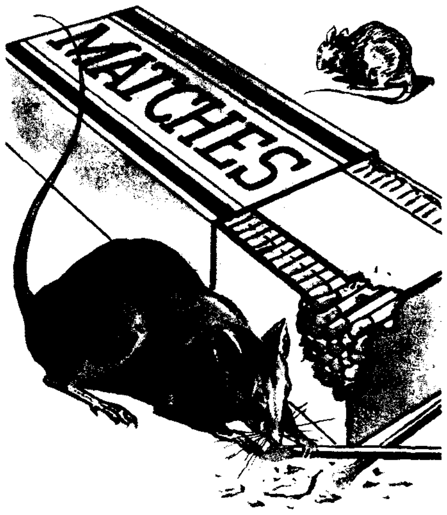
"Yes," Jim said slowly, "I heard you, but you were lying. I didn't suppose you expected me to believe it." Jim was looking up at her, not seeing her well because of the poor light. There was something alarming about her posture. He said hastily, "Naturally, I assumed you wanted to shove it off onto your stepfather."

"I wasn't lying," Nancy said slowly.

"Now, wait a minute." Jim got up, too. "You said a minute ago that the inspector came up there and found Boone at exactly two minutes of twelve. You say that Boone said he'd been up there less than three minutes when the inspector came up, and that you went up with him and went right down, so that you missed the inspector somehow when

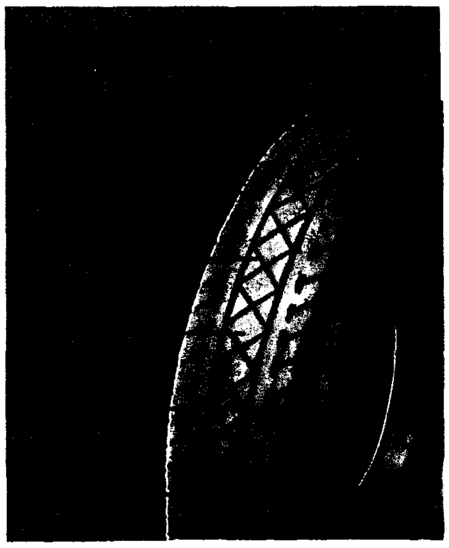
don't tempt fate

BY LEAVING MATCHES AROUND FOR MICE TO GNAW



don't tempt fate

BY RIDING ON UNSAFE TIRES



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he was coming up. As a matter of fact, from eleven-thirty until after twelve, you were here dancing, with me and with other men. Every minute."

Nancy said huskily: "You're just lying. You're just trying to get me in trouble now—just because you don't like Bill Boone. Because you're jealous."

Jim shrugged hopelessly. "Nancy, I don't like Boone and I'm jealous but I'm not lying. And I'm not going to let you get away with this. You've got a strange and foolish idea about this Boone and you're going to get yourself into an awful lot of trouble. I don't know much about Boone, but I think he's dangerous. I feel it."

"You're jealous and you're vindictive," Nancy interrupted angrily.

"I do know Rodney is dangerous," Jim went on. "They're having what amounts to a fight to the death in a black alley—two very clever and dangerous guys. It's no place for an innocent little thing like you. I want you to keep out of it. And that isn't jealousy or prejudice."

She said bitterly, "You haven't any business to tell me what I'm going to do or not do."

His feeling of desperation at her stubbornness was giving way now to one of anger. "I'm not going to let you lie about this, Nancy."

She said breathlessly, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to tell the inspector exactly where you were at that time."

He walked out of the summerhouse and started up the path toward the terrace. Nancy impulsively started after him, then hesitated. She sat down again, suddenly frightened and weak.

RODNEY found his secretary at the downstairs bar. Miss Pond was with a red-faced boisterous young man whose bow tie was undone. She was flushed. She looked slightly damp and handled. She was laughing loudly as she tried to tie the young man's tie.

She was not aware of Rodney until he spoke. He said quietly, "Thelma, I'd like to have a word with you in private." And to the red-faced young man: "Do you mind?"

Miss Pond cried, "Darling, there never was a time when you couldn't have a million words with me in private, and who should know it any better than you?"

The young man sobered and said hastily, "Not at all, Mr. Barnett. See you later, Thelma."

"Okay, Toots."

She turned her somewhat glassy smile toward Rodney. He looked bored and slightly displeased.

"Thelma, a very serious thing has happened. I wonder if you're in any condition to hear about it."

Her smile went away.

"I think so, Rodney."

"You met this William Boone here this evening, and you know just who he is of course."

"Yes. He's the one who's always insisting that he's your nephew."

"Yes. A very shocking thing has happened, Thelma. His valet was just shot—murdered—in the old theater on the third floor. There's no question that Boone did it."

The vague look in Miss Pond's dark blue eyes was gone. She looked alert and quite sober.

"When did it happen?"

"Just before midnight. We assume that Boone made the discovery that the valet has been on my pay roll, supplying me with necessary information about Boone, and that he shot and killed him because of that."

Miss Pond stared at him a moment and said, "I see. Is there anything I can do?"

"Perhaps. It may be necessary for someone to make a quick dash into New York, to the office, for those records covering all of Boone's activities. They're in that special file, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"Will you go, if it's necessary?"

"Of course, Rodney!"

"I'll have a car and chauffeur ready. Have you your office keys with you?"

"Yes, Rodney."

A footman approached and said: "Mr. Barnett, Miss Aberdeen's maid asked me to tell you that she wishes to see you at once. She said it's very important. She'll be waiting in the music room by the piano. She said to mention it was something about the piano. She said you'd understand."

"Very well. Will you wait here, Thelma?"

"Of course."

"You won't drink any more, will you?"

She said reproachfully, "Was it necessary for you to say that?" She was about to add, "Don't you suppose I realize what this means to you?" But he was gone before she could say it. She watched him as he walked rapidly to the door at the end of the bar. She was quite sober now.

She said thoughtfully to herself: " 'Something about a piano. She said you'd understand.' "

With an air of determination, Miss Pond walked to the door out of which Rodney had gone. He was just ahead of her, going up the stairs.

The crowd had thinned a little and the party seemed livelier. There were fewer couples dancing and the stag line had dwindled. The Ferris wheel had stopped. The guests had evidently tired of it, for Bill Boone heard the voice of the barker and no one seemed to be paying any attention to it.

He had looked for Nancy in the bar and in the game room. He looked about the terrace and did not see her. Then he thought of the summerhouse and walked there. As he neared it, he heard her voice, high and curiously thin with anger, and a man's voice that he recognized in a moment as Jim Clover's:

"I love you too much to let you get yourself into this horrible mess."

Jim Clover came rapidly out of the summerhouse, all but colliding with Bill. He was making a sound as if he were breathing through his teeth. He went on up the path toward the terrace with long strides.

Bill hesitated a moment, then went into the summerhouse. Nancy was sitting on one of the benches. She was crouched over, holding her hands to her face.

Bill said uncertainly, "Nancy, what is it?"

SHE dropped her hands and jumped up. She cried, "Oh, Bill! Darling! Oh, my poor darling!" She put her arms around his neck and clung to him, pulling his head down and pressing her cheek against his. She sighed and whispered, "Oh, I'm so glad you came. Jim has been saying the rottenest things."

She sighed again and took her arms away. She pulled him down to the bench and held his arm fiercely. "Is everything all right?"

He sighed, too. "I doubt it. A Sergeant Dutton, a fingerprint expert and a photographer with a lot of equipment just came. Oh, yes, and a very nice fellow who is the medical examiner. Teeple told me to wander around but to be within call; under no circumstances to leave. He said the chances were somebody would be keeping an eye on me."

"Does he think you killed Harmon?"

"I don't know what he thinks. He didn't say anything of importance. All he wanted was to establish the time of the murder."

"Did you?"

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"Yes. It happened some time between eleven-forty-five and eleven-fifty-five. Now look, Nancy—"

"I know what you're going to say," she said hastily, "and I don't want to talk about it."

"But we must talk about it."

"I'd rather talk about something else. Oh, Bill, it's all so ghastly. I want to know all about you. When I was a little girl, we had an old gardener who used to work here when you lived here, and he told me lots of stories about you. I thought you were the most romantic thing that ever lived—going to China and dying so adventurously." She sighed again and cuddled against him, dropping her head to his shoulder. "Well, I still think so."

"Nancy," Bill said gravely.

SHE put her hand over his mouth. Her hand was hot and dry and it smelled sweet. "I won't let you bawl me out. I've just been bawled out. What I want is a soothing influence. Where did you get that name?"

She took her hand away and Bill said, "Bill Boone?"

"Yes."

"That," he said, "combined the names of my two favorite historical characters when I was seventeen—William Tell and Daniel Boone."

"How did you become interested in art?"

"I was always interested in drawing. When I discovered what Rodney is, I changed my name and lit out for Italy. I had some idea of becoming rich and famous and confronting him before a lot of people. I made caricatures of people on the streets of Milan and Rome for whatever they'd give me. One day Henry Oslo, the muralist, came along and saw me and took me on as his assistant. Five years later, he told me I'd learned all he could teach me and he kicked me out. And since then I've been on my own. Now, Nancy—"

"All right," she said. "If you must discuss details, we'll discuss details. I know just how you feel about it. You're sore, too. But I was only trying to help you."

Bill said gently, "Yes, you're a sweet kid, but you shouldn't have done it. It may get you into really serious trouble. Teeple is smart. He knows you're prejudiced—that you hate Rodney."

"I don't care. Let him. I only did it for you. He would have arrested you if I hadn't."

"I know," Bill said. "It's difficult. Why don't you tell him the truth now? If he finds out you were lying, he won't believe anything you say, and you may be able to help me much more later by telling the truth about things that may come up."

Nancy thought about it a moment and said, "If you think I shouldn't have lied to him why didn't you say something?"

Bill felt suddenly hopeless. "I couldn't call you a liar, Nancy. If you insist, I'll keep right on backing you up. But I think you're heading for trouble."

She said, with gaiety: "I am indeed, darling. And so are you. Jim Clover knows I wasn't with you when you found Harmon. He's on his way to see Teeple now. He's horribly jealous and vindictive. He thinks you're a cold-blooded murderer and a fortune hunter and a dangerous man."

Bill lit a cigarette and puffed at it and watched the smoke rise in the still air and become mysterious fumes in the rays from colored lights. He suddenly saw a future of distressing uncertainty. He had little faith in the ability of Inspector Teeple and his assistants to get to the bottom of this muddle, not that they weren't good men, but that Rodney was clever and had had time to arrange things to suit himself. There was no longer the slightest question in Bill's mind that Rodney had killed Harmon.

Nancy said: "The box of toys being gone, that really licks you, doesn't it?"

"It was my last hope," Bill admitted.

"Rodney has them, or had them," she said. "By this time, he's destroyed them."

"I suppose so."

"And now that that's out of the way, he'll make every effort to have this murder blamed on you. Once he has you in court, whether you're convicted or not, you'll be too busy to try to prove you're Peter Barnett, and after that nobody would believe you anyway."

"Exactly," Bill said.

"Bill," she said, "you know I love you. There isn't anything in the world I wouldn't do for you. I'm not going to let Jim get away with it. It's his word against mine. I'll tell Teeple that Jim is just making it up because he's jealous. And if this thing goes to court, I'll take the stand and testify. And people will believe me."

She bent forward and looked up into his face.

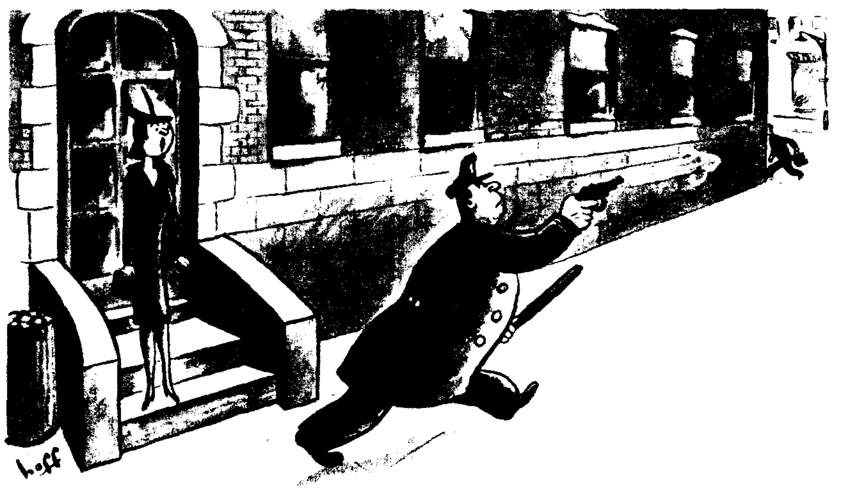
Bill said firmly, "No, Nancy. It won't work. You've got to tell Teeple the truth."

"And have him arrest you?" she cried. "I won't!"

STANDING beside the piano in the music room, Yvonne was pale and, with her brown eyes so large and the pupils so dilated, she looked childlike and frightened.

When Rodney Barnett came into the room and started to close the door, she said quickly, "Please don't close the door, Mr. Barnett. No one can hear us and I'd like to have it left open."

He smiled faintly and said, "Very well, Yvonne. You're being very mys-



"All right, Bill Morgan—DON'T say 'good morning'!"

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terious. Now what is this all about?"

As he came toward her, Yvonne backed against the piano. She was a small woman, and when he came close she had to look up at him. Her lips moved a little, but she was evidently too frightened to speak.

"You said it was important," Rodney reminded her.

She unclasped her hands and raised them with the fingers outspread in a quick gesture, as if she were about to curtsy.

"Yes, Mr. Barnett. I've got the box of toys."

He was still smiling faintly. He said, without change of expression: "Oh. You took them out of the piano."

"Yes, Mr. Barnett."

"How did you know they were here?"

"I saw you put them here."

"Were you following me?"

"Yes, Mr. Barnett. I followed you from the theater. I was hiding in the shack on the stage when you came up and shot Harmon."

HER voice had become a little uncertain, but it had steadied again. Her bright, hard brown eyes remained steadily on his eyes, but the expression in his eyes did not change. His face was, perhaps, a little darker and the saturnine lines about his mouth were perhaps a little more pronounced, but he did not seem alarmed.

"I see," he said.

"And I know all about the toys," Yvonne said rapidly. "They were Mr. Boone's toys when he was a little boy. They'll have his fingerprints on them. If he gets them he can prove he is your nephew and you'll have to pay him back millions of dollars that you took from him when he was a little boy."

Rodney's eyebrows had lowered a little. His pale brown eyes were watching Yvonne's mouth intently. He lifted his eyes to hers and said, "Who told you this?"

"Harmon."

"Well," he said, "you seem to have the same idea, generally, that Harmon had. Were you and he working on this together?"

"Yes, Mr. Barnett."

"I see." He gave the impression that he was smiling again, although his mouth was not smiling. "And I suppose you'd like to sell me the toys."

Staring up into his eyes, Yvonne nodded. "Yes, Mr. Barnett."

"Very well. If the figure you have in mind is reasonable, I don't see why we can't do business, Yvonne. I presume that there was no one else in on this deal with you but Harmon."

She hesitated and nodded. "That's all, sir. Just Harmon."

He nodded, too, with approval. "I can see that you're a very discreet girl, Yvonne, and a very ambitious girl and that there would be no sense in beating about the bush. Just how much do you want?"

Yvonne hesitated again and said breathlessly: "I want two hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Barnett. They're worth every cent of it. And I want it in cash."

Rodney pursed his lips and frowned whimsically, as if he were determined to keep the transaction on a pleasant basis. He nodded with a judicial air, and said, "It's a little stiff, but I don't blame you. How do you want to arrange it? You realize, of course, that I haven't anything like that sum of money in cash on hand."

"Yes, Mr. Barnett. I'll meet you in New York at a friend's apartment. The friend won't know what it's about. Bring the money in an envelope, and I'll have the box of toys there."

"You mean Monday, of course."

"Yes, Mr. Barnett. Any time Monday."

"Shall we say Monday noon?"

"That will be fine, Mr. Barnett. I'll phone you between now and then and tell you the address."

"YOU'RE just the girl I'm looking for," the plump young man said.

Suzette supposed that he was one of the young men she had danced with, but she did not remember him. He had suddenly appeared in the hallway and cornered her near the stairs. His eyes were a little hazy, but his smile was brave and she wondered if he was the young man who had proposed to her and insisted that her name was Josephine.

"You are a dream woman and I am ensnared in the toils of your glamorous charm," he said. "Kiss me."

"Telephone me tomorrow," Suzette said. "I want to hear more about it."

He slowly waggled a finger at her and his expression became crafty. "Never again shall we part, for love has come into our garden of memories. Let's go away from all this."

"All right," Suzette said. "Wait right here and I'll get a wrap."

"Where we're going," he said, "you won't need a wrap. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," Suzette said. "You're Snow White."

He caught Suzette's left arm as she whirled, but she spun away from him and escaped up the stairs.

The party seemed to be almost over. The orchestra had stopped and only a few of these lost young men still roved about. One of them, she had heard, had been caught in the act of stealing the tubes from the radio set in the game room.

She went to the door of the room that Rodney called his office. Suzette had never been in this room. Rodney had said that it was soundproofed and that it was here that he did most of his important planning. She did not expect to find the door of this room unlocked, but for the plan she had in mind she must eliminate that possibility. She was pale and she felt weak and frightened. She was not at all sure that she had the courage to go through with it.

The door was not locked. Actually, it was two doors bolted together with an air space between, so that it was about six inches thick. She closed the heavy door behind her and turned on a light. It was a large barren room with stark gray walls and a cork floor. There were no decorations on the walls and there were no windows. It was silent except for the faint hum of an air-conditioning machine.

A LARGE gray steel desk with a gray steel chair was at one end. There were four telephones on the desk, all painted gray, and beside the desk on a low pedestal was a globe-shaped safe about three feet in diameter. Across the room was a stenographer's table and chair, and in the corner near the door was a closet. It was, strictly, a workroom, stripped of everything but absolute essentials.

Suzette opened the desk drawers. They contained nothing but supplies—pads of all sizes in neat piles, pencils, paper clips and bottles of ink. She stood for a moment, pale and large-eyed. Then, with an air of resolution, she walked out of the room and went rapidly downstairs.

There were two young men and a girl in the bar. One of the men she recognized as one of the floor committee, but he did not see her. She slipped into the game room with the breathless feeling that she was being chased. The game room was unoccupied. She made sure that it was, for she was terribly afraid of being seen, then she went to the door of the pistol range and tried the knob. The door was locked.

(To be continued next week)

The Resounding Skies

Continued from page 16

"But his problem is still very much alive," Perry countered. "Is the company going to sit quietly by and see us lose control of the situation down here, lose all command of the position Mr. Stilton built up—all for a measly hundred thousand dollars? Why, I saved the company more than that today, salvaging fruit from the blowdown."

"The company sent you the hundred thousand, Mr. Perry," said the third vice-president. "Let's quit fencing and get down to sword points. You must have suspected that we've found you out at last. You've stolen that hundred thousand, just as you've been stealing smaller amounts from the company for the past seven months."

"You're crazy, Mr. Binsworth."

"*You're* crazy, Perry, if you expected to get away with this forever. Sooner or later someone at home was bound to look at a map and discover that you've been making us pay for purely imaginary development. And when you try to grab an extra hundred thousand as slush funds for options on the very lands you've been padding the pay rolls with—Don't say anything, Perry, because I'm going to save you the trouble of further lying. Look at this."

THERE was a silence. Lane heard the rustle of papers, and guessed that Binsworth was opening his brief cases. Muriel reached for his hand, held it tightly. Outside, the wind howled an obbligato to the pounding of the rain on the roof.

"Here are the duplicate pay sheets for the past seven months," Binsworth resumed. "On these sheets, the New Orleans office has sent you a total of $52,750 for developing new lands: clearing, blasting stumps, digging drainage ditches, and so forth. And the new lands consist of Sections 469 to 509 inclusive on the left bank of the Rio Sangre above Liberica; Sections—but read it yourself. Those are the lands that you now claim the company has no title to, and ask us to grease palms to safeguard our options."

"But those entries are forgeries!" Perry declared after a pause. "We've never done any work on that side of the river. Those items don't appear on our original pay sheets."

"Of course they wouldn't," said the third vice-president with evident satisfaction. "You collect from New Orleans on the basis of the padded pay rolls, you pay only your actual workers, and you pocket the difference."

"That's a lie."

"You received the money. I have your signature for it."

"I signed for it, yes, as a matter of form, because I'm division manager. But I never touched the money. It went directly to the paymaster through the accountant's office."

"That's what you say." Binsworth laughed sarcastically. "And the accountant, being conveniently dead, can't deny it. Pure coincidence, isn't it, Perry, that Alcott should have been killed just before my arrival. Or have you a better explanation?"

"I—I can't explain it, Mr. Binsworth."

"Then don't try." There was more rustling of papers. "Perry, I'm giving you until eight o'clock tomorrow morning. At that time you'll bring me the money you've stolen from the company. If you want me before eight, you'll find me at Bannister's. Good night."

A chair scraped the floor, the heavy footsteps of the third vice-president resounded through the dark offices, a door slammed.

From Perry's office came no sound of movement. Muriel, still clinging to Walter Lane's hand, tiptoed toward the open door. Lane heard a faint creak, like a drawer opening, saw the girl's anxious expression change to horror. She dropped his hand, leaped into the room. Lane sprang after her.

Perry was sitting at his desk, staring at the long, blue-steel barrel of the revolver in his hand.

Muriel flung herself against him, seized the gun.

"Dave! Don't, Dave! Please! You mustn't! You can't do this!"

"What else is there to do?" asked Perry listlessly. But he let Lane twist the revolver from his unresisting fingers.

"Dave, you haven't done all these terrible things! You couldn't have. Tell me you didn't kill those men!" Muriel pleaded.

Perry did not look at her. He stared into space with hopeless, vacant eyes.

Lane put the gun in his pocket, looked about for more weapons. Perry seemed not to be aware that Lane was searching him.

"Has he another gun, Muriel?"

"I don't think so."

"I want you to take care of him," Lane said. "Take him home with you. Have you any bromides or anything to make him sleep?"

"I think so. But, Walt, what are you going to do?"

"Never mind what I'm going to do. You take care that *he* doesn't do anything. Watch him like a—"

"But, Walt, darling. You heard Mr. Binsworth . . . at eight o'clock . . ."

"I'll see you long before that," Lane said. He hooked one arm in Perry's, boosted him out of his chair. "Come on, *Jefe*," he said. "We're going to get some sleep."

THE rain was pouring off the roof of the Alcott house in solid sheets as Lane made his dripping entrance.

"I'm going to try to wake Mrs. Alcott," he told the motherly Mrs. Bannister, who was standing neighborly watch.

He tried, but without success. There was nothing to be done, apparently, until the opiate lost its hold.

Lane went into the room in which Alcott had been killed. He spent some time with his penknife, digging the bullet out of the back wall, the bullet that had gone wild. There were tiny flecks of copper on the twisted lead mass; evidently it was true that the bullet had been fired through the screen.

He made another careful examination of the holes in the screen—the one with the bright edges and the one with the dull edges. They still didn't make sense. But neither did the purple thumbs of two dead men. Or the one-way dispatcher's orders for Motor No. 17 on the night that Stilton and Roland were killed. Or did they?

An idea flashed through Lane's mind. It was such a simple idea that he was afraid to believe it, because it illuminated the whole train of events. It was so simple that he couldn't see why it had not occurred to him before.

He rushed into the kitchen, found a flashlight, rummaged in drawers and closets for some digging instrument, finally found a small garden trowel. He went out into the driving rain, sloshed his way to the side of the house at which he had seen Nita's footprints. The prints were gone, of course, drowned in muddy water. He prodded about in the mud with his trowel, then broke through the hedge into Bannister's back yard.

He spent ten minutes circling the yard

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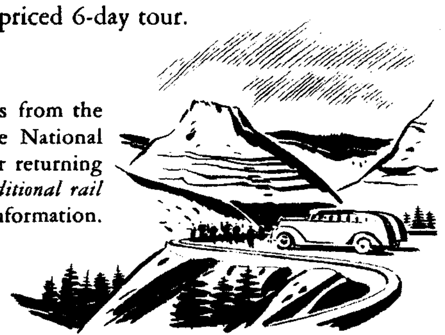

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about the base of Bannister's radio antenna, examining the spots at which the guy wires were anchored. Then he dropped to his hands and knees and began to dig. He had dug completely around one of the guy anchors and was halfway around the second one when the trowel struck resistance. He dropped the trowel, sank his hands into the muck, afraid that he would find a stone. His heartbeat quickened when he pulled out a length of cable—a heavy cable, thickly insulated and waterproofed. He gave another yank, and the cable pulled out of the wet ground for a distance of several feet, like the root of a tree. It had been buried in a shallow trench less than six inches deep. After verifying the direction of the trench, Lane scrambled to his feet and ran—ran like mad for the Hen House. . . .

WHEN Muriel saw the rain-soaked, breathless young man in the doorway, black with mud from his shoes to his eyebrows, she gasped, clung to the back of a chair for support.

"Don't faint!" Lane said. "It's only mud, and nothing's happened—nothing disastrous, I mean. Listen, darling. Who buys the prime fruit from this division—the nines in paper bags?"

"Dozens of jobbers and wholesalers," the girl said. "They bid for them in New York and New Orleans. Why?"

"Doesn't anybody ever buy them in advance—on the hoof, so to speak?"

"Once in a great while. Not often."

"How about the last few shipments? Any bids by mail or radio?"

"I don't recall any."

"I've got to know," Lane said. "I've got to see the file of mail, cables and radiograms for the last few days."

"I'll go to the office with you."

"No, you stay with Perry. How is he, by the way?"

"He's asleep."

"You stay here anyway. Send one of the girls with me—Fay, Della, anybody who can get at the files."

"I'll wake up Della. She can take my keys. . . ."

Ten minutes later Lane was dripping muddy water all over the division office as he ran eagerly through a sheaf of wires and radiograms. He whooped like a fruit cutter on payday when he came across a message that read:

CARIBFRUIT PUERTO MUSA
OFFER TWO DOLLARS SIXTY PER HUNDREDWEIGHT ENTIRE CONSIGNMENT PRIME NINES PAPER BAGS SS FONSECA CURRENT TRIP STOP TAKE DELIVERY NEW YORK DOCK
WESTCHESTER FRUIT DISTRIBUTORS

The message had come by radio and was dated the day previous. And $2.60 was slightly above the current market for nine-hand stems of bananas.

Lane compared the typewriting on the message with that of several other radiograms, then, leaving the astonished Della gaping after him, he ran out of the office.

Five minutes later he was at the company radio station on Manaca Point, talking to Bob Neptune, the operator on duty.

Twenty minutes later he routed the comandante out of bed.

"Joe," he said excitedly, "is there any way of locating Cecil Holliday's motor boy at his ancestral home near San Ysidro?"

"I've beat you to it," said the comandante sleepily. "I have already sent for him. But he won't be here until late this afternoon—if he's there at all."

"No way of getting to talk to him before that?"

"I might raise the comandante at Piedra Grande, and have him phone me when they bring the boy to the railway."

"Do that, Joe. And put me on when you get him. I'll be at the Alcott house. And you be at the Alcott house by daybreak, too. There'll be fireworks for breakfast."

THE sun rose on a dazzling, serene morning. The hurricane had blown itself out, leaving what had been the proud plantations of Puerto Musa division a thousand square miles of ruin. But the interest of Puerto Musa this morning centered upon the veranda of the bungalow of the late Henry Alcott, company accountant.

They were all there—Perry, and the third vice-president, and Muriel, and the port superintendent; Bob Neptune from the wireless station and the company wives; the comandante, of course, and Walter Lane. They were all waiting for Dr. Janvier to lead the widowed Mrs. Alcott from her room.

Mrs. Alcott was pale and haggard as Dr. Janvier helped her into a chair. The comandante nodded to Lane.

"Mrs. Alcott," Lane began, "I know it's an imposition to cross-examine you at a time like this, but unfortunately there are several questions that must be answered."

"I'll be glad to help with any information I have," said Mrs. Alcott in a small voice.

"Thank you. Then tell me this: Where did you hide the gun?"

Mrs. Alcott gasped. She asked weakly: "Gun? What gun?"

"The revolver that killed your husband," said Lane bluntly.

Mrs. Alcott's drooping exhaustion vanished at once. She sat erect, her eyes blazing, her sharp chin raised.

"You're mad!" she declared defiantly. "I have no gun."

"You've hidden it," Lane insisted. "Where?"

"I tell you I don't know what you're talking about. How can you even intimate that I killed my husband, when we all know it was that horrible Fenwick woman. Her footprints were there, outside the window, for everybody to see."

"Yes, I saw them," said Lane quietly, "but Nita Fenwick didn't make those footprints. You did, Mrs. Alcott."

"How can you say such a thing? Look at my feet!"

"YOU made the prints with Nita Fenwick's shoes. Don't you remember, Mrs. Alcott, that night before last you surprised Nita in your husband's study—*en deshabille?* You told Mr. Perry that you had proof of Nita's perfidy. And in view of the fact that Nita came home that night in stocking feet and Alcott's raincoat, it's not difficult to deduce that your proof consisted of Nita's shoes and dress, which you seized in a fit of jealous anger. You used those shoes last night to make the comandante think that Nita Fenwick murdered your husband—which she didn't."

Mrs. Alcott's lips quivered. Then she burst into tears.

"Coronel, stop this man!" Mrs. Bannister pleaded with the comandante. "Don't let him torture Edith Alcott like this! I know she didn't kill her husband."

"So do I," Lane agreed. "Henry Alcott killed himself."

"No," said Mrs. Alcott through her tears.

"Yes," Lane contradicted. "Henry Alcott shot himself because his crimes had caught up with him. He knew what Mr. Binsworth was coming down for, and he knew that he couldn't hope to hide his guilt after Mr. Binsworth's arrival. So he took the quickest way out.

"I admire your loyalty, Mrs. Alcott, in wanting to hide the criminal activities of your dead husband, even though you knew he was a thief and a murderer, in addition to being unfaithful. And I understand your wanting to injure a woman you hated, and with reason, by saddling her with your husband's death. Nita Fenwick may have been indirectly responsible for your husband's death, but she didn't pull the trigger. For the purposes of the record, Mrs. Alcott, you'll have to give us the gun."

Mrs. Alcott had stopped sobbing. She stared at Lane in stony silence.

"Now wait a minute, Lane," the comandante said. "How do you know Alcott committed suicide?"

"Dr. Janvier will tell you that there is a flame burn around the bullet wound in Alcott's forehead, caused by the shot being fired at close range."

"But what about the bullet holes in the screen?"

"There's only one bullet hole in the screen," Lane said. "That hole in the corner is an old hole—I told you last night that the edges were oxidized—which Alcott probably used to bring in an insulated cable that connected with the guy wires of Mr. Bannister's radio antenna. Alcott had been stealing from the fruit company—seven months, is it, Mr. Binsworth?—by padding the duplicate pay rolls he sent north. But the device he used put him in the power of Adolf von Graulitz, who controlled lands that Alcott pretended were under development by the company. I can't tell you how Graulitz found out about this, but I'm certain that Graulitz used threats of exposure to bludgeon Alcott into doing his dirty work—which consisted in setting up interference to shortwave radio reception from the States. Graulitz had to have someone in Puerto Musa, because there's no adequate source of electric energy in Liberica. Alcott had access to the company power lines, of course, by merely plugging in at any light socket. He undoubtedly had his controls and what little apparatus was needed, in his study. . . .

"But I'm guessing too far back. About the suicide: Alcott shot himself at his desk, probably after writing either a farewell note or a confession, probably in purple ink, and probably with a leaky fountain pen that was used by Stilton the night he was killed—though heaven knows why Alcott kept the pen, after he went to the trouble of stealing it out of the desk of the U. S. vice-consul. Mrs. Alcott, being in the house, heard the shot, although no one else did, because of the passing fruit train. She rushed in, saw what had happened, probably read what Alcott had written—which would confirm her in her desire to play a grim joke on Nita Fenwick. She took the gun, got Nita's shoes, put the stepladder under the window, made the neat and unmistakable footprints, then climbed the ladder and fired through the screen to make the bullet hole that was needed to pin Alcott's death on Nita. Then she hid the gun, the shoes, the farewell note and the fountain pen.

"YOU must have hidden them, Mrs. Alcott, because you didn't have time to destroy them. Mr. Bannister saw you running around the corner of the house, and a moment later found you with your husband's body. You haven't been alone since, Mrs. Alcott. Where did you hide them?"

Mrs. Alcott sobbed.

"In my room," she faltered. "They . . . they're under the mattress. . . ."

Then she fell from her chair in a dead faint.

Dr. Janvier was beside her instantly. The crowd in the room was on its feet, overturning chairs in the excitement. The comandante lost no time in heading for Mrs. Alcott's room. Lane started to follow but Perry intercepted him. The division manager grasped Lane's hand in both of his. His lips opened, but could not form the words. His expression, however, was eloquent. The deep furrows were almost gone from his forehead.

The third vice-president was not suffering from the same paralysis of the larynx. In a nasal trumpet blast that nearly drowned out the confusion of the other twenty voices, he said: "Nice work, young man. What's his name, Perry?"

"Lane," Perry managed to say. "Walter Lane."

"Well, Lane, this is all very well. But where is the hundred thousand dollars?"

"I don't know," said Lane, "but I'd make a small wager that the money is aboard the Fonseca, tucked in one of those brown paper bags consigned to the Westchester Fruit Distributors—unless Nita Fenwick has already got into the hold to take it out."

"Radio the ship, Perry!" Mr. Binsworth snapped. "Send a radiogram to the captain at once."

"There's no hurry," Lane said. "As a matter of fact, that consignment to Westchester Fruit is a fake. The radiogram bidding for the prime nines didn't clear through the wireless station at all, as Bob Neptune here will tell you. Nita wrote it on her own typewriter—after having wheedled some radiogram blanks out of Neptune.

"You know, Perry, we should have got suspicious right away when Nita let herself be taken in *flagrante delicto*. She was getting ready to run out on Alcott, and apparently decided it would be less suspicious, as far as the money was concerned, if she were sent north against her will."

"BUT how did she get the money inside the bags?" Perry asked.

"You'll have to wait until the comandante gets hold of Cecil Holliday's motor boy to have the real answer to that," Lane said. "But my guess is that she got the bank notes out of port just after Roland was killed. She bribed Holliday's motor boy, I suppose, to take her a few miles up the line, and to take a long vacation so nobody could question him about it. She probably hid the currency somewhere near Kilometer 20, because she knew that Holliday had a section there that always produced plenty of nines—which would be packed in bags. And she went up early yesterday evening to do her own packing—on the pretext of saying goodby to Holliday."

"What gave you the hunch that Alcott was the culprit, Lane?" Bannister asked.

"The purple stain on his thumb and fingers," said Lane. "If that stain was connected with the death of both Stilton and Alcott, how could it have been on Alcott's fingers if his assailant was outside the window. The answer is, of course, that he couldn't have been shot from outside. This was borne out by the flesh burns around the wound.

"But the gun was gone. Therefore, it seemed reasonable to suppose that whoever took the gun also took whatever made the purple mark. And it also seemed logical to believe that whoever killed Roland and broke open the desk in the consulate did so to get something among Stilton's personal effects, which were locked in the desk—something that would incriminate the murderer. A leaky fountain pen containing purple ink would do the trick, particularly if it had not belonged to Stilton but to the murderer. Then I got a mental picture of Gerald Stilton borrowing Alcott's fountain pen to write his own death warrant—doubtless the accusing figures that Mr. Binsworth quoted to Perry last night.

"But here's the comandante. He probably has the whole story."

The comandante emerged from Mrs. Alcott's room carrying a .38 revolver, a fountain pen, and a bulky sheaf of paper covered with neat, closely written script in purple ink.

"Read it, Joe," Lane said.

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The comandante cleared his throat, began in a monotone:

"To whoever finds my body:—it seems odd, now that the end has come, that I should take the time and trouble to reveal in writing the very facts that I have gone to such lengths to conceal for so many months. But the approach of death has given me back my sense of moral values, and the revelation of the utter worthlessness of the woman for whom I sold my soul has made me resolve that no innocent man should suffer further for her sins and mine.

"Mr. Binsworth, of course, has at last discovered the method by which I had been robbing the company for the past seven months. When the stake was big enough, Nita and I were going to run away together. Mr. Binsworth probably does not know the panic I was in when Adolf von Graulitz discovered that the fruit-company options had lapsed on the lands in the Liberica region, and was seeking control of them himself. I went to Graulitz, trying to make a deal with him, offering him money if he would avoid specific mention of the lands on which I was developing my hypothetical banana plantations, and which were outside the water-front zone anyhow. Graulitz agreed to a bargain, but instead of money, he insisted that I should set up apparatus in Puerto Musa that would interfere systemically with American short-wave radio programs, making the European propaganda broadcasts the only programs that could be properly received on this coast and as far inland as the Capital. There was no alternative but to agree.

"We made the installation the week end of the annual interdivision baseball game with Playa Honda, when practically the entire personnel of Puerto Musa left on the Fonseca and did not return until late Sunday night. I remained behind, pleading illness. Graulitz brought over his technician, and we made the installation at dark, laying a cable to the guy wires of Bannister's aerial. The apparatus was extremely compact and easy to operate. It was contained in a suitcase that I kept under the bed in my study, and I had only to plug it in the lighting circuit, and turn a few knobs at stated hours.

"Then this man Bossert turned up at Puerto Musa. Graulitz discovered that he was an American agent, and told me I had better get rid of him, or my game would be up. By this time I was completely infatuated with Nita and could envisage nothing that would wreck my plans to run away with her. With a powder that Graulitz had given me, I poisoned Bossert. I gave it to him in a cocktail, knowing that nothing short of carbolic acid could alter the strange taste of the terrible Martinis my wife makes, bless her heart.

"WHEN Bossert died, I was terrified by the thought that I had become a murderer. I went to Graulitz and tried to call the whole thing off. He threatened to denounce me, so I did nothing—until Walter Lane came to Puerto Musa.

"Graulitz discovered that Lane was also an American agent, and informed me that I had better lose no time in getting rid of him, too. I tried, twice—and failed."

The comandante paused for breath. "Could any of you gents mix me up a pitcher of dog's nose?" he inquired. "This reading is very hard on a dry throat."

"I'll go on from there," Lane volunteered. He took the remaining pages, and continued reading:

"By this time I realized that matters were rapidly coming to a head and I resolved to run away with Nita as soon as possible. When we heard that a hundred thousand dollars was coming down for Stilton, we decided to take it and run. I took the money from Perry's safe—I knew the combination, of course—while Perry was off meeting Stilton at the train. I wrapped it in two paper bundles, which Nita took home with some purchases she had made that afternoon.

"That night I was going to the American consulate to steal two blank emergency passports. Graulitz suggested the idea, and said that if I would get the passports to establish false identities for Nita and me, he would see that we got away on a coffee ship. He even helped me take the impression of the lock on the back door of the consulate. I know now that he did not intend helping us escape. I don't know what he intended doing to me, but he certainly had an armed ambush waiting at the back door of the consulate, into which Lane walked by error.

"I had already destroyed the radio apparatus Graulitz gave me, and that night, as soon as it was dark, I pulled off the connections to Bannister's antenna. I still had the screw driver in my pocket when I went to dinner aboard the Bonaca.

"I knew Graulitz had sold me out when I saw Stilton after the banquet. Stilton accosted me in the Plaza, where I had walked with Holliday (as the bartender and Holliday testified), and he walked back with me to Perry's office. Graulitz had told Stilton that I was the only cause for disagreement between Liberica and Puerto Musa. The German knew that Stilton had him licked and that his whole coffee consortium was facing ruin unless he could make terms with Stilton. He told Stilton that he would strike a bargain—that he would tell Stilton of an expensive leak that was costing the fruit company many thousands of dollars, if Stilton would call a truce. Stilton, apparently, agreed.

"Stilton confronted me with the facts as Graulitz had told them to him. I denied them, naturally. Stilton then asked to borrow my fountain pen, wrote some figures on the back of an envelope, replaced the pen in his own pocket as he leered at me in triumph and passed me the figures. They were accurate and undeniable. Stilton said if I still persisted in denying my guilt, he would send to New Orleans for the pay sheets. I knew then that I was lost. I was a murderer and a thief, and I would lose Nita. That thought drove the last vestige of sanity from my head. The only way to save myself and keep Nita would be to silence Stilton. I stabbed him with the screw driver I had in my pocket, and ran. I reached the steps of the club just before Perry came back."

"Pardon me for just a minute," the comandante interrupted. "I must telephone to the comandancia."

"It was not until later, when I returned with Perry and the others, that I noticed the purple stains on Stilton's fingers and remembered my fountain pen," Lane read. "I knew I would have to get it back before they thought of tracing it to me. I heard Roland say that Stilton's effects were at the consulate, and thought I would try to get the pen while Roland was still talking to the comandante.

"I LET myself into the consulate with my duplicate key. I had no more thought of the blank passports, but knew I must find the pen. It took me some time to break open the lock on the desk, as I was afraid to switch on the light. It was Roland, coming back sooner than I expected, who turned on the light. He had heard me, and held a gun in his hand.

"I sprang at him, and we fought for the gun. In the struggle, I shot him. I still had to break open the desk. When I finally succeeded in finding the pen, the telephone rang. It was the comandante. I imitated Roland's voice the best I could, then hung up. But I was so unnerved by this time that I even forgot to destroy the leaky fountain pen that I had killed a man to get!

"I found Nita and told her what I had done. I suggested that she get rid of the money. She said she would take care of it, although she has never told me what she did with it. I should have suspected her loyalty then, but I didn't, particularly as next day she repeated a conversation she had overheard between Perry and the comandante, in which the comandante said he thought Lane knew the whole story, and that Lane was planning to escape.

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"Graulitz sent for me that night, but I did not go. I was through with him, determined to play my hand alone, and to get out as quickly as possible. I made an effort to intercept Lane in the inlet that night, but the comandante's launch drove me off.

"That night Nita came to my study. I still think she may have loved me in her own shallow way, but she loved herself more. She was not going to tie herself to a triple murderer, not when she had a hundred thousand dollars. She raised her voice deliberately, so my wife would hear. She knew Edith would make Perry send her north, and she knew I could not object without incriminating myself.

"The rest you know.

"I have been a fool, and I have come to the end of my fool's paradise. Of those who remain behind, I ask forgiveness. To the men I have killed, I shall have to answer myself—if there is a hereafter. Of my wife, I can ask nothing, for there is nothing in her heritage of shame that can let her know how contrite I am. I can only hope that there may be some forgiveness in her heart. Goodby, dear Edith. HENRY ALCOTT."

THERE was a long silence. The third vice-president stirred uneasily. Then he said: "Too bad. He writes well, doesn't he, Perry?"

"My dear Lane," said the comandante, "you must be dry as Kansas after all that reading. Luckily I phoned for some dog's nose. Here it is."

Two barefoot soldiers walked up the veranda steps, bearing foaming, sweating, amber pitchers.

Lane had gone to Perry's house to take a shower and shave. He was getting into a clean suit of whites when the comandante came in.

"You were right, Lane," he said. "The comandante at Piedra Grande says Holliday's motor boy admits that Nita Fenwick gave him fifty dollars to take her up the line the night Stilton was killed, and another fifty to go home and keep his mouth shut for a few weeks. That's a lot of money to a motor boy."

"What about the hundred thousand?" Lane asked.

"It was in the bag, all right," said the comandante. "Perry got a wire from the skipper of the Fonseca. They found the cash in the hold with the bananas. Now the third vice-president is trying to make up his mind what to do about Nita."

"How about the Minister of the Interior—will his patience last until the company gets more money down here?"

"I don't know about his patience," the comandante replied, "but I don't think he'll be leaving for a day or two. Doc Janvier's got him in bed with a case of indigestion. Anyhow, I don't think Señor Manzana wants to be Minister of the Interior any more. Since he's sampled the French cooking of the Janviers', he's seriously considering putting in for an appointment as ambassador to Paris. He's convinced that the art of eating, in Latin America, is in its infancy."

"What about his possible successor?" Lane asked.

"I don't think there'll be any trouble for the company," the comandante replied. "I'm thinking of taking the portfolio myself. Anyhow, Graulitz concedes defeat."

"I don't believe it."

"He went aboard that German coffee boat as soon as she dropped hook off Liberica this morning. I can try to get him off, if you want, but I doubt if it'll work. Those German skippers have a way of demanding all sorts of impossible warrants, and then denying that the man you want is aboard. We might try it, anyhow, and charge him with inciting to murder."

"Let him go," said Lane. "Is Pinky Hind aboard, too?"

"I should say not. Pinky Hind is staying right here in Puerto Musa. He's going into business here. He may not remember it when he wakes up, but he bought the Bar of the Two Owls last night—with his lottery winnings."

Lane was putting the finishing touches on tying his cravat. "Pinky'll have to lower the bar about eight inches," he said. "Otherwise the customers won't be able to see him when he stands behind it."

"You dressed now, Lane?"

"Yes. Why?"

"There's a young lady waiting to see you," said the comandante. He turned to call: "Señorita!"

MURIEL came in without further ceremony. She walked slowly, and there was an expression of apprehension in her blue eyes.

"Well, it's happened," she said. "There's a radiogram for you. I brought it myself, because I'm afraid I can guess what it is."

"What is it, my love?"

"You're going to leave right away."

He took the envelope from her, ripped it open. He smiled and passed her the message, which read:

WALTER LANE CARIBFRUIT PUERTO MUSA
CONGRATULATIONS STOP ARRANGE TAKE EARLIEST PLANE FOR PANAMA AWAITING ORDERS THROUGH USUAL CHANNELS CANAL ZONE HALIAETUS

Muriel flung the paper at him. "I suppose you'll take the next train for the Capital, to make your plane connections," she said.

"I suppose so."

"Well, goodby, Walt. It's been nice knowing you."

"What's the matter, darling? Don't you like Panama?"

"Nobody asked me if I liked it."

"I'm asking you," said Lane. "How long does it take you to pack?"

"Oh, Walt, darling, if you really mean that!"

"Of course I mean it."

"But I can't go with you, sweetheart. You don't know what you're to do or where you'll be. Anyhow, you can't be lugging a girl around all over the place. Suppose you have to spend six months catching albacore with the Japanese fishing fleet?"

"I NEVER thought of that," Lane said. "But they can't make a fisherman of me for six months. I've got leave due me in two. Come on with me."

"I can't, darling. I can't leave Dave like this without notice. There's so much work, cleaning up after the blowdown."

"Nonsense," Lane said. "The whole division will be clean in a few weeks. After that there won't be a thing to do for the next eight months, except wait for the new suckers to get big enough to bear fruit. You can break in a new secretary in a month. Tell you what: I'll give you five weeks. Meet me in Panama in five weeks."

"But where, darling? How will I find you? You don't know yourself where you'll be. Wait until you get your leave, darling. Then send me a cable, and—"

"Five weeks from today," Lane interrupted, "at six o'clock in the evening, I'll be sitting on the veranda of that big hotel on Ancon Hill, drinking a small rum-gomme-and-lime. I'll be expecting you. You know, I'm pretty crazy about you, Muriel Monroe."

"I adore you, darling."

"Make a note of that somewhere," Lane said. "Because from now on that's going to be the new Monroe Doctrine."

She didn't laugh. She couldn't, because he was kissing her.

THE END

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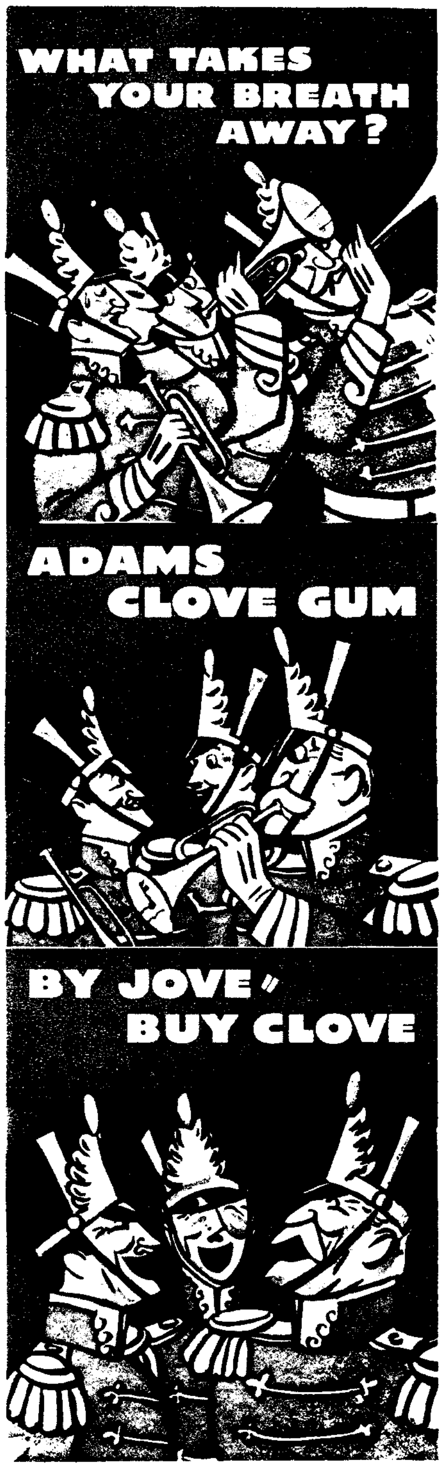

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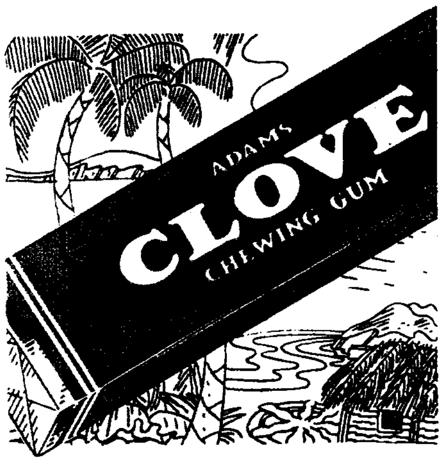


A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Over the Reef

Continued from page 13

this time of the year for the South American run, I think you'd better pay me off."

"You don't trust the ship, eh?" inquired the captain with grim humor. "She'll make it. She always does."

"I know," agreed the mate. And he added darkly, "But there's a lot of rumors running around, sir, even among the crew. The owners don't want us home."

"That's imagination," said Captain Mathews steadily. "I think you'd better stick. If we can weather another month or so I've reason to believe we'll be taken over by the White Flag line. And that means a future."

"Yeah," said the mate bitterly. "If we can weather another month or so. But if you'd like me to stick . . ."

"Stick," said Captain Mathews. "I need someone around I can rely on. And you might remember, mister, berths are pretty scarce nowadays."

"I've thought of that, too," the mate agreed. "But I'll stick, sir, since you put it that way. And anyone who sticks to this floating coffin is crazy."

He was somewhat correct. The Dunraven left Newport News in the teeth of a half gale that within twelve hours developed into a full gale and then settled to a hurricane. She was so deeply laden that she bored through the swells instead of riding to them, and her decks were a continuous wash of white water. The cargo in the wells went very soon, and that amidships soon after.

Fortunately, no one was injured, but all the starboard lifeboats were smashed again. The engine-room skylights were broken in to such an extent that sea after successive sea pouring below had driven both engineers and the stokehold gang onto the gratings, and they had had to draw the fires for fear of boiler explosions, so that the Dunraven pitched and wallowed out of control in the mountainous combers. She staggered into Buenos Aires at last, little more than a hulk but still, amazingly, afloat. Captain Mathews gave a tight little smile as he cabled back to Mr. Warren and requested his further orders. He also cabled back the amount of the dry-dock bill, and Mr. Warren went quite white as he considered it.

"It's only a few weeks now to the damned ship's survey," said his partner savagely. "And the insurance lapses. I thought you were going to fix things. Maybe we'd better just let it slide. We can sell the Dunraven for scrap and pull something out of the wreck."

"When the White Flag Line bids in," snarled Mr. Warren, "there'll be nothing left to pull out. We've cut their throat often enough, and don't think they'll forget it. But if we can drop the Dunraven and get the ready cash we can tide over. Damn that fool Mathews!"

"What's there to do?" protested the partner. Mr. Warren considered a while and then drew a cable form toward him.

"I think," he said gently, "we can get a charter to load wheat at Portland, Oregon, and we'll send Captain Mathews round the Horn to cover it. Light. Do you understand? The Horn is worse than the Western Ocean."

WHEN Captain Mathews got his orders at Buenos Aires, his natural seaman's instinct overcame for the moment his desperate need for holding his berth.

"Were there no directions for loading ballast?" he inquired of the Green Ball Line's agent.

"None," said the agent. "You go light."

Captain Mathew's mouth grew hard. "I can't go light around the Horn. I should have at least six hundred tons of wet sand to steady me. What do you think the Dunraven is?"

The agent shrugged. "Why argue with me? Cable your owners. I just do as I'm ordered."

"I'll cable," said Captain Mathews grimly. "But I doubt if I'll get results."

He was correct in that. Mr. Warren replied very curtly: "EXPENSES FAR TOO HIGH. EXPECT YOU SAIL ON DAY ORDERED. GRAIN CHARTER DEPENDS ON TIME."

"That ought to fix things," Mr. Warren told his partner. "And if Mathews has any sense left he'll know we mean it, and drop the ship in some safe spot."

"He's fool enough to see the thing through," the partner observed savagely. "We ought to have replaced him as I said."

ON BOARD the Dunraven the chief engineer bluntly asked Captain Mathews, "What are they trying to do? Get rid of us? She'll likely race her propeller off, even if she don't capsize."

"That might be the idea," said the captain wearily. "But we'll make it. We usually seem to."

"If I hadn't a family!" threatened the chief engineer. And Captain Mathews laughed. "But we all have," he said. "And so we sail."

The Dunraven put to sea in calm, clear weather, and plowed south to grope along the outskirts of the Patagonian Archipelago on a short-cut course that Mr. Warren had insisted upon as saving time, and that few other ships ever used. Then early one morning, with the sea working up and the wind growing gusty as a prelude to a storm, she lifted a tall column of wavering smoke on the shores of a barren island.

"That's some sort of signal," observed Captain Mathews, staring through his glasses. "But that island's not inhabited."

"Probably castaways, sir," said the mate. "Shall I ease her in?"

The captain nodded and the mate pulled hard on the siren lanyard as he turned the ship. Then the smoke column was suddenly blanked out and instead small puffs came out in erratic order.

"Morse code," said the captain dryly. "They're signaling. Get it, mister."

The mate adjusted his glasses. "CAN YOU TAKE US OFF?" he spelled out. "SURVIVORS STEAMER CACHET."

Captain Mathews was startled. "The Cachet? Why, that's the survey ship that sent down here last year that disappeared. Of course we'll take them off. Use the siren and tell them to stand by."

The mate sent the message across, and the smoke signals talked back. They would be standing by.

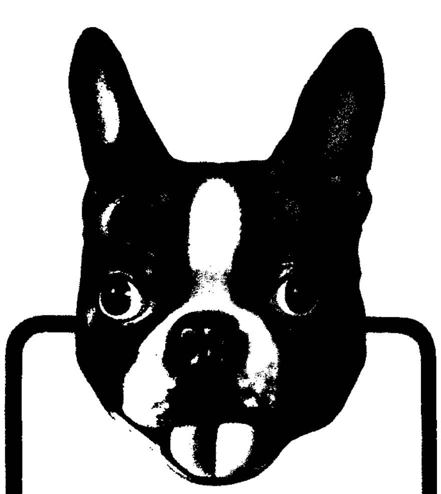
"You'd better get out a chart of the shore line," said Captain Mathews. And the mate bit his lip.

"We've got a general chart, sir, but no specific ones. Ships don't stop here."

"How's the general chart? Very clear?"

"Coast line in dots, which means they don't know where the hell it is anyway; and most of the depths are queried. I guess these islands aren't very well surveyed, sir. That was part of the Cachet's job."

"We'll try it," said Captain Mathews. "Two men in the chains. And take a bearing off the point." He pulled down the "South Atlantic Pilot" and skimmed through it. "Hydro Island," he said, his thick forefinger running along the print. "Volcanic. Fresh-water spring believed southeast portion. Cape pigeons, terns and cormorants abundant. Some hair



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seal. Strong current setting from east and veering southwest. Surveys on this coast very scant and mariners should use caution."

"We'd better put a man in the crow's-nest, sir," said the mate. "There's plenty of shoal water. You can see the kelp stretched in the current. And there's a gap there, side of the reef, sir. . . . See the blue water."

Captain Mathews nodded. "Half speed. We'll get as close in as we can before using the boats." And he added, grimly humorous, "I wonder what Mr. Warren would think of this."

The mate bit his lip again. "He'd probably be sore at your endangering the ship," he said. "But seriously, sir, this current's too much."

The Dunraven, in fact, was making heavy going of it; easing in on a pass through two reefs, and heading for the smoke signals on the island. As she eased into the pass, and the current got her, she began to stagger. She was riding so light that her propeller could not get a good hold.

Captain Mathews stuck his hands in his side pockets, his face a little white.

"Port a bit! . . . Port. . . . Ease your helm!" he said steadily. "Meet her now! Meet her! . . . Hold it! . . . Starboard a little! . . . That's it. Hold her!"

THE island loomed closer. The surf boiled along the reefs, and the tortuous pass opened up to an inlet of smooth water. The Dunraven swung to and the mate said, "Do we anchor?" Captain Mathews shook his head. "We'll keep her under steam, seeing we don't know these waters. Take a boat away and pick them up."

The castaways of the Cachet came aboard at last, five men and a dog, their leader a heavily bearded man with tired gray eyes.

"I can't thank you enough, sir," he said to Captain Mathews, shaking hands. "There isn't a damn' ship comes this way once in a blue moon, unless they're trying to make time."

"That's what I'm supposed to be doing," said Captain Mathews grimly.

"You're riding pretty light," observed the other man. "This is a bad spot to be in without ballast."

"We'll make it," said the captain patiently, and sent the castaways below in charge of the chief steward.

"We'll probably get some glory out of this," he told the first mate. "But that's all. We're wasting time and we're still afloat."

The mate drew a sharp breath. "So far, sir, yes. Look what's coming."

The leader of the Cachet's survivors swung back on the bridge with a roar. "Look out, sir! I warned you these damned squalls were sudden!"

Captain Mathews looked, and then swore and jumped to the bridge telegraph. He rammed it down FULL AHEAD. A willy-willy, that treacherous sudden squall that sweeps across the Patagonian waters without warning, and can be more disastrous than a full gale, was viciously whipping up the pass. A sailing vessel would have been dismasted immediately and driven ashore. And even a steamer was in danger. Captain Mathews turned the Dunraven and headed for the open sea.

"If we get through the reefs," he said, "we're clear."

But that was a problem, even for a full-powered ship. Added to the current rip there was the tremendous pressure of the howling willy-willy, singing through the rigging and the stays, ripping covers from lifeboats and even the canvas from the hatches, and blowing against the high wall of the Dunraven's side. It swung her. She was unsteady anyway, without ballast, and the furious force of the wind made her all but unmanageable. Yet with her engine she fought it, and staggered across a waste of suddenly whipped gray water and headed into the pass between the reefs. They were cold lava, and normally sixteen feet deep. But the willy-willy had driven up combers that dipped deep enough to cover them with white.

In the home office Mr. Warren, rereading the old reports as to the Dunraven's shaft and propeller, requesting renewals, looked at his partner and gave a dry laugh: "That damned fool Mathews! Thinking we'd lay out money for repairs that expensive! I hope he loses his propeller again, and in some place where it'll do good."

He was almost prophetic. At that precise moment the Dunraven's ancient main shaft broke. She dropped her propeller in the current rip of the unsurveyed Patagonian pass and began to swing across the reefs, out of control.

The wind wrung tunes out of the rigging and heeled the ship. The sea chopped up alongside her. And on the reef the wind swell was ominous.

Captain Mathews leaned over the bridge rail and roared, "Let go! Both anchors! We've got to hold her!" The mate bolted for the fo'c'sle head and the thunder of the let-go cables rose above the hammer of the squall. The Dunraven staggered again, heeled again, hard over, and, riding light as she was, became the toy of the wind. She snapped her starboard cable, and the port anchor dragged clear of the bottom. She crossed the reefs broadside, carried on a swollen sea that brought Captain Mathews' heart to his mouth. But she cleared. *She cleared!* The squall blew her clear to sea, weaving, rolling, staggering, out of control, but out to the blessed deep water where at least she was safe.

"The luck of this ship," said the mate through dry lips, "is beyond me."

"She always makes it," said Captain Mathews quietly. He stuck his hands in his side pockets and smiled to himself. He had served eight voyages. "Shouldn't I know?"

She was picked up before dusk by an Argentine gunboat and towed to Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands. There she went into dry dock and was conditioned.

TWO months later, in Portland, Oregon, the agent for the Green Ball Line sprawled in a chair in Captain Mathews' cabin, drank the captain's best Scotch and said, "Well, we thought you'd never get here."

"A lot of other people figured that too," said the captain. He was very tired. Riding light up the West Coast for grain, after dry-dock repairs, had been no picnic.

"Anyway, you've got a new owner," the agent informed him. "The White Flag Line bought your firm out last week. Went bankrupt, I understand." The agent became enthusiastic. "Your rescue of the Cachet's survivors has certainly impressed the new outfit. You're listed for command of the Bellraven, the new ship they've just launched on the Clyde!"

"My wife will be very pleased," said Captain Mathews evenly. "And my ticket's still clean. What's happened to Mr. Warren?" And the agent laughed.

"He's bolted. Got too deep into finance. It seems like he was figuring on the Dunraven's being lost, and had borrowed heavily on the strength of it."

"You know," Captain Mathews said seriously, "the Dunraven would have been lost. When we were swept out to sea over the reef without our propeller."

"I don't quite get it," apologized the agent.

"Well, you see," said Captain Mathews, "we were drawing seventeen feet. And the reef was eighteen down. If we'd only had ballast, dropping us another two feet . . . Well, you figure it out!"

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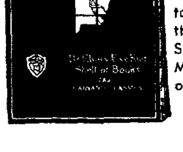

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Tip-Top Ten

Continued from page 19

bridge in the City of Brotherly Love and had won national events before he ever made New York his home. He had two victories and a second place. Added to his men's pair success with Mr. Goren, he scored as a fifth member of the Four Aces team in the masters' fours, and was on the runner-up team in the knockout fours for the Harold S. Vanderbilt Cup.

New York gets clear title to the next six places: Merwin D. Maier, Oswald Jacoby (the leader for the last four years), Howard Schenken, Sherman Stearns and David Bruce Burnstone each had two wins, and are rated in that order on the basis of the way they finished in the one individual event, in which all played except Mr. Burnstone. Messrs. Maier, Jacoby, Schenken and Burnstone are the famous Four Aces team, and Mr. Stearns played as a fifth member with them in one triumph. The name of Mr. Burnstone may sound new, but he is the same skilled cardsman who as David Burnstine earned the top rank in these listings five years ago. During the last season he translated his family name, began using his middle one, and also married one of the able young women tournament players, Marguerite Stengel. Ninth place is taken by Morrie Elis of New York, who gained a first with Mr. Stearns in the masters' pairs and also had two second places, in the masters' fours and the men's pairs.

There is an unbreakable tie for tenth place, at one first and one second apiece for Mrs. H. E. Funk of Cleveland, John R. Crawford and Charles J. Solomon of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Albert M. Sobel and Fred D. Kaplan of New York.

Twenty-three different players shared the season's championships, and twenty others gained second places. Of these forty-three, twenty-eight are New Yorkers and fifteen from other places. Nine of the champions gained such honors for the first time and fourteen are repeaters. Mrs. Sobel, Mrs. Funk, Mr. Elis, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Solomon made the First Ten for the first time, whereas the others have been in it before.

Such is the actual standing of the players in the national championship play of the season—not any expression of opinion or effort to appraise their relative skill as bidders or players of the cards, but the straight compilation of the record, as free from influence of anybody's opinion as is the standing of the clubs at the end of a baseball pennant race.

Up from Seventh Place

From the beginning of these rankings eight years ago, every one of the leaders has been a picturesque and distinct personality, but none more so than the new bridge king, of whom this was written two years ago: "His magnificent bidding and play have caused other stars to rate him as one of the most brilliant performers in the game." With a great series of second places, he was compared to Bobby Jones, who "was that way in golf for years before he finally crashed through to his unbeatable string." Last year, Charlie Goren made the list, in seventh place, with Mrs. Young in eighth. And now he, too, has crashed through all the way to the top, and his pupil next to him into the closest kind of a second place.

The new bridge champion has just turned his thirty-eighth birthday. He was born March 4, 1901, and got his first schooling in his home city of Philadelphia. After graduation from high school in 1918, he put in one year in an office-furniture business, then decided to visit an uncle in Montreal and accept his invitation to enroll at McGill University, as practically all of his family were college graduates. In the college catalogue, he noticed that the shortest hours were in the law school, which would leave him the most time for fun. So that is what he decided to study. He really must have studied, however, for he topped his class in each of the three years, winning the pool-money prizes and finally his LL.B. and a $450 fellowship for post-graduate work. He returned that extra year, and at its close in June of 1923 had earned his Master's degree in law, though he never has received it because he has not seen fit to pay a nominal fee that is required. Now that he has plenty of Master's degrees in bridge, he probably never will have that law degree, unless the McGill faculty should decide that the way he has reflected his training by his bridge achievements entitles him to the waiving of the fee.

Mr. Goren Reads a Book

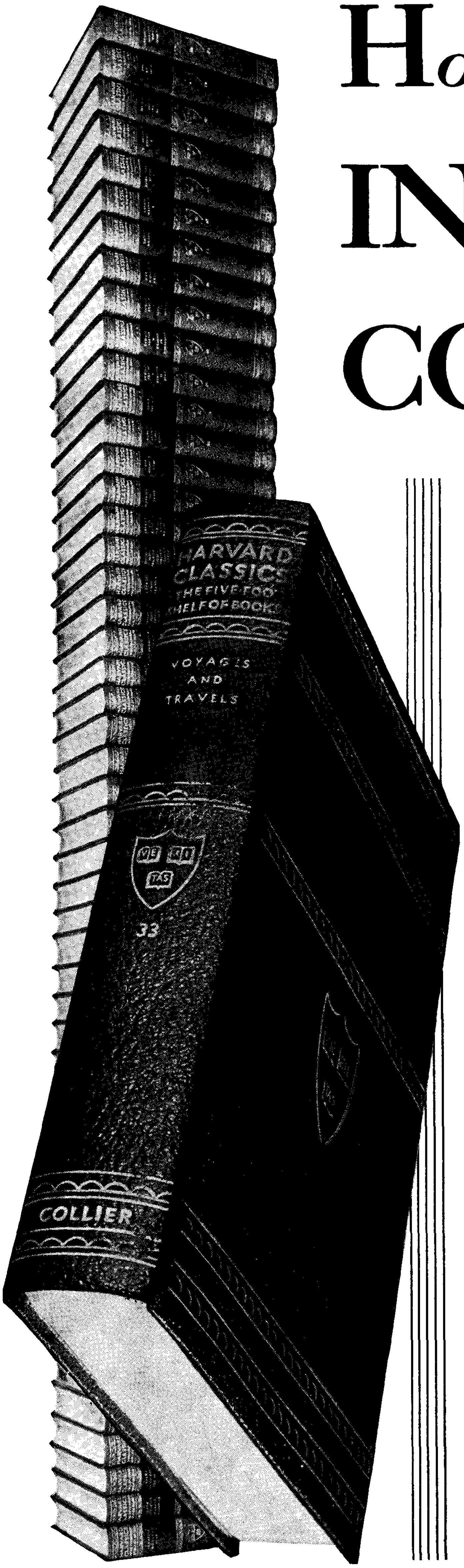
Upon his graduation from McGill, the budding lawyer intended to become a British subject and practice in Canada. But when he visited his home that summer, some of his friends persuaded him to stay there, put in three months to adapt his Canadian legal education to passing the Philadelphia bar examinations and then practice American law. This he did, and entered upon his profession. But he likewise entered upon a new interest at the same time, bridge.

The bridge party at which he had been ridiculed was in the spring of 1923 in Montreal. Young Goren did nothing to fulfill his promise to himself about the game until he got home that summer. Then, between sessions of legal efforts, he began to study that famous old book "Auction Bridge Complete," by his respected fellow townsman, the late Milton C. Work. He boned and boned for seven months. He would get out the cards and set up the hands, studying them until he thoroughly understood their lesson. He did the same with any hands he could find in newspapers or magazines. In short, he had become a real bridge bug, though he had not yet tried to play since his harassing first experience in Montreal. Before long, he was sending in answers to a contest run by a Philadelphia newspaper and won a prize of ten dollars.

This started him on his tournament career. Mrs. William S. Wadsworth, wife of the coroner's physician, saw his name in the paper and invited him to bring a partner to the first public duplicate ever held in Philadelphia. He took with him an old friend, Hugh McKiernan, who had played a lot of rubber bridge but had never read a bridge book, whereas our champion had read plenty but could not properly be said to have played. In those early days, it was customary to place all of the stronger players in the North-South positions at a tournament, and the weaker ones East-West. The Goren-McKiernan pair was naturally East-West, and they won the East-West top score. The next week they won again.

"After that they made us play North-South," said Mr. Goren, recalling the occasion with a laugh, "and we didn't get another top for a long time."

In 1929 came his first victory in a tournament held by Mr. Work at the Penn A. C., with both auction and contract sections. It was the first contract bridge ever played in Philadelphia. But



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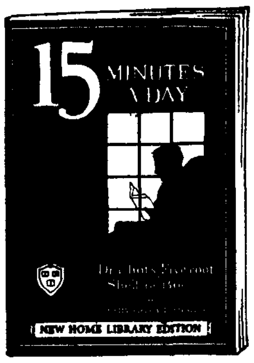

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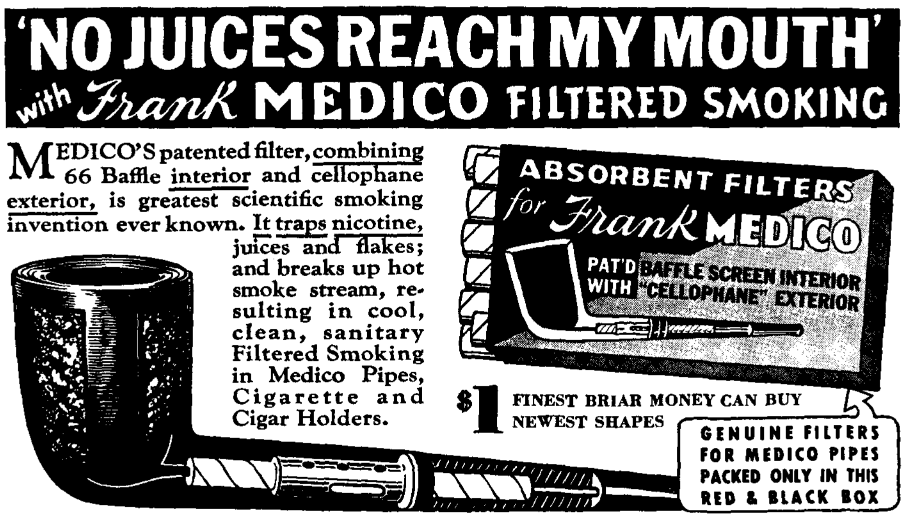

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Mr. Goren stuck to what he knew, playing in the auction and winning top with Woolcott Roberts, former All-America halfback of the Naval Academy. This spurred him to enter and win the city team-of-four championship shortly thereafter, with Mr. Roberts as his partner and Dr. Joseph W. Shallcross and Robert K. Clifton as teammates. In 1931, he and Mr. Roberts went to New York and played in their first Eastern championship, getting sixth in the pairs.

Around that time he had begun to do a bit of bridge teaching, then blossomed as a technical writer, aiding Mr. Work and his associate, Mrs. H. L. Peterson. He also made summer arrangements for a series of duplicate games and talks by various bridge figures at an Atlantic City hotel. And he got more serious about his tournament record.

Enter the Lady

One afternoon at the old Franklin Bridge Club he noticed a fine defensive play by a young woman whom he was kibitzing, and complimented her. Next time he asked her to play on a team in a duplicate tournament, though she had never seen a duplicate board. He explained the style of play to her, and she tried it. The team finished away down in the city championship, but she was so intrigued by the form of game that you couldn't keep her out of duplicate games thereafter. She was an addict from the start. She is more than an addict now. She is Sally Young.

Her name isn't really Sally. She was born Sara Sheppard in Philadelphia on February 2, 1906, was educated at St. Mary's Hall in Burlington, N. J., and is married to Ralph C. Young, a builder, who is proud of her success. He never has cared much for cards, but she has from the time she began to play auction at school. She had just begun to dabble at contract when a friend brought her to the Franklin Bridge Club, where she shortly was observed by Mr. Goren as a promising prospect for expertness. As she liked her first taste of duplicate so much, she gladly became a studious pupil, hungry for all the information her mentor could give her.

In 1933 she went to her first national tournament in New York with Mr. Goren, and they finished second in the mixed-pair championship. They continued to keep up the good work, and soon were familiar faces at nearly all important tournaments. They make an interesting contrast: Mr. Goren, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighing 150 pounds, has dark hair and brown eyes. Mrs. Young, only 5 feet 2 and weighing 105, is blond with blue eyes. He is of the nervous type, highly charged with mental energy, and in his earlier tournaments, under the stress of competition, he was hardly still a moment, crossing and uncrossing his knees, changing the positions of his hands and elbows and furnishing almost every kind of facial expression as he studied the cards, from keen intentness to frowns and smiles. She is more of the placid kind, soft-spoken and with a gentle smile that at first was disarming to many new opponents who would get the idea she might not be very sharp in her stratagems.

Mrs. Young was quick to grasp the important factors of expert tournament tactics. One of the most interesting features of tournament play comes from meeting new opponents as you go from table to table, and adapting your own moves to their methods and temperaments. If you are to play five or six hands against a particular pair whom you may never see again, the first deal or two will give you a chance to size them up and obtain information about their tendencies which should be of value to you on the remainder of the deals.

In their last winning tournament of the season just closed, the national open match-point team contest at Cleveland, Mrs. Young gave an emphatic example of the way she has learned some of her lessons. In the final afternoon a famous Western player had made a sacrifice bid of four spades over her four hearts and had been set only two tricks not vulnerable, costing 300 points, beating her out of a vulnerable heart game worth 620 points. When they met that same pair again in the evening Mr. Goren opened one deal with a fourth-hand heart bid, the opponent at his left bid one spade, Mrs. Young called two hearts, the other Westerner, two spades, Mr. Goren two no trump and the next opponent passed. Mrs. Young had a hand that at this stage barely justified a bid of three hearts. But she remembered the afternoon incident and reckoned that if she jumped to four hearts the Westerner would probably think the contract could be made and so would be very likely to bid four spades over it as before. That is exactly what happened. He fell for the ambush and was set two tricks doubled, worth 300 points whereas four hearts would have been set one trick.

"As you know," said Mr. Goren, "nearly all of those tournaments are won by the barest of margins, with a lot of fine teams in them, and just one incident like that can be the all-important thing that decides a championship."

Neither Mrs. Young nor Mr. Goren favors any kind of artificial bidding convention for reaching slams or any other purpose. It is their opinion that the time wasted by thousands of fair players learning such gadgets would be immeasurably more valuable if invested by those people in becoming more accurate and logical on the dozens of bidding situations that are encountered a hundred times as often. Their own conception of natural tactics, practically the same as the natural tactics of either the Culbertson or Four Aces system with all artificial bids absent, is outlined in Mr. Goren's own book, "Winning Bridge Made Easy," which is now in its seventh printing, and his new "Highlights of Winning Bridge," just coming off the press.

Masters Both

Mr. Goren is one of the country's fourteen "Life Masters"—an honor awarded by the American Contract Bridge League to players who have assured 250 master points awarded in varying amounts by the league for success in tournaments. The others are all New Yorkers—A. Mitchell Barnes, B. Jay Becker, David Bruce Burnstone, Richard L. Frey, Samuel Fry, Jr., Michael T. Gottlieb, Oswald Jacoby, Theodore A. Lightner, Charles Lochridge, Merwin D. Maier, Howard Schenken, P. Hal Sims and Waldemar von Zedtwitz. The league has just created a new class of "Woman Life Masters," requiring more than 100 master points, and the only one now possessing that distinction besides Mrs. Young is Mrs. Albert M. Sobel of New York. Mr. Goren was also the first winner, a season ago, of the trophy donated by William E. McKenney, secretary of the league, for the player winning the most master points in all tournament competition, territorial as well as national, which for the season just closed was taken by Morrie Elis of New York.

There was great progress in many respects for bridge in its first complete season under a single governing body, after the old ones closed up and merged their identity into the American Contract Bridge League. Already there are thirty-seven different territorial associations, known as units, ruling sectional and local matters under the general national authority. Rating points to players for success in nonchampionship tournaments, which may be converted into master points and ultimately eligibility for the masters' championships, when enough master points are held, are now awarded by 431 sanctioned local duplicate clubs in many parts of the country. This plan makes even the most insignificant little tournament a part of the comprehensive national scheme. The league has also completed its first great charity event, whereby thousands of players took part on February 14th in "America's Card Party" for the benefit of local charities everywhere in behalf of underprivileged children, an event that will be repeated on a growing scale, it is hoped, from year to year hereafter.

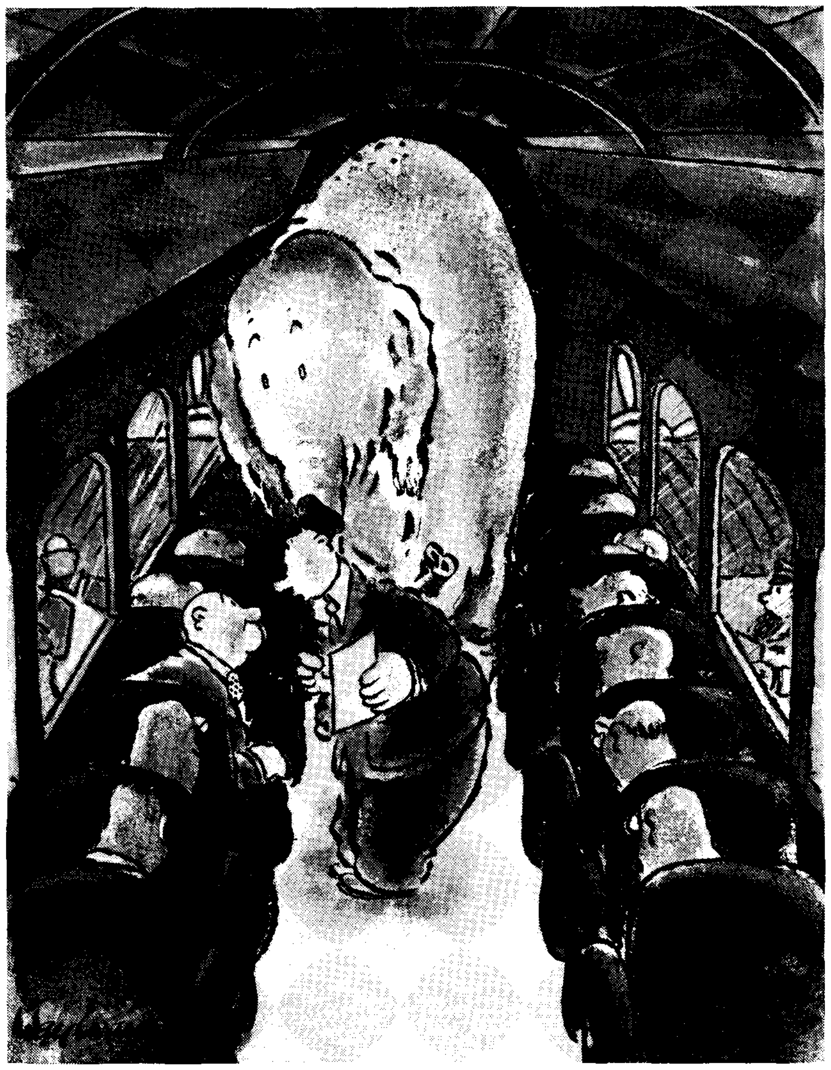
A Notable Bridge Year

Not only national, but sectional championships, too, continued to draw out strong and representative fields. The biggest, the 1938 Eastern, produced victories in the Julian Goldman pairs for Robert Chatkin and Myron Fuchs and in the Curt H. Reisinger fours for S. Garton Churchill, Charles Lochridge, John Rau, Samuel Fry, Jr., and Travers H. LeGros. The old All-American trophies of the veteran American Whist League were put up for competition by the Chicago Contract Bridge Association, one of the largest A.C.B.L. units, and won by Arthur Glatt and Albert Weiss in the pairs and by these plus Ralph Kempner and Walter Jacobs in the fours.

The year was notable for several developments outside of the routine. Five-suit bridge came in on a wave of publicity and went out just as fast. It was the most spectacular and short-lived flash-in-the-pan of all games that ever captured the public imagination. Americans found it too cumbersome and slow for the fast modern tempo. One thing that seems to have come to stay for many players is the "Blackwood convention" for bidding slams, developed by Easley Blackwood of Cincinnati. Its chief feature is that a four no-trump bid asks the partner how many aces he holds; a response of five clubs means no aces, five diamonds one ace, five hearts two, five spades three and five no-trump all four. After the four no-trump bid, five no-trump by the same player asks about kings, and the same general scale of responses at six tells the number, so that the asker may decide how high to place the final contract. This gadget gained a tremendous number of devotees during the season, supplanting other artificialities for them. Bridge education gained a great impetus from the popularity of special boards and other devices in which hands developed by experts can be inserted, so that one or more persons may compare their own bids and play with those recommended.

With more and more good players developing themselves to the efficiency of true experts, the top national honors are becoming harder to win with each succeeding season. Charlie Goren and Sally Young may prove an inspiration to many of these, now that New York's monopoly of the season's championship has been so emphatically smashed. Will the whole flock of metropolitan masters manage a comeback in the twelve months ahead, will the new leaders consolidate their hold on the first two brackets, or will some other inspired cardsmen or cardswomen break through?

The first part of the answer will be furnished next month, when two of the most important events of the new season will come—the Vanderbilt Cup and the Individual Masters' event.



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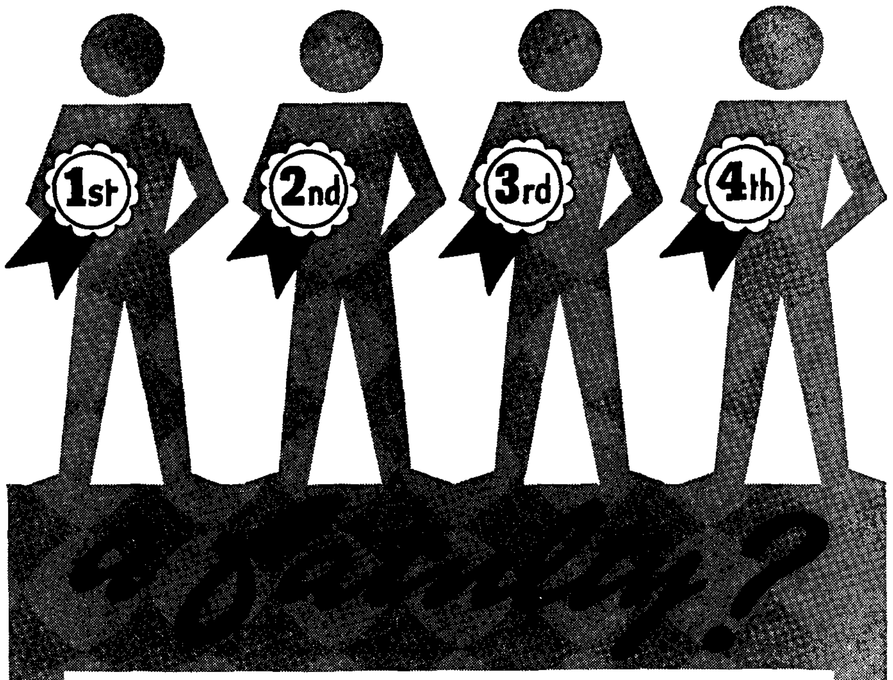

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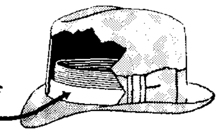

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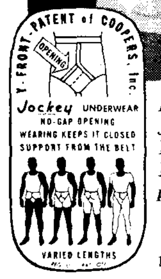

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Box-Office Babes

By Nanette Kutner

No. 8 on Hollywood's list of box-office favorites is Jane Withers. Such drawing power entitles her to a salary of $2,500 a week for 40 weeks

Hollywood's tip sheet, the box-office report, still rates Shirley Temple Movie Star No. 1. Even Jane Withers has nosed out Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Garbo, Loy, Shearer and the Marx brothers in the cinema sweepstakes. Here are the hurdles a child star must clear before finishing in the money

LAST year, fifteen thousand children from all over America registered at the Central Casting Corporation in Hollywood. They were looking for work. Out of their number seven thousand were employed, earning five to eleven dollars a day, averaging five days each, or a total salary of about thirty-five dollars a year.

Their migration can be partly blamed on racket dancing and dramatic schools. The Hays office, Central Casting and California's Labor Commission padlock one or two a month—in 1936 they established a record by closing twelve within five weeks.

"But," as a city official explained, "we can't do anything unless we catch them red-handed. We have to prove they make false promises."

Even if all the fake schools were closed, Hollywood would still be America's Pied Piper, for the financially worried mother, seeing big-wage-earning children perform, children like Shirley Temple and Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew, asks herself, "What have they got that mine haven't got?"

They have a great many things.

They have a serious, grown-up quality, and they are never, even when at play, wholly without it. If an ordinary child utters a precocious remark, his parent proudly repeats this. With movie youngsters it's the other way around; their elders continually emphasize what real children they are.

But I saw Shirley Temple entertain at a tea party where all her guests were grownups. She tried to see that everyone was served, carried on a many-sided conversation with the aplomb of an Elsa Maxwell, and when a cake was brought before her, she cut it, matter of course, as she nonchalantly remarked to the waiter that she hoped his knife was sharp enough.

I played a word game with her. The first person says he plans to put in his trunk an object beginning with "A" and supplies such a noun, the next repeats this, adding one beginning with "B," and so forth. Several people played: Shirley got "G." With that amazing memory of hers she bounded through the previous nouns, then furnished a word that might have occurred to an original-minded actress of twenty . . . "Gags."

Next, as the gentleman who drew "M," hesitated, Shirley nudged him, suggesting "Money." When the game stopped, she pouted, "Because I've got such a good one for 'Z.' " The others, appearing surprised, received a triumphant, don't-*you*-know expression before Shirley said, "But 'Z' is for Zanuck." Gags . . . money . . . and Producer-Boss Zanuck . . . straight from a nine-year-old mind. I wanted to holler yoo-hoo at Mr. Freud.

With the routine manner of a curator who has memorized the museum pamphlets, Jane Withers showed me her collection of eight hundred dolls. Nearing the end of this recitation, after exhibiting the doll that is the smallest in the world and the doll that can blink its eyes, she picked up another and mentioned that it was given her while working in Keep Smiling. Miss Withers, not stopping for breath, just automatically plugged, "My latest picture, now playing at Grauman's Theater."

Freddie Bartholomew talked about his latest lawsuit and how they want to take a percentage of his salary for the support of his sisters; he talked about his strike and how it forced him to miss school and work all summer to make up for lost studies. And he talked about the seventy-five-dollar check he received for writing an article and how he went out and bought his Aunt Cissy a chair, "Because, compared to the others, we're quite poor, you know. Metro loaned us the furniture for our bedrooms."

And Freddie sat at the head of his dining-room table, waited on by his butler, and looked me right in the eye as he solemnly said, "What I want out of life is stability."

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CHARLES KERLEE

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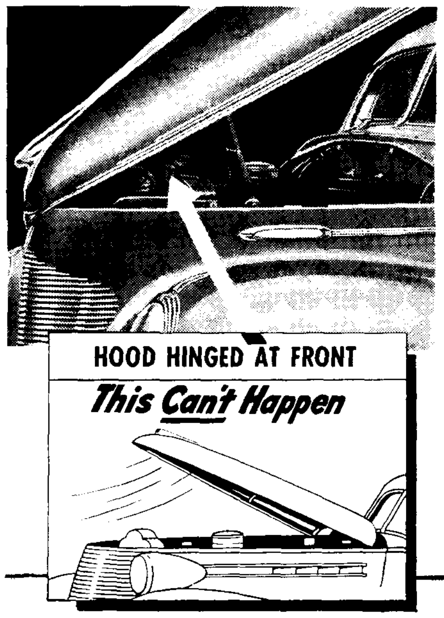

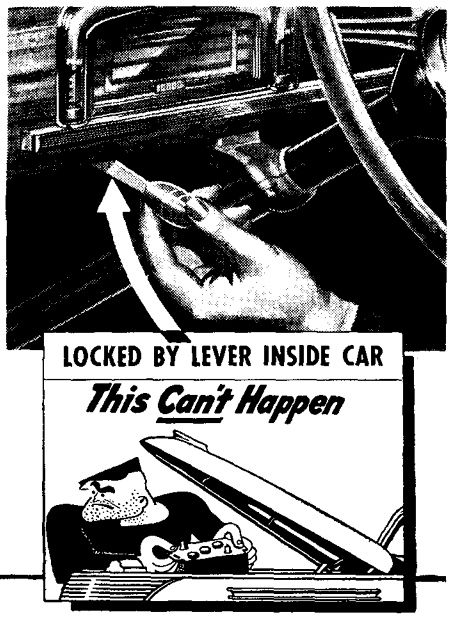
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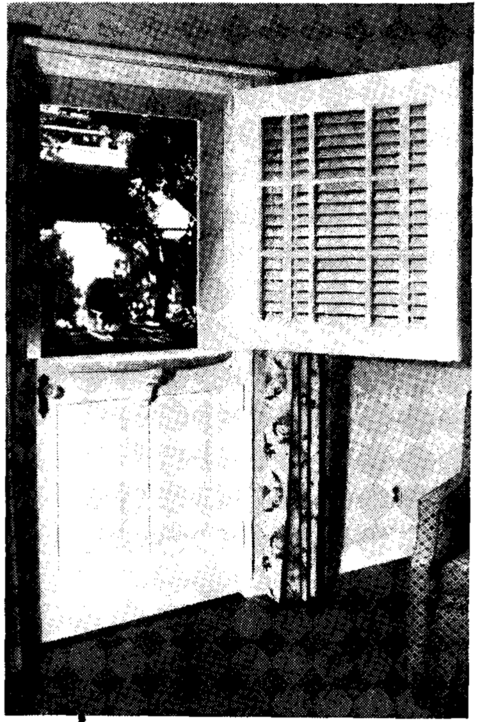

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During her vacation journey across the United States, Shirley Temple, like a human baseball, was batted from sight-seers to J. Edgar Hoover, from Franklin D. Roosevelt to Governor Lehman, and back to sight-seers again. She had to watch every word she said, everything she did. As one of the heads of Central Casting declared, "That trip would have broken a Robert Taylor." Shirley only cracked up in Boston, the time she had a 104 fever.

I watched Jane Withers do a Mexican dance on a painfully twisted ankle; not a peep out of her, except an occasional "Excuse me," when she danced it wrong.

I met Mickey Rooney on the set. He was very polite, and I stood by while his valet squirted what Mickey nicknamed "the gas ball" into his eyes. Whatever it was, it made them smart and water for a crying scene that had to be repeated several times. Sam Wood, his director, explained, "We're not getting anything from him. He's been making three pictures at once. And he's just too tired."

Surely you recall that scene in David Copperfield when Basil Rathbone as Murdock beat Freddie Bartholomew. Freddie was well padded, but the padding slipped, and Rathbone, not knowing this, kept on beating. Afterward Freddie went to a hospital. When Aunt Cissy remonstrated "Why, you didn't say anything!" he just glared as he told her, "It isn't done."

Education in Spots

They have a mental discipline that Arnold Bennett might have envied. A working day consists of sweating in front of a camera, or worse, sitting waiting, or posing for stills, or standing for fittings, or giving interviews, or doing whatever they must do to take up, profitably, before 6 P. M., four hours of studio time. They also relax one hour and have three of concentrated schooling. And there you have the eight hours allotted by law, not usually accomplished with such a neat hand, for study must fit in with camera work, and often it is a half-hour, spotted here and there, until it totals three.

Frequently they must learn their lessons, seated on a set surrounded by noise, and jump directly from schoolbook into the middle of a dramatic scene. Yet, Shirley is in the fifth grade; Jane, at the age of twelve, in the eighth grade, and a few months more will see Freddie, now almost fifteen, finished with high school.

They have emotional dispositions.

Hearing Shakespeare read, Freddie cried, "I can't bear it. It's too sad." For a time there, his nightly prayers included a "God bless poor Wolsey."

And during a Withers première, a friend, seated in back of Jane, noticed the tears running down her cheeks. Allan Dwan tells me that after Shirley plays an emotional scene she is good for nothing else. He says, "She really feels it."

Talent they have, undeniably.

At five Freddie reeled off Mark Antony's speech. And to Aunt Cissy's horror, he cut himself a wooden dagger so he could chase the cook, yelling, "I am Brutus."

Allan Dwan claims Shirley is the greatest actress since Bernhardt. Darryl Zanuck calls her a genius. Granted these may be exaggerations, there are certain facts that cannot be overlooked.

When Louis Silvers, experienced musical director for George M. Cohan, for Al Jolson, for Grace Moore, led his twenty-six-piece orchestra and the trumpeter played off key, Mr. Silvers was certain that only his sharp ear discerned this. But Miss Temple, as soon as she finished that scene, remarked to her mother, "The trumpet player bluffed."

It is not true that Shirley gets every scene at one take. It is true that when Shirley doesn't get it . . . there's something wrong with the scene. Usually it is bad writing. In these matters, Shirley has an uncanny and unfailing instinct.

There are the playbacks. A song produced for a picture is first recorded, then the performer is photographed singing, while it is played back. Naturally, lips must fit the music. This is so difficult that when an experienced actress like Fannie Brice, having sung My Man for years, warbled the same number for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the playback took from two in the afternoon until after nine at night. In Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Shirley had a medley. This meant four songs, eight tempo changes, and the whole sandwiched in layers of dialogue. Allan Dwan thought they would be obliged to photograph it, bit by bit. He forgot to depend upon Shirley. At the second take she went straight through, letter-perfect.

Hearing shoptalk, and not being fools, they have an overdeveloped feeling of competition. Rivalry becomes frantic.

Shirley is Star Number One on the box-office list of America for the fourth successive year, polled annually for exhibitors by The Motion Picture Herald. This means more people spend more money to see her on the screen than they do to see Clark Gable or Robert Taylor or any of the glamor girls.

Jane Withers is Number Eight. The fact that in 1938 Jane held this place is something with which to reckon. Eighth is getting ahead of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, of Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy, Greta Garbo, Bette Davis, Bob Montgomery, and all the Ritz and Marx brothers combined. Even more, Jane got there in spite of her B pictures.

A B picture is the other one on the double bill. It is the least expensive production, the studio stepchild, bred on the wrong side of the sound tracks and never allowed to forget it, except when, by some unforeseen circumstances, it hatches a cinema swan, which surprises everyone by being plain entertaining. The last time this happened was when young Mickey Rooney helped bring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Love Comes to Andy Hardy down the homestretch, beating superspecials by the length of a box-office line.

Don't Feel Too Sorry

Usually the Hollywood social distance between A and B is of such breadth that I know a young lady who, designing *costumes* for A pictures, barely nods good morning to another young lady, working on the same lot, but who has the bad taste to design *clothes* for B ones.

Following something of the same tradition, Shirley Temple is given as a dressing room a specially built, redecorated, picket-fence-bordered, rose-gardened stucco bungalow, big enough to house a family.

Not that Jane Withers is to be pitied. She lives with her mother and father, on her roughly quoted salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a week with a forty-week guarantee. Her position has brought her a big rambling ranch house on top of a hill, the lot next door to ward off undesirable neighbors, a barnyard full of animals, two swings, a swimming pool, an extra recreation building with an entire floor built into playrooms, several servants, a private secretary, and, always wearing his broad-brimmed cowboy hat, a jovial looking bodyguard to protect her from kidnapers.

Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Withers and Miss Bartholomew all get paid. Aunt Cissy told me she earns one hundred dollars a week, and there are conflicting reports about the Withers-Temple salaries, some saying that Mrs. Withers draws down five hundred, Mrs. Temple a thousand.

They do much the same thing. They teach new lines each night, and they are on the set every day, conscientiously watching their charges work under hot lights.

Mrs. Temple is the most Cinderella-like. From a Chicago background to being the wife of a moderate-incomed California bank employee and the mother of two sons and a baby girl, with the middle-class worries of a middle-class household—from this, Gertrude Temple has graduated into a visitor to the White House, an item for columnists, a meeter of celebrities, a wearer of orchids and a rider-around in a black limousine. In a lesser vein the others follow suit. To the layman it must seem that each of these ladies lead the life of a movie star without any of its chores. The layman, of course, is wrong. As Mr. Zanuck said, "Without Mrs. Temple there would be no Shirley."

Eagle-Eyed Parents

After playing any scene Shirley first looks to her mother for approval. So Mrs. Temple must see that Shirley keeps up her remarkable record of almost never blowing up on lines. Just like Aunt Cissy, who told me about the night the script writer handed Freddie twenty pages of dialogue to learn by morning, and how she worried he mightn't be able to do it. Freddie, with his beloved new American slang, called this a "studio gyp" but he learned those lines. Because Freddie, like Shirley, doesn't let his elders down.

In turn, these elders slavishly guard the childrens' health (one cold can hold up production) and with the grit of a Napoleon, added to a Disraeli technique, they fight for their rights.

Such solicitude has been known to act as a boomerang. When people around the studio are tempted to talk they repeat the story of Mrs. Temple's indignation upon hearing that the Bright Eyes scenario called for another little girl to play alongside of Shirley. And they tell (with many "Don't quote me" interpolations) how Mrs. Temple is supposed to have picked the second child herself, with the result that she chose the ugliest one who applied, a dark, straight-haired brat-faced imp, dragged to Hollywood by her own ambitious mamma from Atlanta, Georgia. The newcomer's name was Jane Withers. And Bright Eyes turned out to be the picture which skyrocketed Jane to public acclaim.

Since then the children have not been photographed together. Like Helen Moody and Helen Jacobs, the principals and relatives deny any rift, Jane Withers' press agent even pointing out that Shirley went so far as to give Jane a present. It was a Temple doll with three complete changes of costumes.

In case parents should forget their duties, California has passed a well-deserved slap-in-the-face law which protects the earnings of minors. And the Hays office butts in, whenever they can catch anyone overstepping, such as the time a director, now deceased, kept a child actor after six o'clock. He was immediately forbidden to direct a minor for the period of one year, and his studio warned that if such an incident should reoccur, no child would ever again be allowed on their lot.

Industrial Welfare, Board of Education and Labor Commission Enforcement tries to help the smaller fry too. But this is a more difficult job.

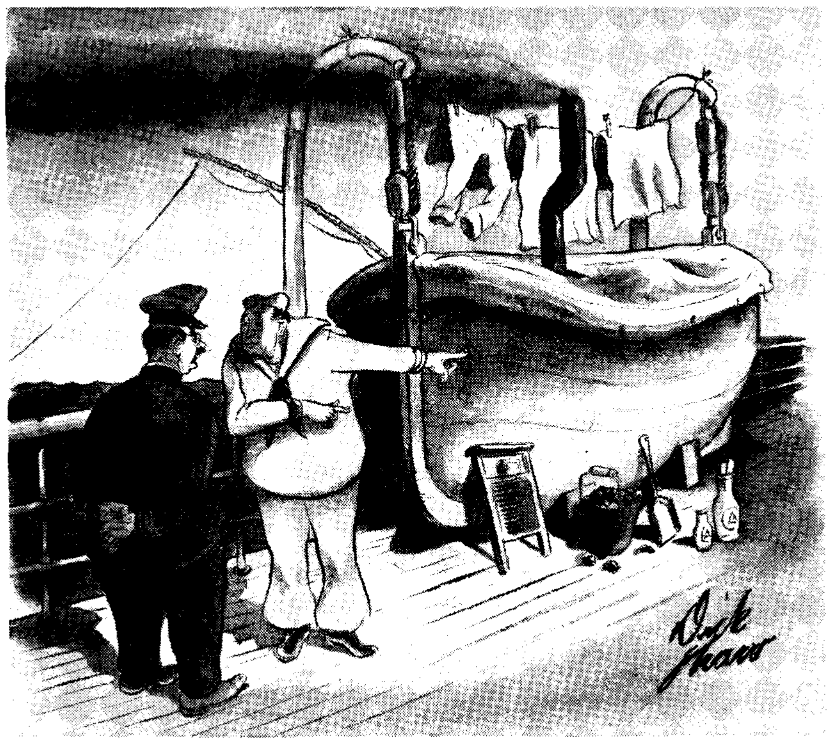
When, for five hundred dollars, a mother attempted to sell her child to Central Casting, they rightfully turned her over to a policewoman. And when, one morning, there stood at the door, two children, aged five and nine, accompanied by baggage plus the tale that their mother, back in Detroit, had put them on a bus with instructions to send for her after they made good, Central Casting called on Traveler's Aid. But they were all more than nonplused upon receiving, six months later, a letter from that same mother, who wrote she was shipping her children again, as they had now taken dancing lessons and so were able, this time, to earn a living.

Darryl Zanuck, who should know, having borrowed Bartholomew and steadily employed Temple, Withers and the quintuplets, agrees "No school can guarantee a job in pictures."

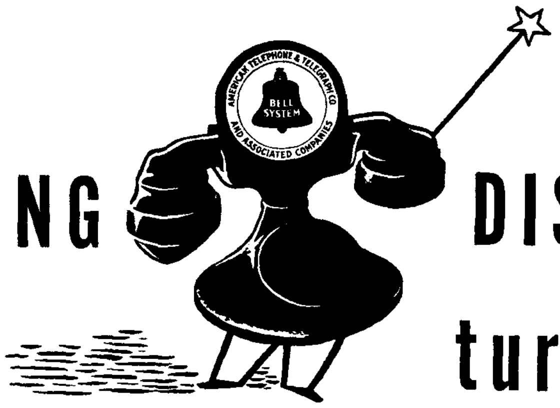
He also cautions against paying out money to have a child's likeness printed in a directory. This is a racket that has been going great guns, parents giving as much as forty dollars a photo.

And he says, "Talent will always get itself discovered."

But when asked where the next infant star will come from, Mr. Zanuck's eyes take on an out-of-the-ether expression as he admits, "It's like a song hit. You can't tell."



"Let's not accuse people until we're sure, Pederson!" DICK SHAW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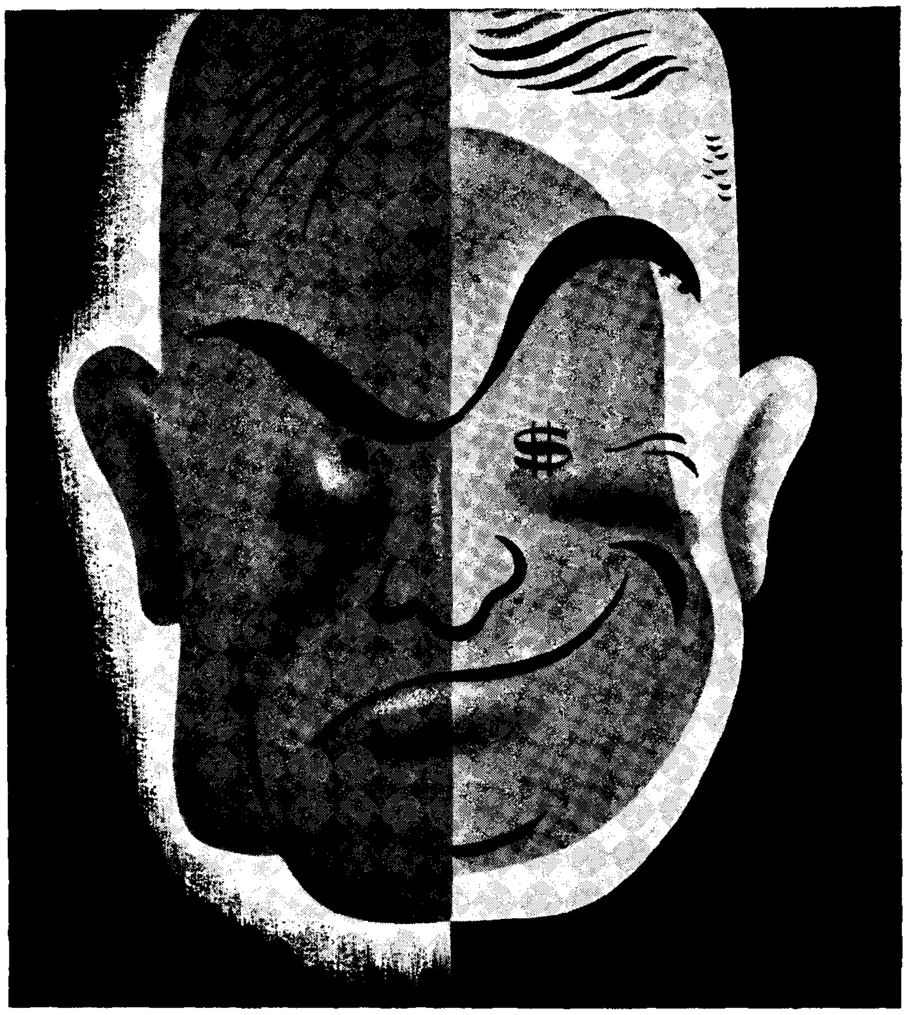


LONG DISTANCE turns COMPLAINTS into ORDERS

"THREE-FOURTHS of our business transactions are completed by Long Distance," writes a Miami, Florida, distributor of fruits and vegetables, "and we believe the service is responsible for our tremendous growth in the last few years.

"Recently, we sold a Dallas customer a carload of tomatoes, but delivery was delayed and most of them had spoiled upon arrival. The customer notified us. We telephoned at once, convinced the buyer the delay was unavoidable, assured him everything would be made right, and sold an *additional* carload of tomatoes. The same day, we had the same experience with a Kansas City customer, to whom we sold *two* extra carloads!

"Our long distance telephone bill may seem large, but the service is worth considerably more than we pay. We could not get along without it."

CHENERY, Editor   CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Edito   THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Make Social Security Secure

THE Social Security Act (let's call it the SSA from here on, for brevity) ought to be streamlined in two ways at this session of Congress. We hope Congress will lose sight of neither of those ways. If Congress does lose sight of either, we think it will be highly regrettable. Most of the stress has been laid up to now on broadening and speeding up the operations of the SSA.

And that should be done. Various classes now "exempt" ought to be brought under the SSA's wings as soon as possible—bank clerks, sailors, workers for nonprofit charitable, educational and similar organizations. A start ought to be made toward licking the bookkeeping problems mixed up with enrollment of domestic servants and wandering farm workers. And we can't see why the old-age-pension payments shouldn't begin next January 1st, as the President urges, rather than two years later.

But that isn't the only kind of streamlining job the SSA needs. It also needs to have a lot of fundamental dishonesties streamlined out of it. This job, we believe, is as urgent as the other. Dishonesties in a social welfare law are bound to kick back sooner or later. The likeliest candidates for the resulting confusions are the people the law is supposed to benefit.

We summarize the worst of these dishonesties in the two main divisions of the SSA:

Old-Age Pension Division—It contains two fundamentally dishonest features:

1. New Dealers talk a lot about taxing the rich and well-to-do and sparing the little fellow. But, actually, the SSA wishes on every one of its little-fellow clients an income tax of 1% of his gross earnings per year—an income tax which is scheduled to rise to 3% by 1949. This income tax, matched by equal contributions from the employer, is called a pay-roll tax for the old-age pension reserve funds.

It is nothing of the kind. The government is *not* saving this money for happy oldsters to spend years hence. It *is* putting a complex sort of IOU's in the till to signify that it owes the money: and then it *is* spending the money to pay its everyday expenses. The pensions, when they begin coming due in large amounts, will simply have to be paid out of new taxes levied in those future times.

2. These IOU's which the government is piling up ($190,000,000 worth to October 31, 1939 —latest figure available) are said to be building up a huge old-age pension reserve fund which will amount to $47,000,000,000 by 1980. Actually the government at that time (unless the SSA is streamlined before then) will have $47,000,000,000 worth of paper acknowledgments of debt to itself in the SSA coffers.

Nobody will be able to spend that paper, or any part of it, for anything to eat, wear, burn or live in. But the dreams that crackpots of 1980 will be inspired to dream by the existence of that mythical money will make the pensioneers and scrip teasers of 1939 look as hardheaded as the late Andrew Carnegie by comparison.

It is claimed, by SSA critics who ought to know, that a pay-as-you-go old-age pension system can be financed with taxes which won't rise to 3% until 1970, as against the present scheduled hike to 3% by 1949—and that a pay-as-you-go system is the only practical kind. Congress surely owes the 42,500,000 SSA beneficiaries a careful examination of these critics' claims.

Unemployment Insurance Division—The fundamental dishonesty here consists in the fact that the employer alone is compelled to put up the money to pay the unemployment insurance premiums.

Insured workers are kidded, cheated and robbed by this provision. They are kidded into thinking they are getting their unemployment insurance for nothing, through the efforts of benevolent politicians who got them this law; whereas, in fact, the employer, unless superhuman, is impelled by this provision to keep wages as low as he can and his pay roll as slender as he can. Workers are cheated of the larger benefits that could be provided out of larger funds made possible by equal premium payments from employers and workers. And the workers are robbed of a healthy, hawkeyed interest in the honest and efficient administration of the unemployment insurance law.

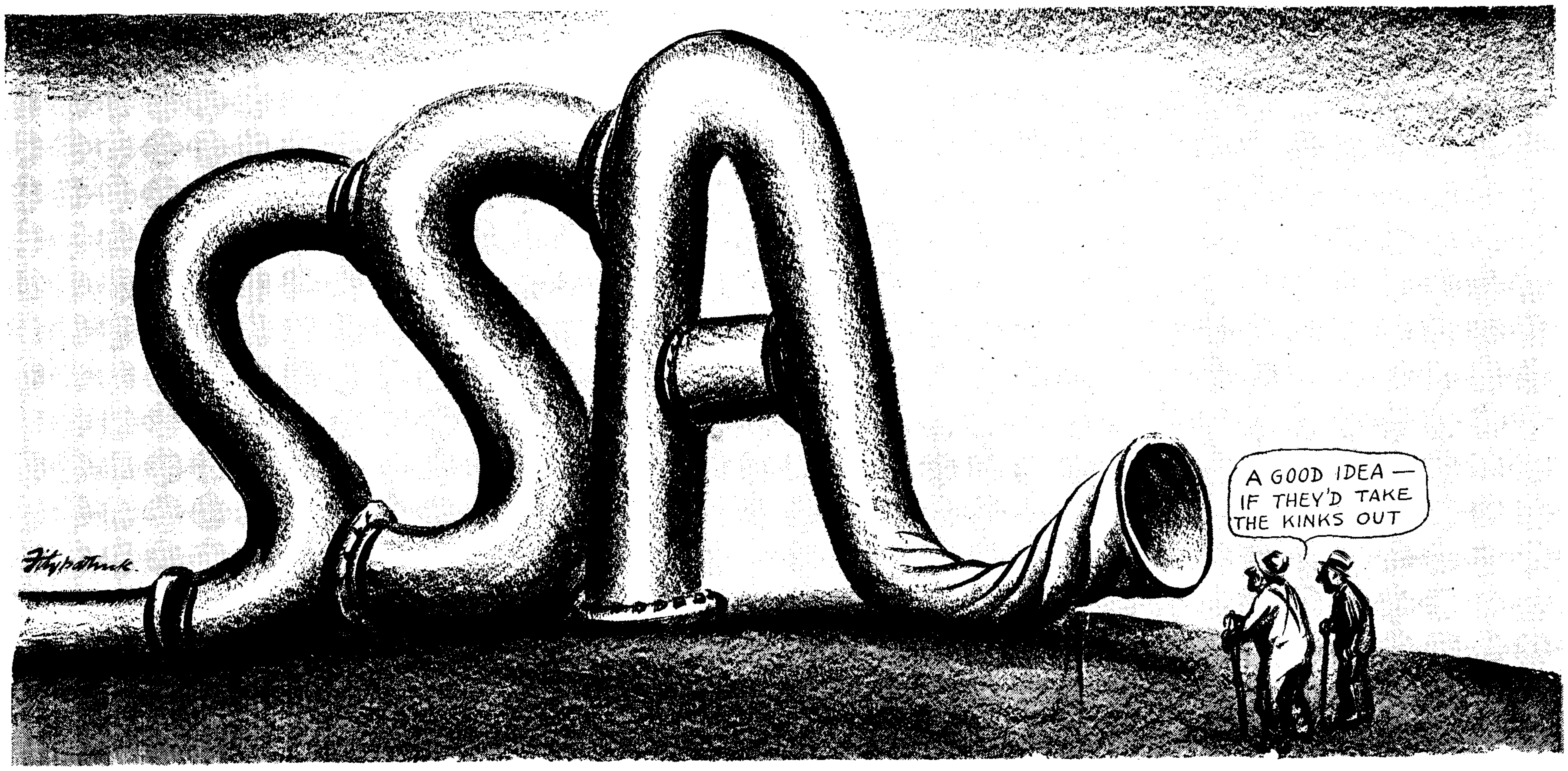
The fundamental dishonesties above outlined must account for much of the current dissatisfaction with the SSA.

There are those, for instance, who have never yet been able to make themselves believe that they will ever see that old-age pension money, no matter how long past age 65 they may carry on this dizzy dance of life. And these Doubting Thomases are right, to this extent at least: that they may see the money momentarily, but under the $47,000,000,000 "reserve" plan it will be taxed right out of them again to pay the next month's pensions—and so on, month after month.

It is notorious that many state unemployment insurance offices bleed out benefit checks only with extreme slowness and inefficiency. One reason for this must be that the workers are not stung, by weekly premium nicks out of their pay envelopes, to a lively and wholesome concern about prompt benefit payments when they are laid off.

The President frankly admits that one reason why he wants the SSA broadened is that he hopes thereby to head off the buzzard flight of crazy, cockeyed pension schemes which erupted from the Pandora's box unlatched by old Doc Townsend.

In combating these swindles, wouldn't it be a pious idea to take the existing swindles out of the SSA?


A GOOD IDEA — IF THEY'D TAKE THE KINKS OUT
Fitzpatrick